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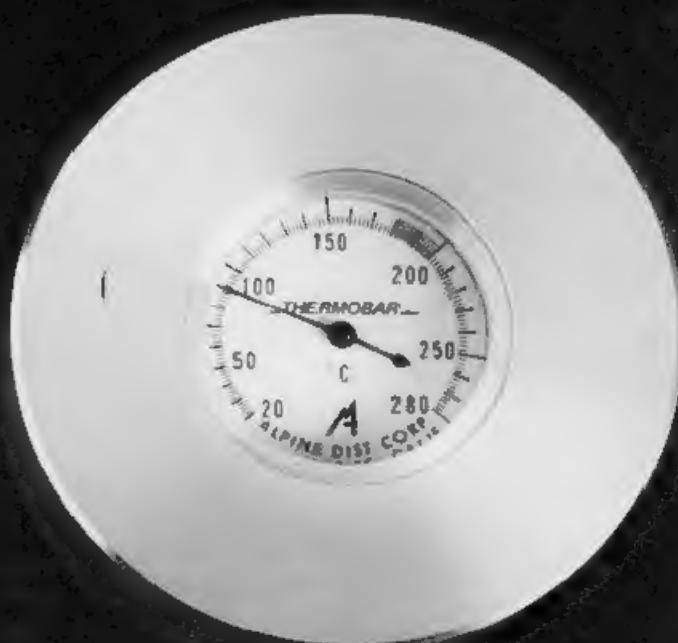
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Opinion

Legal Pot—The Civil Rights Fight of the '80s



Guy Luzara

Today's marijuana movement has grown from a few hardy seeds of discontent into an ongoing international effort to totally abolish pot prohibition. Change is the order of the day. Every element involved in this movement can gain valuable insights, and a more practical perspective, from a review of the monumentally successful black civil-rights movement.

The overwhelming victories of the civil-rights movement were won not by any one organization but by a coalition of groups working together toward a common goal—civil rights for black people. The overall strategy was, first, negotiations for new legislation by some groups, supplemented by carefully targeted direct-action campaigns organized by action-oriented organizations. As Martin Luther King explained, the purpose of direct-action tactics was to create confrontations of such dynamically creative intensity that public attention would force government officials to face the issue and negotiate new laws and policies years before they might have considered doing so voluntarily.

Creative forms of nonviolent civil disobedience, such as sit-ins, were employed to create such confrontations. Any arrests for violation of a law being protested could be tactically used to challenge the constitutionality of that law, carrying the struggle to yet another legal crossroad. Like sitting-in to denounce racist laws or burning the American flag to protest U.S. military intervention in Vietnam, smoking a joint at a reefer rally constitutes a legitimate form of symbolic protest, an act of civil disobedience equally protected by the First Amendment.

The lessons of the civil-rights movement become particularly relevant when the tangled roots of pot prohibition are traced to the rampant racism of the American Southwest during the early '30s. Pot laws were first enacted there as a tool of racial discrimination aimed at a specific ethnic minority group, the hundreds of thousands of Mexicans who were rapidly deported as a direct result. This deliberate violation of the civil rights of an ethnic group has been perpetuated as the pot prohibition of today, continuing this political repression against every pot smoker in this country.

Exercising constitutional rights to freedom of assembly, freedom of speech, and to petition the government for redress of grievances proved to be the master key to the spectacular successes of the civil-rights movement. This traditionally American approach can also unlock and swing wide open the door to a world of legal marijuana.

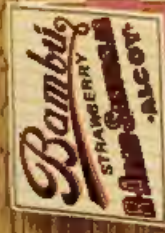
Just as blacks had a right to break an unconstitutional law ordering them to sit in the back of Birmingham, Alabama, buses in 1953, pot smokers not only have a constitutional right to break the marijuana laws in protest but have a responsibility—yes, a duty—as patriotic American citizens to smoke as much marijuana as we can get our hands on, to go more than just "one tokes over the line" this spring as the movement to legalize marijuana marches on to ultimate victory.

Shay Addams

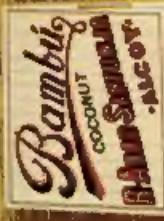
—Shay Addams
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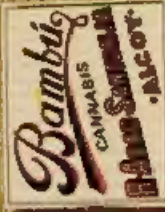
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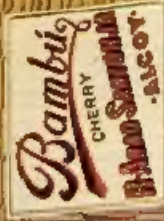
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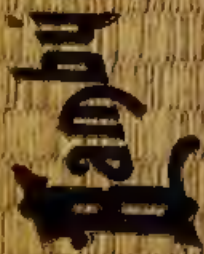


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Don't Munch Meat

While I appreciated "R." 's "Myth of the Munchies" [High Times, "Dope," December '78], I've gotta ask why isn't he pushing "some vegetarian purity line"? After ten years of pot smoking and nearly as many years of a meatless diet, it's my opinion that the heavy, down feeling a person gets after consuming an entire



Jack Abraham

display rack of Hostess products is pretty much the same as the feeling one gets after eating "thick juicy steaks well marbled with tasty fat."

Eliminating meat from the diet seems a logical step in the conscientious pot smoker's life, and I think most veggie tokers would agree that the compulsion to gorge on junk food is the same conditioned response that causes people to choose filet mignon instead of a fresh salad and a fine loaf of bread.

—Noah Whitecrow, Phoenix, Ariz.

Anarchy: Beyond Blood

I enjoyed Rex Weiner's "Anarchy: The Forbidden Philosophy" [High Times, November '78] except for his leaving out the anarchist school of thought I consider the most viable: anarcho-capitalism. All the anarchists mentioned in the article were opposed to private property. No mention was made of nineteenth-century

anarchists Lysander Spooner or Benjamin Tucker or, for a modern-day example, Murray N. Rothbard, author of several books, including *For a New Liberty*.

These men see civilized society as depending on individual property rights. Also, unlike Weiner, they recognize the need for police to protect these rights. But, unlike present-day police, anarchy-created cops would not be financed out of a coercive tax base but would function as a business, depending on pleasing their customers. Anarchistic philosophy encompasses much more than can be revealed through a socialistic perspective or by predominantly giving coverage to violent anarchists.

—Peter B. Hull, Moreland, Idaho

My congratulations on Rex Weiner's fine article on anarchy. I only regret that Mr. Weiner neglected to include three important American anarchists who might well have been of great interest to your readers: Lysander Spooner (1808-1887), Benjamin R. Tucker (1854-1939) and Albert Jay Nock (1870-1945).

Spooner was not only an anarchist: his pamphlet "Vices Are Not Crimes" (1875) is surely one of the very first polemics ever written against what we now call drug laws. Tucker was the first American



The Nockian Society

Albert Jay Nock: anarchy forfeits trust.

translator of Proudhon and Bakunin, and his friends and admirers on the other side of the Atlantic included Oscar Wilde, James Joyce and George Bernard Shaw, who even contributed to Tucker's influential anarchist magazine, *Liberty*. Nock was perhaps the best living answer to Mr. Weiner's charge that "anarchism demands an almost saintlike trust in human nature." In essays like "Anarchist's Progress" (1928) and books like *Our Enemy the State* (1935), Nock argued, in effect, that human nature was under no circumstances to be trusted, least of all with the awesome power and privilege conferred upon its members by the institution of the State.

—Jeff Riggerback, San Francisco, Ca.

Dear Rex reliable source, anarchy cannot be canned in seven pages. The real anarchy has no history, only bodily presence

and the power of imagination and the soul of a bomb. Declassify, dematerialize, desecrate, deny and destroy. These are five-D slogans of anarchy today in her dynamic discord. We don't need Nancy-Spungen-knifing-in-the-boy's-room blues, we need exultational rebellion. A total rebellion of the army and clergy and artistry, a social revolution for the workers and an aesthetic resurrection against brainwashing functionality.

On the other hand, anarchy can be constructive. Destroy your TV set and you will have time for revolution. *Umwertung aller werte*—the overturning of all accepted values—this is what Dada brought into the challenge. The question is can we relate to total freedom? There is nothing more dangerous than to be too free and careless with freedom, says Andre Breton. Fear of freedom becomes the public malaise, and passivity, silence, withdrawal, suicide become the tactics of social disobedience. Here we are back to Tolstoi, lesson number one—no army, no jury duty, no voting, no taxes. But somehow between Gandhiesque non-violent protest and mass destruction I prefer a more magic alchemical approach. A miracle of our own emancipation, with an unimaginable speed that exceeds all expectations—a leap in time, a spontaneous development, a sudden enlightenment, a *salto mortale* in knowledge. Break your mental fetters and fences, enough with this pubescent revolt in the drawing room and let's get into the streets again.

—V.O., Poetical Anarchistic Secret Society

Torpedo Scheme Offered

It is with heavy heart that I read in your mag of case after case of really huge pot busts at sea. I am therefore inspired to hereby make public a smuggling scheme of my own devising, which I have never had the funds to employ. The basic concept is that the pot is not stowed onboard but is towed in waterproof torpedoes adjusted to a density slightly greater than seawater. The tow cable is attached by a mechanical hook to the keel, so the cargo can be dropped by a flip of the lever in case of trouble and/or at some drop-off point offshore prior to entering port.

The cargo recovery scheme is a bit trickier. The torpedo is equipped firstly with a sonar receiver tuned to be sensitive to a set of perhaps three frequencies, which must be received simultaneously—in this way, the fuzz could no more actuate the recovery system by twiddling their dials than you could open a combination lock in finite time.

When thus actuated by the appropriate frequency combination, a relay causes release of gas (CO₂ perhaps) into a bladder

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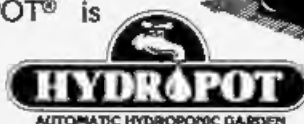


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strapped to the side of the torpedo, causing the cargo to rise. It is, of course, necessary to return to approximately the same place where the cargo was dropped, so be careful to accurately note the radio coordinates of the drop site. The towing cable should be quite long at sea, so that the cargo capsule rides deep enough to be invisible to air spotters.

This system, which could be cobbled up out of old wing-tip tanks, model-airplane radio-control parts and cheap sonar sets, should cause the Coast Guard and DEA a good deal of well-deserved embarrassment, help lower the price of pot and reduce the risk to our brave couriers, upon whom our heads depend, almost to zero.

—Larry H., New Jersey

Golden Years

I made it home last Thanksgiving for the big gathering and to my surprise caught my grandmother and her boyfriend looking in the centerfold of your December '78



issue. I think it was the first gold that they have seen in their "golden age."

—Craze E. Kidd, Satellite Beach, Fla.

Legal Means Quality

I don't like to see people busted, but I was amused that Hunter Thompson had been lecturing in Florida against legalizing marijuana just before he was busted. Thompson reasoned that the big tobacco companies might lower the THC content in marijuana. Is he kidding? I hadn't expected Hunter Thompson, of all people, to be paranoid.

In fact, the dopers and other taxpayers of America would be foolish to settle for laws limiting the cultivation and sale of marijuana to a few giant corporations who are already favored with government subsidies. The current political mood of the people seems down on government favoritism. Even if the tobacco companies were able to gain complete

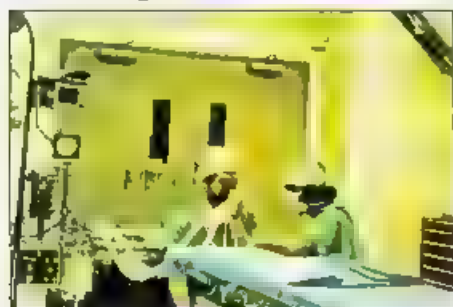
control of the market, they would either have to produce pot in a variety of strengths and flavors at fair prices, or not sell the stuff. Public demand should insure that. If the nicotine connoisseur wishes to indulge in strong tobacco, he may still buy Lucky Strikes or Camels, or he may buy a strong blend of bulk tobacco and roll his own.

If the public demands good quality, there is no reason the big tobacco companies with their economic resources and superior machinery could not cultivate a good domestic brand of marijuana. In fact, it is my guess that they would be stumbling over each other to produce a more attractive article than the next company at the lowest possible price. And if enough people holler, there will be room for the small operator who deals in the finest domestic and imported brands. The cash registers of America would jingle right off their counters.

John Kennedy, Presque Isle, Me.

Gassing with Dr. D.

After a tough night in the operating room resuscitating cardiac arrests, we often



enjoy pure N₂O before heading for the sack. Be assured that other anesthesiologists share similar experiences.

—Name and address withheld

Diabetic's Reaction

As you may know, diabetics can't use booze. The exception to the rule is Scotch, either straight or with soda or water. It generally requires a developed taste to appreciate Scotch, and many people just don't care for it.

I am interested in starting a prolegalization group comprised primarily of diabetics. I'm 39, married, and I first smoked pot in 1954 when pot smokers were classed with junkies. I like to get high just like everyone else out there, and since we can't drink, I think we ought to have the right to join in a mutually rewarding social experience with our peers without being hassled by the local pistol toters. Anyone out there who feels the same, whether diabetic or not, might drop me a note. We might call our group DFL (Diabetics for Legalization).

—R. J. Miller, RD 5, c/o PM,
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The Truth about Brit 'Ludes

Q: Recently a friend of mine got back from military service in England with a suitcase full of 300-milligram Mandrax, which he's been selling as Quaaludes for five bucks a bit. He says that's because Mandrax is stronger, but I don't see how that can be true. Is he burning people or what?

—Sam B., Verona, Ill.

A: Depends on what you mean by "stronger." Mandrax—British 'ludes—also contain diphenhydramine, an antihistamine with hypnotic properties. Most kinds of antihistamines greatly punctuate the effect of most downs, as every reds-and-Contac freak knows. However, Yanks who use 'ludes to enhance sex activity might be distracted, on Mandrax, by the fuzzy spaciness that antihistamines promote. Women especially might not like its effect of drying up the mucosal tissues, particularly in the vagina.

Mailing Perishables Safely

Q: Could you please give me directions on how to pack perishable goods so they can be sent through the mail as presents?

—Nancy J., Glen Lake, N.Y.

A: Unless you have a whole garage full of pressurizing and spot-welding gear, there's no way to make leak-proof steel or aluminum cans. However, for the purposes of sending perishable or odoriferous substances through the mail, plain old-fashioned glass preservative jars, with the rubber seals and the spring-wire top locks, are perfect. They don't leak or allow the escape of odors, and as long as they're packed with plenty of styrofoam chips or paper wadding they're 100 percent safe. Porcelain or painted jars provide a bit more privacy than clear glass.

Psilocybin Mythology

Q: I have read that six of the eight alkaloids found in psilocybin mushrooms are toxic. In view of the fact that the Mazatec Indians believe that excessive consumption of these delights leads to premature aging, do you know of any

method of extracting the psilocybin and psilocin from the toxic alkaloids?

—Chet M., Albuquerque, N.M.

A: You appear to have been taking some kind of credulity-expanding drug. None of the psilocybin alkaloids have been found to be toxic, ever. Dr. Stephen Pollock, the leading mycologist, recalls that a few years ago psilocybin mushrooms were briefly implicated as a possible cause of poisoning in some New Mexico children, but it was never determined exactly what sort of mushroom they had eaten. As for the Mazatecs, they do not believe that psilocybin causes premature aging; an anthropologist once mentioned that these people looked "older" to her than they should have, but no one else has ever noticed that about these quiet people. Any



Psilocybin 'shrooms, eminently safe.

chemical messing around with psilocybin mushrooms, in most fanciers' opinions, is tantamount to the desecration of a sacrament.

"Pink Noise" for Pain and Pleasure

Q: Somebody told me I could program my FM radio static to get horny or high, or to go to sleep, or to kill a headache. Is there any truth to this?

—Alan Hass, Pueblo, Colo.

A: Dentists using music earphones to cloak the pain of drilling have occasionally reported that plain static was at least as good for the purpose as Brahms's "Lullaby"; but little real research has been done in the area. Recently researchers in Denver's Mercy Medical Center claimed to have developed a "pink noise" resembling FM radio static, which conduced to anesthesia in pain-ridden patients; but since the patients were also coached by psychiatrists in breathing exercises, mental counting patterns and mantralike verbal associations, it's hard to determine exactly how much the "pink noise" had to do with the patients' responses. ☐

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Go Fight a Kite

by Frank Rodriguez
as told to Scott Cohen

Some fly plastic dragons, parafoils, keel guides, rogallo and classic diamond kites. Nelson Rockefeller has a \$1,000 kite hanging on his office wall. Others fly killer kites they make themselves, with razor blades attached to the tail. Frank Rodriguez, who takes "high as a kite" seriously, is the best kite fighter around.

The best time to fly a kite is right after smoking a joint. If the wind is good and you have smoked the joint, it's even better. The best wind is a steady wind in late spring or early summer, especially over here in the middle of New York's Central Park.

I fly a little fighter kite made out of Mylar, and it's got little flaps that wear out from the wind evenly on both sides, so the kite always maintains its symmetry. I've been making them in this pattern for 15 years. It's basically the old Chinese design: two sticks, one cross, one bow. Two sticks are more simple than three sticks or a bunch of sticks. I use fiberglass, rattan reeds and number-12 cotton string, like they use for sewing buttons. The bridle of the kite is very important. It's like when you put a bridle on a horse. It's got to be just right or it won't fly at all.

The reason they call them fighter kites is because they put glass on the string. They coat the string with egg white and ceramic glaze, and when it's fired it turns into glass. The egg white makes the glass really stick to it.

The idea is to dive down on somebody else's kite, then stop down low, slack out and cut it. Then you come back up. You're actually cutting their string. In kite fighting the best man wins.

The best way to bring a kite down is with razor blades on your tail. That's the sure way. You maneuver this way and that way, and with razor blades on the tail I can put my kite right on another's string, cut it and come out of it right away. There's a real art to razor blades.

With glass it's different. It's all in your fingers, the amount of pull in your fingers. As soon as you touch the other person's string, you've got to be prepared. You've got to remember not to pull it quickly, not to make too sudden a movement, or you'll

The best way to bring a kite down is with razor blades on your tail. I can put my kite right on another's string, cut it and come out of it right away.



Jack Abraham

lose the kite. You have glass on the string and the string is real long. You put your kite right where you want it and you cut. There's more to cutting down someone with glass than with razor blades.

Some fighters come from Southeast Asia, they sneak up behind you and cut you down. Now that I come down here prepared, they're not here anymore. Sometimes I fly from my roof and I don't know who I'm fighting. I fly from a rooftop on 57th Street. I could be fighting a guy up on 70th Street. You can maneuver fighter kites. Other kites you can maneuver, but not as much. When you've got a fighter kite you can make it do what you want it to do, not what the kite wants to do.

I fly a kite to exercise the upper part of the body. You're exercising your muscles for about two or three hours. When I feel bored or something, I come out with the kite. I can fly it anywhere.

Fighters aren't the only kites I make. I've made snake kites, box kites, a 200-foot dragon kite, kites as big as you want them. The biggest one I made was 31 by 16 feet, delta shaped—bigger than a hang glider. I never hang-glided and I don't want to.

The highest I ever flew a kite was a little over three miles, using a deep-sea

fishing reel. I did it here in Central Park. I was winding and winding and winding my string—and no kite. It was so high I couldn't see it. What you feel on the line is pull. It is a steady pull, like a magnet. My kite was in the eastward wind, the one that goes toward Europe.

At the beach at about five or six o'clock you get a steady breeze from the ocean, and that's when you get the perfect wind. Sometimes there are low clouds that are up maybe 150 yards and the kite just disappears. One time I had water coming down the string. Another time I flew a big fighter kite at night with a little high-intensity bulb and battery, but it wasn't that exciting.

Honestly, once when I was flying from the roof I hit a flock of pigeons. A flock of pigeons went through the string, and one got tangled about 400 yards up. I don't know if you could hunt with a kite, but you could probably put a bomb on it and blow somebody up.

Buzzing people is more fun than fighting. That's what I like to do more than anything else—just move the kite around somebody's head a hundred yards away. I love to hypnotize people. See the way I'm following that girl around? It's a great way to meet girls. It's a great way to meet all sorts of people. ■

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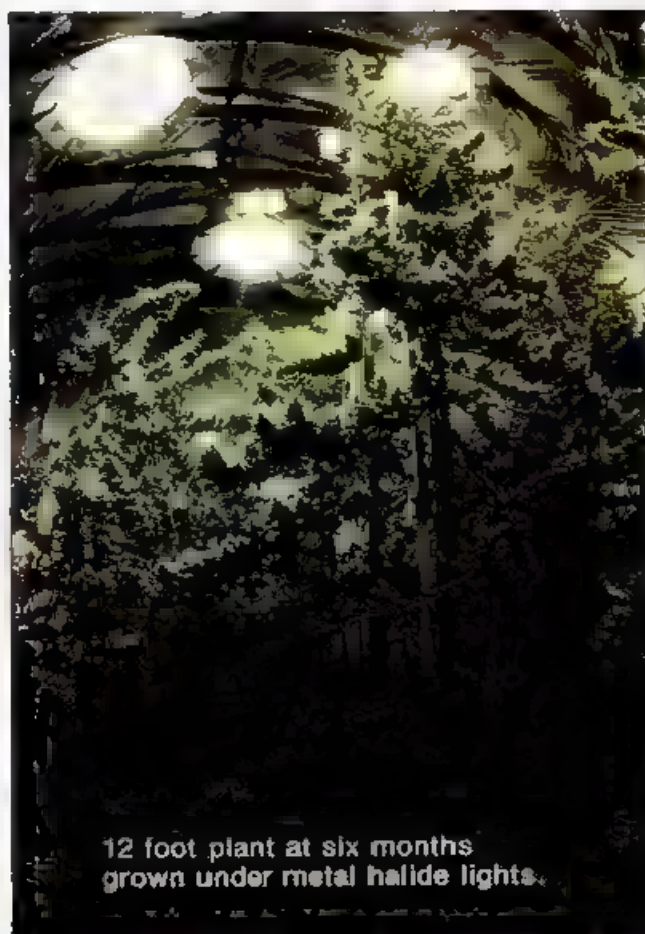
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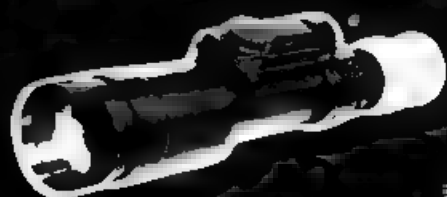
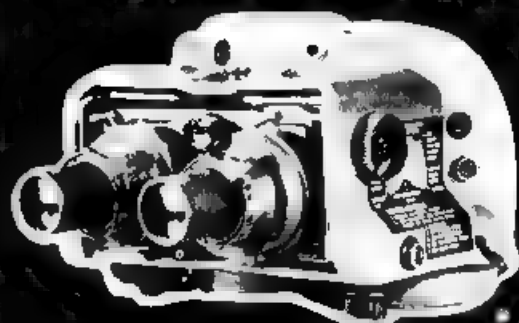
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I Remember Free Love

by Scott Cohen

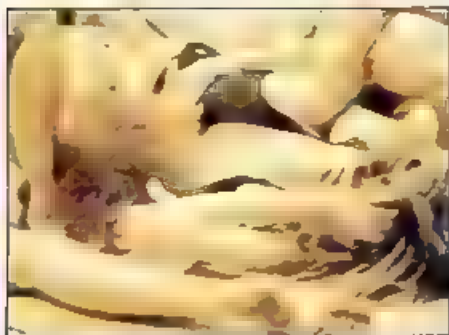
I remember free love was a lot of fat girls with big tits running around with their shirts off. I remember a pussy was called a pussy, just like it is now. I remember sex was no better, no worse—just the same sloppy mess it's always been.

Free love meant it was all right to fuck someone you just met. Free love didn't necessarily mean "love." It just meant "free to fuck."

Free love meant you didn't have to get dressed up and go out for dinner. Free love was sex without the formal obligations. It was the informal obligations, however, that were the problem; i.e., "Last night was really far out, wasn't it?" You didn't have to wear a scum bag during free love.

Free love was something they practiced on communes because they believed everybody fucking everybody was the only way to be free.

I remember not everybody was into free love. Art Linkletter wasn't. Love beads usually signified those who were



Photos by Don Snyder

(but not always). No bra was a good sign. Free love led to the see-through blouse.

A lot of girls who had been called sluts, tramps and whores fell under the general heading of free love.

Free love wasn't always free. There was always something, usually the clap. There were lots of rapes, abortions and free-love babies, though I don't think any of them were mine.

I got the crabs at the height of free love—1969. I remember my first crab. I was astonished by how much it looked like a real crab. Right after I saw my first crab I saw my second and third. The more I looked the more I found. It is amazing how

Free love was best accompanied by free drugs. Sometimes free love included a free meal and free rent.

many crabs you can get in so short a time. I had been with Ellen less than an hour (it wasn't worth it). Having crabs was the most humiliating experience I had ever had. I remember though, once I got used to them they weren't that bad. Ellen said it was me who gave them to her, but I want everybody to know that it's not true.

Just because it was free didn't make it better. Sometimes it was better to pay. Free love was best accompanied by free drugs. Sometimes free love included a



free meal (tacos) and (if you were lucky) free rent.

After free love came taxes.

Goldie Hawn on the early "Laugh-In" was free love.

I remember Free Huey.

I remember free love at the be-in, at ROTC demonstrations, at the March on Washington, at the Angela Davis rallies, at People's Park and on Hippie Hill. I remember Speedway Meadows (Golden Gate Park) on Sunday afternoons when the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane played and people passed around free hits of sunshine acid and free love was all over the place.

I remember thinking it was sacrilegious to call LSD acid.

Woodstock was a big place for free love.

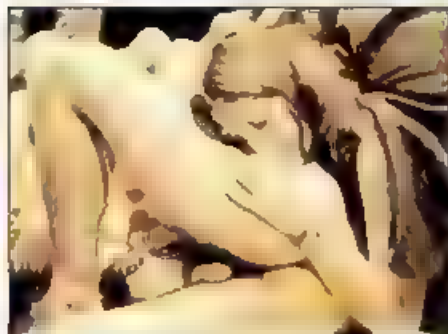
Charlie Manson was a big believer in free love.

The guys who were cool at school said love was always free. After they came they rolled over and wanted to be alone, just like they do now.

Usually it was the sexiest-dressed people who looked the worst undressed. I remember sipping an egg cream in Gem's Spa in 1969 when a woman in a miniskirt sat on the stool next to me. Before long she

invited me up to her place. Her name was Rainbow. Rainbow said she was once 150 pounds overweight and no one ever looked at her. I was happy for her now. When she took her clothes off, however, there were horrible stretch marks all over her body. There was always something. Someone should write a song about that.

I remember having a conversation with a friend in a coffee shop, and my friend was saying that women were more casual about sex than men gave them credit for, and that it was possible to ask a woman in the middle of a conversation to give you a blow job, and that she would probably react the same way a man would if she had asked him to eat her out. Then, when we were leaving, as if to prove his point, he stopped a woman on the street and asked her if she wanted to come home with us. She asked where we lived (around the corner). Up in the apartment she showed us hundreds of Polaroids of herself nude that she carried around in her pocketbook. Before she took off her clothes she took off her wig, under which was another wig. Then she took off her



clothes and, you know, she looked just like her photos.

Most men who were married during free love are divorced now and trying to make up for lost time.

Free love was something you read about in magazines.

A slice of pizza that cost 40¢ during free love now costs 65¢.

By 1969 free love was common knowledge and of growing concern. Whenever the voyeurs outnumber the participants, the end is near. *Fear of Flying* was the final nail in the coffin.

Free love eventually ended up on "The David Susskind Show."

Free love meant many things to many people. Neil Young said free love could break your heart. Lou Reed said "no kind of love is better than others." To paraphrase a certain president, "There was no such thing as free love." Personally, I don't know if it was free or not, but it certainly wasn't love. ☐



Hawaiian—The Great Dope Hope

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

Hope. It's been some time since your faithful dope connoisseur, tirelessly sampling his way through life, has been able to report a major hopeful development in the world of high-class grass. But—aloha, out there—good Hawaiian is trickling back to the mainland.

It began late last autumn, just in time for the Christmas rush, so to speak. Plump little red and green Christmasy buds of—so buyers were told anyway—"genuine Hawaiian." Dense and gummy as young pinecone buds, the stuff did more than look good—it yielded a breezy, dreamy, warm and tender high. It was available in small quantities for prices ranging from \$7 to \$10 a gram, which made it, even allowing for double-digit inflation, the highest priced high to hit the gourmet grass market for some time.

Even so, it was a far better bargain per cubic light-year of consciousness expansion than the overpriced, overrated domestic sinsemilla that had been going around last year ["Dope," *High Times*, September '78].

Despite the price, the new stuff was selling well—in part because the Colombian market was glutted with too much tired, moldy, over-warehoused upper-mediocre pot, most of it "fool's gold" that no longer fooled many people.

Does this mean a regular supply of "genuine Hawaiian" is back to stay, or will the same bad fate befall the reborn Hawaiian market that nipped it in its first buds? Remember back in the mid '70s when the first Hawaiian began to appear? There was a lot of excitement at the breathtaking, exhilarating ride it gave—all the grace and surging power of the big surf off Diamond Head. But before long the same market dynamics that drove the original super Thai sticks out of circulation ["Dope," *High Times*, May '78] did it to genuine Hawaiian. Crude domestic imitators appeared: early sinsemilla cultivators began selling their raw green buds as Hawaiian. It was fresher, not at all unpleasant, but somehow lacked that knockout "Hawaiian punch" you might say.

Despite such unforgettable Hawaiian

In the mid '70s Hawaiian gave a breathtaking, exhilarating ride—all the grace and surging power of the big surf off Diamond Head.



Steve Cooper

entrants as the notorious Maui Wowee, the imitations gradually took their toll on the reputation of the genuine Hawaiian. And then the narcs struck. In what may someday be regarded as the Pearl Harbor of the Prohibition wars, scores of helicopter-equipped flying narcs burned whole beautiful valleys full of ripe Hawaiian in the harvest season of '78. Well, that pretty near wiped out the export trade. That it took only two seasons to bounce back is a tribute to the resilience and devotion of the heroic Hawaiian weed farmers.

Now that Hawaiian is available, for however short a time, it might be useful to take a closer look at the varieties of wonder weed available.

First we must address ourselves to a growing controversy that may come to rival in fervor the debate between proponents of French and California champagnes. For those knowledgeable in the trade concede that much of the new "genuine Hawaiian" hitting town is grown from genuine Hawaiian seeds—but in the soil of the mainland states. California wine makers who use imported French grapevines say there is no reason the wine thereof should be inferior to the French. The French say subtle climate and soil distinctions make all the difference. Devotees of Hawaiian claim the same for their spectacular mountain and valley grown grounds. Nevertheless, the growing sophistication of the domestic

growers of Hawaiian seeds must be conceded. While once the domestic "Hawaiians" like the notoriously bogus "Ohian" couldn't fool a connoisseur, now even I find myself puzzled over the soil from which certain "Hawaiians" have sprung.

One helpful hint in this department—not always an iron rule, alas—is to look for a particular dark spinach green, almost black coloring to clusters of leaf and flower strands. Something about the drying process in the continental climate frequently produces this overcooked vegetable green coloring, while buds that bloom in Hawaiian climates tend to be bright bouquets without that sour color note. There has been some excellent Missouri Ozark sinsemilla passing for Hawaiian that is so strong one can only distinguish it from the real thing by color rather than by head, although I do think there is a windy hillbilly crudeness to the Ozark dope that is less pleasing than the soaring nobility of the Hawaiian pod.

Even more difficult to distinguish from "genuine Hawaiian" are the special new sinsemillas being grown for gourmet tastes down in Jamaica and Colombia. Perhaps the South American countries are tired of mass producing commercial mediocrity and are making a play for the increasingly quality-conscious cannabis consumer in the States.

But let's leave this controversy and proceed to some discussion of the varieties of genuine Hawaiian itself. If you recall my discussion of a tentative classification for Colombians ["Dope," *High Times*, July '78], I found they fell into three groupings: the upland blondes, the lowland darks and the mysterious reds.

Hawaiian dope, too, can be roughly classified by three general categories, which are not colors but topographies both of the islands and of the mind: there are the volcanic, the jungle and the big surf varieties of Hawaiian.

The volcanics. This group is distinguished by its burnt gold and red colors, with flower strands that curl and lick around the furry buds like tongues of flame, buds sticky with resin that glows like molten lava flows, able to awaken earth-shaking surges from deep within the cores of the cortex. Perhaps the most "cosmic" and spiritual of the Hawaiian highs.

Big surf Hawaiians, on the other hand, although they may be less explosive than the volcanics, offer a beautiful breezy sparkling-clear head; they expand the breathing experience, lift you off your feet, their high less like riding the surf than wind surfing over the waves. Flying in addition, big surf Hawaiians are upbeat sociable highs: I've seen a single joint transform a room of high-powered business people into a bubbly, lovely instant party right there in their own offices. Like the blond upland Colombians, big surf is the champagne of Hawaiians.

The jungle varieties are the most exotic and sensual. Dense intermixtures of tropical colors, furry strands twisted together like the roots of jungle vines or the DNA configurations of the exotic genetic mixtures of the people of Hawaii, they are the most mysterious and unpredictable of the varieties. There is a dreamy opiumlike tinge to the head, as well as a deeply pleasurable bodily feeling, that distinguishes this variety.

I'd be interested in hearing reactions from other Hawaiian fans to this typology—whether it fits their experiences. But even more than that, I think that Hawaiian growers and dealers owe us consumers an explanation for their astronomical prices. Do they feel it's righteous that they're stealing big bucks from the rich but starving the poor of their dope? Do they really need to charge up to \$300 an ounce for their product to make ends meet? Maybe they do. I am willing to keep an open mind and would like to get some anonymous letters from people growing Hawaiian and domestic "Hawaiian" sinsemilla, with facts and figures to explain why the prices they charge are fair. Don't they agree there should be some truth-in-packaging as far as marketing domestic dope as "Hawaiian"? After all, as Dylan sang: "When you live outside the law you must be honest." □

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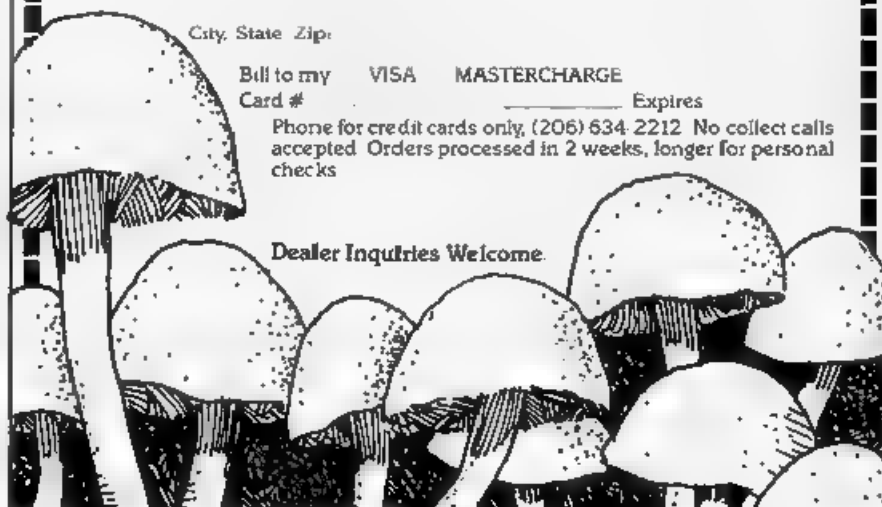
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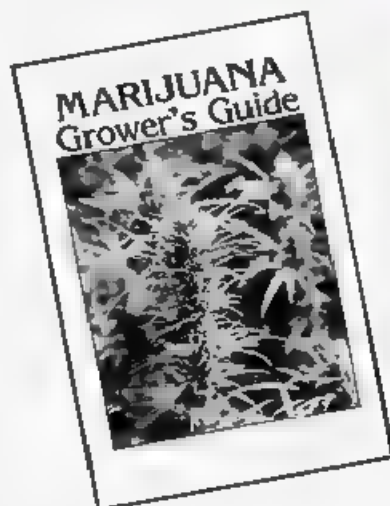
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David "Diamond Dog" Bowie, who plays opposite Marlene Dietrich in the new movie *Just a Gigolo*, recently went on an African safari and auditioned the music and musicians of the Masai tribe (notorious blood drinkers) for a future recording project. On his return he commented that he considered fascism to be an idiot's dream.



Vegetable House, a musical-comedy play about an "Animal House" fraternity that becomes a dope-infested vegetarian commune ten years later, was recently produced in Madison, Wisconsin, by two former *High Times* editors, Michael Chance and Harry Wasserman. Highlights include a dancing carrot, a pie fight, two food fights and an actor portraying pieman Aron Kay pieing West Coast guru "Werner Barhorn" for spreading "phony cosmic consciousness."

Rockers, a reggae adventure story, has just completed production on the island of Jamaica. Leading reggae drummer Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace stars as a Kingston rocker who wants to break into the record distribution business. The cast of real-life reggae heroes includes Jacob "Killer" Miller, Jah Tooth, Burning Spear, Big Youth and record producer Jack Ruby. Cameo appearances and incidental music are provided by Lee Perry and the Upsetters, the Heptones, Peter Tosh, Justin Hines and the Dominoes and the Rockers Allstars.



Reggae rockers on the silver screen. *Burning Spear*



Punk futurists under direction of Amos Poe (left) à la Godard.

French film genius **Jean-Luc Godard** has sold the rights to his classic story about the future of computer society, *Alphaville*, to a coalition of New York-based new wavers. Among those involved in the forthcoming remake are *High Times* editor **Glenn O'Brien**, who plays the mad scientist; **Debbie "Blondie" Harry**, the Marilyn Monroe of the punk movement, who plays the scientist's daughter; and **Robert Fripp**, former King Crimson rock star and now patron of the new wave movement, who recreates the role of Lemmy Caution, the future-busting detective. Filming is scheduled to begin in New York and Chicago, under the direction of **Amos (The Foreigner) Poe**.



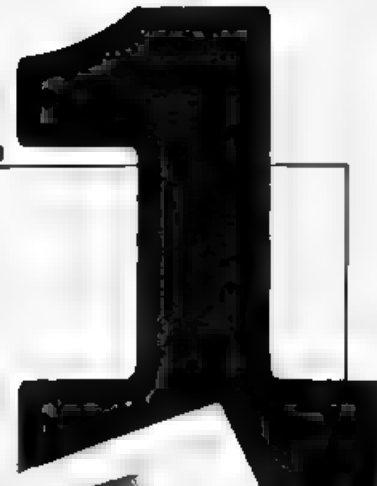
"All I want is half the cocaine back," joked **Abbie Hoffman** to the New York City D.A.'s office during recent negotiations for amnesty from the coke bust that drove him underground for five years. In an interview with *High Times*, Abbie reported plans to make a Hollywood movie about his life as a Yippie up until the time of his coke arrest in 1973. Hoffman also said he will try to convince **Bob Dylan** to record a song about the fugitive years.



Changing of the guard: Burroughs and Zappa.

Keith Richards called to say that he couldn't make his Saturday night date at **William Burroughs's** Nova Convention, but who should show up among the Friday crowd but **Frank Zappa**! The legendary mustache accepted an offer to fill in without hesitation but was somewhat uncertain what to do. A meeting with Burroughs was hastily arranged in the basement below the stage, where Zappa quizzed the lit maestro. Burroughs reported later: "He pulled it off very well." The rock-writing audience did indeed appreciate Zappa's brief but distinctive appearance. When he announced that he was going to read the "talking asshole" section of *Naked Lunch*, two or three voices were heard to scream, "That's appropriate." □

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HIGHWITNESS

April '79 No. 44

Asian Poppy Growers Relocated to Bolivian Coca Fields

The government of Bolivia has apparently agreed to allow some 550 members of the Lao-tian Men tribe to settle in the heavily forested Uta-Beni region, the foothills of the coca-producing Jungus Terrace.

The Meos, who since the end of the Vietnam War in 1975 have lived in squalid refugee camps in Thailand, once made up the bulk of the CIA's crack guerrilla anticommunist forces that operated throughout Southeast Asia. The Meos, also known as the Hmong tribe, are now chiefly noted for their cultivation of the opium poppy.

The plan to move some 50 families into the Uta-Beni was put in motion in 1976 by Food for the Hungry, an Arizona-based group active in relocating refugees during the Vietnam War.

According to an agreement signed by the Thai and Bolivian governments last August, title to a 37,000-acre site rising from 1,000 to 4,000 feet in the heavily forested Uta-Beni Province region will be handed over to the Hmong when they arrive.

Housing and roads already have been built, sources involved in the project say, and \$30,000 worth of food stocks are on the site. Tools and machinery are being hauled in from La Paz, about 200 miles to the north.

The project will cost Food for the Hungry roughly \$500,000, including air transportation. All of the money comes from church groups, foundations and corporations. No U.S. government funds are involved. The Hmong (who consider the name "Meo" derogatory, since it translates to "savage") were scheduled to arrive in Bolivia in February 1979.

But Bolivia's laying out a red carpet for the Hmong may spark an already troubled situation. On the Bolivian end of the project are two special advisers who run a missionary group that has become entangled in charges that it is linked to the CIA, according to Pacific News Service. In addition, native Bolivian Indian groups, supported by the Catholic church and the Bolivian Communist party, are already fuming over a government immigration policy encouraging the immigration of white South Africans and Rhodesians to the resource-rich interior. However, Food for the Hungry maintains that an equal number of native Bolivian Indians will settle among the Hmong and help cultivate corn, rice and the chocolate-bearing cocoa pod for a cash crop. There are no immediate plans for the Hmong or the local Indians to grow coca,



Meo opium farmer amid field of poppies in Laos. Under a new relocation scam, Meos may be growing seas of coca plants in Bolivia.

Bolivia's largest cash crop

Dubbed "Proyecto Nueva Vida," or "New Life Project," the plan to take the Hmong to Bolivia is the brainchild of Dr. Larry Ward, who first visited Indochina in 1958 and who is the founder of Food for the Hungry.

Following the collapse of the Saigon regime in April 1975, Ward turned his attention to the refugee resettlement problem in Thailand, where some 40,000 tribespeople from Laos had gathered in overcrowded, dirty camps.

Should the project go through, the Hmong will fit in well with the native Indians, thinks Food for the Hungry's special adviser, David Farah, who is both a Bolivian Ministry of Education official and director of the Summer Institute of Linguistics, a fundamentalist Christian missionary group there. The institute has been linked to the CIA by a British newspaper. "Their facial characteristics

would fit in very well with the American Indian of the Amazon basin," Farah contends.

The selection of Farah and one other Summer Institute for Linguistics official has also prompted questions by critics of the project. The Institute's operations, through 13 outposts served by airlifts in the Bolivian hinterland, are carried out under the direct auspices of the Bolivian Ministry of Culture and Education, of which Farah and Victor Halterman, another Food for the Hungry adviser, are officials.

Cleo Shook, a retired Agency for International Development official and Food for the Hungry consultant, says the charges of CIA connections had been "trumped up from the opposition . . . [by] anthropological scholars who say, 'Don't disturb the natives.' There is a professional quarrel among those circles."

But according to the Anti-Slavery Society, which investigated Indian conditions in the area where the Hmong are scheduled to settle, "feudal forms of serfdom and peonage are common." Upward of 65 percent of the Bolivian population is nonwhite, most of them Indians. Each year, several thousand seek seasonal work across the frontier in neighboring Argentina or emigrate permanently.

Only 550 Hmong are now scheduled to be brought to Bolivia by Food for the Hungry, although the original project called for these families to "demonstrate . . . the feasibility of the larger movement of several thousand refugees to Latin America."

"If there's a place on the face of the earth better than Bolivia, then we'll go there," said Ward. "One of the Hmong told me it was just like Laos but with no war."

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Monster Downs Stash Discovered in Jonestown

by Pharmacology Editor Dean Latimer

JONESTOWN, GUYANA—There were enough heavy tranquilizers discovered in Jonestown after the demise of its 900-odd population to adequately serve a city of 66,000 chronic manic-depressives, speculates a University of South Carolina pathologist who investigated the site while the bodies were still warm. Crates of Thorazine, Valium, halothane and sodium pentothal were stacked unopened or half-empty in various shacks around the compound, indicating that a very great number of the deceased residents had been taking antidepressant medications for months beforehand in quantities above those used in the violence wards of mental hospitals.

Dr. Lynn Clark also says that a vast amount of chloral hydrate had been mixed into the famous cyanide Kool Aid. Chloral, best known as "Mickey Finn" knockout drops, is a powerful but harmless hypnotic that will instantly knock a person unconscious for about 30 minutes. "It was quite a rage at cocktail parties 30 or 40 years ago," says Dr. Clark. "You put this in friends' drinks and watched them pass out."

Some have theorized that the chloral was mixed in the snuff punch to preserve the drinkers from experiencing the extreme agony of cyanide poisoning. Noting that the



Keeping down with the Joneses: an immovable feast.

chloral in the punch had been taken from a considerable supply in a nearby dispensary, though, Dr. Clark suggests that very likely Jones had used it before in the many previous "white night" croak rehearsals at Jonestown. "If this was the case," he speculates, "it might have been possible to line up 50 folks in Jonestown and get them to start drinking." At first, everyone would have fully expected to come to a half-hour after drinking the stuff, but after about ten minutes, when the bodies of the first drinkers began to turn bright blue and flop around in cyanide convulsions, those left in the line might have noticed something was amiss.

No Civil Rights for "Addicts," Says Dope Czar

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—The Provincial Drug and Alcohol Commission (PDAC) is pushing for a new law that will empower any police officer to finger any person thought to be "in need of treatment for narcotic dependency," and force that person to be examined by a civilian panel that can send that person to a "detoxification" facility for a period of from six months to three years, without trial or appeal. The officer need present no evidence of any crime or drug use, and the person deemed "in need of treatment" would have no right to legal counsel at the PDAC examination.

When it comes to drug addicts, explains the proposed program's sponsor, Raymond Cohen, "My theory is they don't have any civil liberties." Something in the fact of their addiction, he suggests, renders such people incapable of practicing or appreciating their civil liberties. The purpose of his program, then, would be to "restore" them to a state where they could do so. On the other hand, he also maintains that his reason for allowing the police such broad powers of busting whomever they felt might be an addict is to help them nail "fresh," newly habituated persons, who have not yet turned to crime to support their habits. Conceivably then, a cop who believed that pot smoking leads automatically to smack could turn in anyone suspected of smoking an occasional joint.

Victims of Cohen's program would be incarcerated in state clinics and subjected to various "detoxification" schemes, including methadone and naloxone injections and even acupuncture. The British Columbia Civil Liberties Union has charged that Cohen's proposal is unconstitutional. Cohen has responded that heroin addiction largely accounts for Vancouver's street prostitution, the most flagrant in the country.

Court Unleashes World's #1 High!

Psilocybin Legal in Florida

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—Nobody can currently be busted by state police for possession or sale of psilocybin mushrooms in Florida, thanks to a new ruling by the state supreme court here. The state law against psilocybin possession fails to distinguish *Psilocybe cubensis* from other varieties of wild mushrooms that look the same but don't contain psilocybin, the court noted. Therefore, people who had plucked wild psilocybin for a mushroom salad, believing that the mushrooms were really of some nonhallucinogenic variety, could conceivably be busted for possessing psilocybin.

The decision overturned the conviction in Collier County court of a local man who'd been busted by a county cop while emerging from a field: a plastic bag in the vicinity of the defendant had contained psilocybin mushrooms, and he was charged with knowingly and willfully possessing it. In court, however, Naples attorney John Emerson launched a frontal assault on the law itself.

Psilocybe cubensis is a small brown mushroom that is found in abundance around the southeast U.S., Emerson pointed out, generally growing wild on cow manure and other organic matter; and it very commonly grows alongside other little brown mushrooms that look exactly like it but contain no psilocybin. It is absolutely impossible, in fact, to distinguish *Psilocybe cubensis* from other kinds of wild 'shrooms by sight alone. Even the most experienced mycologists can do so only by running "spore print" tests on their 'shrooms, dropping the bottom halves of the crowns onto white paper and checking for the distinctive violet tinge that psilocybin spores will leave.

Though the Collier County court brought down a conviction, it was overturned in the supreme court by a 4-3 majority decision. In the opinion, Justice Joseph Boyd explained that the law as written "does not advise a person of ordinary and common intelligence that this substance is contained in a particular variety of mushroom."

Magistrate Boyd went on to suggest, "if the statute were to specify that psilocybin was contained in certain identifiable mushrooms and were to name those mushrooms, thereby apprising a prospective defendant that possession of those mushrooms is unlawful, it would not be unconstitutional as applied." This, however, might be a pretty tough job in the opinion of many mycologists: the new law would have to be presented in a way that would clearly describe the difference between psilocybe and visually identical but nonpsychoactive strains and be moreover phrased in terms easily understood by a person "of common and ordinary intelligence." Given the obvious difficulties involved in the wording of such a statute, it's hard to see how it could ever be made to stick.

On the other hand, the court did not declare the antipsilocybin law itself unconstitutional, only the prosecution of people by law-enforcement officers citing it. The distinction is subtle, but treacherous. For instance, people could still be busted for possession of pills and capsules containing psilocybin.

Also while state and local cops in Florida can't bust for psilocybin now, federal narcs—DEA, Customs, Coast Guard, etc.—are free to do so, since psilocybin is a Schedule One Controlled Substance under federal law.



A new generation of kids and cops rediscover the facts of this life: cops here to help kids but the kids hit at the first sign of retaliation.

Teens Strike Back after Schoolyard Bust

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS—Local cops precipitated a full-scale teenage riot, with over 500 kids repeatedly rushing 35 cops and regrouping over a period of an hour, when they pulled two loose-jays busts in the parking lot of New Bedford High School. The action started around 7:00 A.M., when officers of the town's Organized Crime Intelligence Unit busted two kids who were smoking in their car and a plainclothes woman tried to make a setup buy at the ice-skating rink nearby. The cops claim they scored a bag of rags and some angel dust when all hell suddenly broke loose.

Everybody started sticking up for everybody, reports a 17-year-old female student. Before the narcs could get the three suspects to their police cruiser they were surrounded by hundreds of outraged students chanting "Leave us alone!" Panicked, the narcs called for backup patrol cops, who quickly arrived and began bashing heads.

A 14-year-old girl was the first to be

assaulted, as she was walking to class at adjoining Keith Junior High School, with her brother. "I was trying to tell him my sister went to the Keith," the brother later said. "He put a club under my chin, then clubbed my sister. Two girls carried her to the middle of the parking lot. I yelled to a photographer to take her picture. A cop put a club to my face and said, 'Put a lid on it or I'll smash your fucking face in.'"

While the gathered mob of students looked on in shock, the cops abruptly charged at them, bashing heads and pulling hair. Most of the kids fled to a nearby patch of woods, where they regrouped while cops taunted them. "If you're not in school, you belong to us. Then, to the cops' astonishment, all the kids suddenly came charging back out of the woods at them, hurling rocks and branches. Patrolman Paul Pickard was the first cop casualty, dislocating his shoulder as he dove to the ground to avoid a rock.

With students making sporadic rock-

throwing forays and cops scrambling out of harm's way, the confrontation lasted until school opened at nine, when most kids went to class. Some 30 kids were busted, including several Keith Junior High School students besides officer Pickard, patrolmen Roger Alouette and Carl Howarth were treated at St. Luke's Hospital for cuts and bruises. For most of the day, the cells at the downtown police station were full of singing, yelling kids until their folks came to get them out.

"Normally when we make arrests up there for drugs, there are catcalls and that," said Lieutenant Godfrey Blovin, looking over a demoused cop cruiser later. "But this was bad, real bad. I can't believe the damage."

"Some of those high-school kids are bigger than most of us and they know what they're doing," explained Detective Bruce Macomb, who was personally fingered by students as the most enthusiastic head basher in the melee. Asked Officer Richard Ferreira puzzledly, "What did I do to them?"

British Jails Create "Trank" Zombies

ALBANY, ENGLAND—Convicts at a riot-plagued British prison on the Isle of Wight are routinely dosed with tranquilizing drugs often without their knowledge or consent, a semiconfidential prison publication recently exposed. Though all previous allegations to this effect, voiced by numerous prisoners and their solicitors, had been termed "absolute rubbish" by the British Home Office, an article titled "Treatment of Psychopaths with Depixol" in the restricted-circulation Prison Medical Journal reveals that the compulsory use of minor and heavy tranks has existed for years at Albany, and even in many far less sensitive criminal institutions.

The use of drugs like Depixol—a tranquilizer related to the powerful phenothiazine group, which includes Thorazine and Stelazine—was described by Parkhurst Prison staff physician Dr. C. H. Cleary in the Journal, a publication circulated almost exclusively among prison doctors and not filed in the British Public Library. The article opens by recommending the drugs for the "containment of psychopaths who, as the result of situational stress, have presented

the discipline staff with control problems." However, Dr. Cleary subsequently drops the term "psychopaths," explaining: "From a medical angle, these men show no evidence of formal illness as such but, clearly, are

characters having a lot of nervous tension, a certain amount of depression, considerable frustration with a low flashpoint who are potentially either very dangerous or, in the case of the more inadequate, a nuisance."



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Mexican Smack Godfather Walks into Local Jail

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO—An international narcotics manhunt that police spokespersons termed "intensive and brilliant" was slightly tarnished when its object, alleged Mexican Connection godfather Jaime Herrera, walked casually into custody wearing a Stetson hat, cowboy boots, gold rings and a diamond-studded Rolex. Herrera, 51, had supposedly been pumping half the U.S.'s yearly supply of heroin in through the Mexican border in recent years as his extensive personal family filled in the smack void created by the Drug Enforcement Administration's crackdown on China white.

Herrera had been importing low-grade Mexican mud since the early '50s, the indictment says, after moving to Chicago with his immediate family and working there as a janitor. Gradually he developed an all-Herrera courier system that moved the raw opium from his hometown in the Sierra Madre to Guadalajara refineries and then through Texas to Chicago. By the late '60s, Herrera had brothers, cousins, nephews—and

wives—in Los Angeles, San Diego, Chicago and Mexico.

The U.S. DEA got its first solid hook into the Herreras around 1970, when agents tailed a five-kilo shipment in a car from Houston to a Chicago suburban split-level and there discovered Elbazar Herrera Vanegas, currently doing 40 years. Since then, over 100 Herrera in-laws have gone up on smack charges: the Vanegas Herreras, the Herrera Herreras, the Herrera Diasas, the Herrera Mendmas, the Herrera Corrales and the Herrera Valenzuelas. Most of them live around Chicago in unpretentious middle-class surroundings, employed as steelworkers and small-tavern owners, though narcs traced over \$100 million in cashier's checks and money orders passing from the Chicago Herreras to Mexico in 1976 alone.

Of the estimated 1,000 family members involved in the mud trade, a good percentage are periodically busted around Chicago by local and federal narcs. Most cases are promptly dismissed because of technical im-

proprieties committed by overzealous narcs, though the cops themselves noisily complain of such problematic Chicago justices as Julius Hoffman (of Chicago Seven fame) who, it has been alleged, are not wholly untainted by mud money.

Jaime Herrera presented the perfect image of an ex-campesino made good in the States, living in a quiet suburb, driving an old-model car and visiting the home folks now and then. It was during one such visit in November '77 that two Herrera cousins were nailed at Durango in a car carrying 28 kilos of procaine and six kilos of virgin smack that had been loaded for them, they told the interrogating federales, by Godfather Herrera himself.

This touched off the "intensive and brilliant" manhunt. Herrera, it seems, bounced around for nearly a year from one common law wife's home to another. When the wives began reading about each other in the papers, though, Herrera's security was blown, and he evidently decided to come clean out of self preservation.



Deau are cops, acting on an anonymous snitch tip, turned up a couple of acres of pot—seven and a half tons, net weight—outside Hartley. The ramshackle barn on the pot farm had been fitted out with curing fans and a John Deere baler. A squad of 45 young trooper trainees was drafted to harvest it.



Japan-Korea Speed Connection Dented

NAGOYA, JAPAN—Cops here have so far turned up 1,500 certified cashier's checks totaling \$3,712,800, made out by respected Japanese banks to known speed smugglers

that have returned to Japan after being taken to South Korea to pay for dope. A complex of illegal labs in Korea manufactures millions of doses of amphetamine annually for millions of

speed-loving Japanese, and the smuggling industry between the two countries closely resembles that between Colombia and southern Florida in the U.S. The seized cashier's checks (which were themselves smuggled out of Japan, in contravention of the Foreign Exchange and Trade Control Law) are only part of a total of nearly \$16 million in certified checks that have leaked out of Japan to Korean speed manufacturers, a federal investigation has determined.

Police in Hyugu and Yamaguchi prefectures first discovered some of the uncashed checks when they busted several men here for smuggling gold bullion and wristwatches out of Japan to South Korea. The wristwatch smugglers had been paid with the uncashed cashier's checks by known Korean speed makers. The various Japanese individuals who had signed them are now either in jail or under intensive investigation by the National Police Bureau (NBA). Also under very heavy NBA scrutiny are the bank officials who guaranteed payment of the checks to persons whom the NBA calls "shady characters."

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Justice Dept. to Cops: Lay Off "Victimless Crimes"

While headline-grabbing politicians like Drug Enforcement Administration chief Peter Benninger continually call for a renewed crackdown on petty grass smokers, top Washington budget makers are quietly working to deemphasize "victimless crimes" in general and pot taking in particular. A two-year survey of District of Columbia bust records, undertaken by the prestigious Georgetown University Law Center, has determined that over half the defendants who appear in Washington Superior Court are charged with victimless offenses—marijuana, gambling or prostitution. Of these defendants, less than half are convicted, and of these only 17 percent ever go to jail; and of that minuscule fraction, less than 5 percent do longer than a year in the slam. To hotshot law-enforcement types, this represents augmented bust statistics; but to those who preside over the purse strings, it represents millions in wasted funds, with over \$600 million on pot cases alone.

The Georgetown U. report, funded by the Law

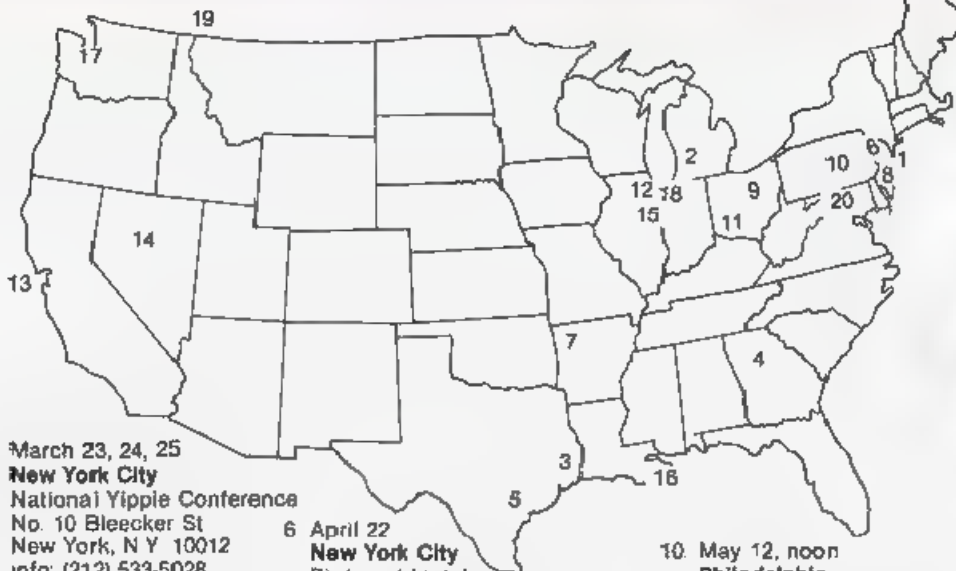
Enforcement Assistance Administration, points out that the 50 percent of the law-enforcement budget currently wasted on prosecuting victimless offenses could be more fruitfully employed in hard-crime areas. Several proposals were presented in the report on how to quietly phase out grass, gambling and hooking busts, even though laws against these activities remain on the books. The budgeters shrewdly pointed out that if jail sentences for these crimes were replaced by heavy fines, the law-enforcement system would at least make back some of the money squandered on these insignificant cases.

• Judge William Newman of the First Court of Appeals in San Francisco says the decriminalization of narcotics—especially heroin—is absolutely necessary to protect the lives and property of innocent citizens. In his years on the bench, says Justice Newman, he has seen too many people who have been maimed and murdered by junkies. "The principal cause of violence is the law against narcotics."

"We should register narcotics addicts and treat them with scorn, not criminal action," Newman insists. "People are not interested in saving heroin addicts' souls, they're interested in protection." Of course he realizes that to most people, heroin decrim is inconceivable. "People think it's condoning evil when you suggest that we decriminalize narcotics. But it's attempting to come to grips with the problem. The problem isn't good or evil. We've created a situation where laws don't work. Our laws are a travesty, and there isn't any hope of them working. You will never stop people from importing and selling heroin." If junkies could only score their smack in drugstores, Justice Newman points out, it would keep them from breaking into homes.

Newman was appointed four years ago to California's top bench by Governor Jerry Brown, a long-time friend who, according to Newman, feels the time isn't politically right yet to propose smack decrim. As for Newman, "I am sick of illusions. I don't give a damn."

Spring Smoke-In Schedule



1. March 23, 24, 25
New York City
National Yippie Conference
No. 10 Bleecker St
New York, N.Y. 10012
info: (212) 533-5028

2. April 1
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Ann Arbor Hash Bash
U. of Michigan

3. April 1
Houston, Texas
info: Ultra, P.O.B. 35253
Houston, Tex. 77035

4. April 7, noon
Atlanta, Georgia
CAMP Reefer Rally
Piedmont Park
info: CAMP, P.O.B. 53265
Atlanta, Ga. 30355
(404) 231-WEED

5. April 14
Austin, Texas
Free Music Fest
info: 411 E. 45th
Austin, Tex. 78751

6. April 22
New York City
Diplomat Hotel
Technological Hobbyist
Conference (THC-79)
for registration and more info:
TAP, Room 418
152 W. 42 St.

7. April 22
Fayetteville, Arkansas
City Park
info: 314 W. Watson
Fayetteville, Ark. 72701

8. May 5, noon
New York City
Annual Fifth Ave. Pot Parade
Washington Square Park
info: (212) 533-5028

9. May 11, noon
Columbus, Ohio
O.S.U. Oval
info: YIP, P.O.B. 8234
Columbus, Ohio 43201
(614) 291-2936

10. May 12, noon
Philadelphia
Independence Hall
Raindate May 13

11. May 13
Dayton, Ohio
Mother's Day Smoke-in
info: Box 166, Wright Bros. Sta.
Dayton, Ohio 45409

12. May 13-18
Chicago
Disrupt the A.P.A. Convention
Conrad Hilton Hotel
info: YIP, P.O.B. 87254
Chicago, Ill. 60626
(312) 764-1909

13. May 20
San Francisco
"Rights of Spring"
Civic Center Plaza

14. May 26
Carson City, Nevada
Nevada State Capitol

15. June 9
Chicago
Rock Against Racism
Lincoln Park
info: YIP, P.O.B. 87254
Chicago, Ill. 60626
(312) 764-1909

16. June 9
New Orleans
City Park
Raindate June 10

17. June 10
Seattle, Washington
Capitol Hill

18. June 16
Chicago
info: YIP, P.O.B. 87254
Chicago, Ill. 60626
(312) 764-1909

19. July 1
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
info: Prairie Weed, Box 115
U. of Alberta, Edmonton
Alberta T6G 2J7

20. July 3-4
Washington, D.C.
Annual 4th of July Smoke-in



For information on all events call Smoke-In Central at (212) 533-5028.

Blackest Weekend Ever

78 Tons Nailed in 48 Hours by Coast Guard



Crew of Venezuelan pot hauler Santa Magdalena watches as Coast Guard cutter Cape Current pulls alongside. Bust yielded 16 tons.

Two Florida-bound "mother ships," carrying a total of 48 tons of Colombian fume between them, were literally starved into surrendering by the U.S. Coast Guard on the same weekend. The CGC *Point Roberts* kept the disabled 70-foot freighter *Peninsula de Paradiwana*, anchored off southeast Florida, under surveillance for two weeks after the ship's captain had left her by helicopter, instructing the crew to maintain position. When the nine Colombians aboard finally ran out of food and water, they hailed the

Port Roberts crew, who promptly brought grub aboard, repaired the engine and accompanied the men—and the 27 tons of boo on board—to DEA narcs waiting near Cape Canaveral.

At the same time, the CGC *Dauntless* had been stalking the Panama freighter *Don Pacho* just outside of the 12-mile bust limit for five days. "They could have stayed out there a few more days," said CG Lieutenant John Dilloway, "but they decided it just wasn't worth it, I suppose." Like the first ship, the *Don Pacho's*

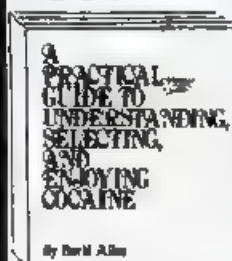
crew of eight Colombians and 21 tons of dope lacked an official captain. "Usually in an operation like this, the skipper is either one of the crew or has taken off by helicopter by the time the Coast Guard gets there," explained Lt. Dilloway.

Both boats were undoubtedly shipping smoke for the same Colombian syndicate, says Customs spokesperson Mike Cross: "All the bales had the same markings on them, the same handwriting was found on both boats, and all the bales were packed in the same Colombian coffee bags." Both vessels also had charts for New York Harbor; and in fact, shortly after this there was a dearth of Santa Marta gold in New York that lasted nearly two weeks.

On the same weekend, the CGC *Cape Current* nailed a 70-foot Venezuelan craft, the *Santa Magdalena*, with 16 tons of grass and also 14 tons aboard the Chris-Craft *Miss Carol*.

● RCMP narcs have been turning up unclaimed Lebanese hash shipments in Montreal, Quebec, Customs sheds for weeks now, ever since stifling a Tel Aviv connection supposedly masterminded by a retired Montreal cop who lives in Israel. First 300 kilos of Beirut blond mailed to a fictitious company was confiscated after two weeks' surveillance, during which no one claimed it. Then 660 more pounds were accidentally discovered in the next warehouse, where they'd sat for weeks. The dope, in five-gallon cans packed in wooden crates, had been shipped from Barcelona to Newark, then north by truck to Montreal.

AT LAST



A Practical, Informative Guide About Cocaine and It's Use

Partial Table of Contents

- Rise & decline of the Cocaine culture
- Straight talk about Cocaine
- Tasting, testing & buying Coke
- Cocaine & the Law — significant legal cases
- Controlled Substance Act

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Florida Customs recently took time off from complaining about their lack of equipment to blow up this perfectly shipshape cabin cruiser. The boat, which was nabbed in the Keys with 4,000 pounds of pot, was sunk four miles off Key Biscayne after no one claimed it.

Plane Crashes in Peru with 87 Kilos of Coke Paste

Two Colombian smugglers died in a plane crash near the village of Uchu in the province of Huanuco, Peru. When the Civil Guard arrived at the crash site 15 minutes later they found 87 bags of basic paste of cocaine, each weighing one kilo. Cops believe the plane contained more blow that was immediately scarfed up by local inhabitants. The Piper plane, model C365, was registered in Medellin, Colombia, and the two smugglers, both with Colombian pilot licenses, were presumably taking the coke paste to their country to produce refined coke for export to the U.S. Authorities believe the two men ran out of fuel and died while trying to land in the countryside near Uchu.

• 198 kilos of dry coca leaves were found in an abandoned house by the Argentinian Border Police in the town of Jujuy, close to the Bolivian border. It is presumed that the coca was from Bolivia and that smugglers had left it in the house while waiting for a fortuitous opportunity to distribute it. No arrests were made.

• A 47-year-old Houston, Texas, attorney was grabbed at Houston International Airport when he arrived at a warehouse there to pick up three boxes of carved wooden dishes shipped in from Santa Cruz, Bolivia. In the cardboard lining of the boxes, cops had found 25 pounds of snort packed in tinfoil. A Customs inspector, noting that the boxes were somehow "not quite right," opened them, found the dope and removed all but one gram each. The boxes had been shipped to a defunct real-estate corporation in care of the lawyer, who was held under \$100,000 bond.



Accused coke smuggler (right) massages part of a 66.13-pound load of blow while Mexican federales (left) stare transfixedly. The toot was found in several automobiles in the Tijuana area.

• A 22-year-old woman from Huntington, California, was nailed by a Miami International Airport Customs agent who noted a "bulge" on her back and subjected her to a strip search. Three plastic packets, containing 4.4 pounds of snow, were found taped to her body, cops say. She'd been flying in from La Paz, Bolivia.

• A suitcase containing 25 kilos of cocaine was found by a guard at the international airport in Lima, Peru. The suitcase had been left without

any baggage check in one of the airport's luggage rooms. Narcs had no clues as to who had left it.

• The DEA tracked 5.8 pounds of pure coke, in the false bottom of a crate of wood veneer strips, from Santa Cruz, Bolivia, to San Francisco International Airport. Narcs busted the shipment's 31-year-old claimant after trailing him to his Belvedere, California, home.

Hit Parade

It may look like a lot of dope has been going up the incinerator stacks this month, but don't get upset. It may look as though the *Dauntless* and the *Steadfast* are scooping whole acres of reefer out of the brine, but that's nothing unusual. This is just the peak of last season's crop in La Guajira, that's all: damn, in La Guajira there's dope growing in every direction as far as the eye can see from a DEA helicopter. Don't fret about this busted boo. It's spare jays compared to what got through unmolested. And besides, it was all insured.

• 50,000 lbs found on the 91-foot shrimp *Searcher* at the Delta Mud dock in Port Fourchon, La.: 13 busted.

• 20,000 lbs grabbed by Patterson, La., cops during unloading from a leaky shrimp; six busted after a swamp chase.

• 16,500 lbs of standing plants ripped out of a three-acre patch on a farm north of Columbia, Ill., by state and local cops; one farmer, 52, busted for 37 truckloads of dope.

• 16,000 lbs of fume nailed during unloading from 66-foot cabin cruiser at a canal-side home in Delray Beach, Fla.

• 8,600 lbs of Colombian found in overturned pickup near resort airstrip in Heber Springs, Ark.: two busted for being in the vicinity.

• 5,000 lbs and ten men grabbed in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., loading a pickup from a canal-side house.

• 5,000 lbs of warehoused grass nailed in Fort Lauderdale, when cops thwarted a Florida-to-New York shipment, ten men busted.

• 3,800 lbs of marijuana found by the Coast Guard aboard an abandoned 40-foot cabin cruiser, 15 miles east of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

• 2,000 lbs of homegrown discovered curling on split-open garbage bags in a pine wood outside Dayton, Tenn.; Rhea County fuzz copped it on a snitch tip, no busts.

• 1,500 lbs of Santa Marta gold nailed in two Coconut Grove, Fla., homes by the feds; two men charged.

• 3,242 flowering plants hand-harvested by Philippine army grunts on two plantations in La Union district; one farmer busted.

• 136 kilos of Charas hash discovered by Seattle Customs inside 3,800 flashlight batteries, among 15,000 real batteries shipped in from India; recipient busted in Richmond, British Columbia.

• 250 lbs of hash nailed at a motel in Lakefield, Ontario, by RCMP and provincial cops; four busted.

• 11,500 grams of opium nailed by British narcs in houses in Stevenage and Kensington, Hertfordshire; two busts.

• 32 kilos of pure China white smack found in the tires of a car arriving at Heathrow Airport, England, from Malaysia; four men currently "helping the police with their inquiries."

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Denver Cops Bust Pot Vending Machine

Police in Denver have busted what they like to describe as the "first pot-dispensing machine in the United States." Detectives say the "machine" was in the form of a booth in a private house. Buyers, mostly local students, would slide their money through a drawer in the door, and a person sitting inside the booth would slide a quantity of grass and the correct change back. The cops say that three adults and a juvenile were arrested and charged with operating the machine.

• The U.S. Justice Department has announced that the police chief of Roseville, Ohio, has been indicted on charges of beating a pottery-plant worker while delivering a safety lecture.

The worker, Larry Hammer, claims that the police chief came into the plant and announced that he wanted three minutes for a little talk on safety. Then he walked up to Hammer and said, "You've been going around telling people I wouldn't be such a big man if I weren't wearing a gun." The chief then reportedly threw down his gun, hat and badge and proceeded to beat Larry up. In fact, Hammer claims that the chief hit him so hard his "gums caved in."

Officials at the pottery plant said they didn't think it was a good idea to report the incident to the local police department, so they called the FBI. Now the police chief has been indicted by a grand jury on charges of violating Hammer's constitutional right not to be deprived of liberty without due process.

• Walter Combre of Norfolk, Virginia, walked up to his next-door neighbor's porch and "pinched me on the posterior end," the neighbor told the judge. Since he'd done the same thing two days running, his neighbor said she chased him and hit him on the head with her shoe, whereupon Combre drew his gun on her and later "bumped" her with his van as he was leaving his driveway.

Combre told District Judge Joseph Jordan, "I smacked her on the posterior as a friendly gesture. I've known her for eight years, and we've been playful together." Despite this, Jordan convicted him of simple assault, sentenced him to 60 days and a \$150 fine, gave him a lecture on women's liberation and warned him not to repeat the "friendly gesture" without permission.

• Twenty minuscule pot plants growing under sun lamps and the cannabis residue in the bowls of 21 ornamental hash pipes accounted for the biggest bust ever in Red Deer, Alberta, Canada. The 18-year-old boy busted with them had expected "maybe a quarter-ounce of low-quality weed" from his historic crop. He was fined \$450.

• The selection of Miss Natural Loveliness at Karwatha Lakes, Ontario, was cancelled this year at the last moment, following a series of catastrophes. To make a big media splash, the beauty-contest sponsors had imported two Mexican bullfighters, six Mexican bulls and a calypso band for the first authentic bull-fight exhibition ever to be held in

Canada. When the bulls turned out to be infested with ticks, however, the contest was delayed for the week they had to spend in quarantine. The delay caused a bakery that had prepared 6,000 tortillas for the festival to go bankrupt, and the calypso performers, forced to spend an entire week in Canada, declared themselves homeless refugees and requested citizenship. A woman from Karwatha threatened over a local radio phone-in to commit suicide if the bulls weren't released.

By the time the bullfight was to be held, one of the bullfighters had married a local girl who refused to let him perform for fear of a groin gore; the other bullfighter turned up dead drunk and had to be restrained from entering the corrida. To save the show, the Karwatha police chief—240 pounds, six feet four inches—entered the ring to face the first bull. After being battered to the ground three times, he was taken unconscious to the hospital, with him in the ambulance went his daughter, Miss Karwatha Lakes Natural Loveliness of 1978, taking the crown with her so that the bathing-suit competition had to be abandoned.

The bull was shot in the corrida by the president of the Ontario Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who had originally come with a delegation to protest the bullfight.

• A large California crowd of Oakland Raiders fans in the Coliseum began torching up joints during half time at a Raiders-Jets game last season and then very noisily started to raise hell. They shortly attracted a mob of security cops and the Oakland P.D., who came down on them with clubs swinging: 25 were busted for smoking grass, public drunkenness, resisting arrest, interfering with police and scalping tickets. Several had to be treated afterward for head bashes at Highland Hospital.

At the very same time this fracas was occupying the Coliseum cops, a super-sophisticated experimental portable TV camera belonging to the ABC television network, worth \$35,000, was pinched from a "high-security room" in the stadium con-

• A Los Angeles woman filing a paternity suit was very surprised—along with the entire American medical community—to learn that the defendant was only responsible for half the set of twins she was carrying.

Immunologist Dr. Paul Terasaki, who has used a foolproof tissue-typing method to conclusively settle 2,500 previous paternity suits, matched the alleged father's antigen "fingerprints" with the antigens produced by the two fetuses in the woman's womb. One fetus matched, as expected, but the other one didn't. "I was surprised," says Dr. Terasaki. Upon consultation, the woman recalled having had intercourse with a second man about the same time as the original half-father. Evidently she had produced two egg cells at the same time (a phenomenon that frequently occurs after discontinuing estrogen-based birth-control pills), and each of her partners had fertilized one of them.

"She accepted the possibility readily," says Dr. Terasaki. The second man's antigens, as it turned out, matched those of the other fetus.



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Singer Awarded \$500,000 for Pot Frame-up

● In 1964, New York City police called nightclub singer **Fran Warren** down to headquarters to talk about a friend of her husband's, whom they suspected of illegal activities. When Warren professed total ignorance of the man's doings, her home was raided. Cops said they found some grass on the premises and offered to "get rid" of it if the songstress would say the proper things to the grand jury about her hubby's pal. When she refused, they busted her for possession, but the charges were quietly dropped two months later after the alleged narcotic material had been "mislaid" by the police. Last fall, after 14 years, Warren finally obtained from the U.S. Supreme Court a damages settlement for \$500,000. Her income, she said, had dropped from \$20,000 in 1964 to \$2,000 in 1978.

● **Jerry Lewis**, Europe's favorite American comedian, lucked his 13-year addiction to Percodan with the help of Houston heart transplantor **Michael DeBakey**. Lewis told a Miami TV interviewer, "I've had a rebirth," he rejoiced. "I was living on the drug." Lewis began taking the extremely potent and addictive painkiller after sustaining a chipped spinal vertebra and worked gradually up to ten pills per day, well beyond OD quantity for a normal person. Although he produced several movies and interminable Muscular Dystrophy telethons over that period, Lewis told "Montage" interviewer **Joe Abell** that he can't remember much from the last 13 years. (He also claims to have shed a ten-Cokes-per-day monkey with DeBakey, who gave him steroid injections to relieve the spinal fluid pressure.) Speaking in the Pompano Beach condominium where he's scripting yet another Jerry Lewis movie, Lewis said that somehow the Percodan had been giving him stomach ulcers, too.

● A dozen **Marine Corps guards** at the ultra-sensitive and luxurious presidential retreat at **Camp David, Maryland**, have been transferred to the marine barracks in southwestern Washington: some business about doing up grass in their off-duty hours.

● **Coke charges** have been dropped against **Tommy Rettig**, 33, who played Jan Clayton's



"Pillsapoppin" Jerry Lewis: a 13-year Percodan habit.

a) American son on the original "Lassie" series back in the '50s. A lower-court conviction for conspiracy to import liquid snort to the U.S. from South America was pitched out by the Los Angeles Federal Appeals bench on the grounds of improper police search. Rettig maintains he was researching a novel on professional coke runners and was framed by the people he was interviewing.

● A few years back, when General Omar Torrijos was running Panama, the bloody-handed dictator's brother, **Hugo Torrijos**, was revealed to be a major figure in the Latin American coke trade. No particular waves were made of the incident, since only the minority U.S. Republican party was interested in dumping on Panama. Hugo was persuaded to drop his unsavory snort connections, word has it, but now he's become involved in a truly filthy industry, according to a Colombian newspaper. In the last three years, Torrijos has personally supervised the export of the hides of over 5,000 endangered-species animals out of Panama City to American and European furrers.

● **Senator S.I. Hayakawa** of California, who is 72 years old, recently told a Sacramento audi-

ence that grass ought to be legalized, so that the government could gouge enormous tax revenues out of the growers. Then the DEA or somebody got to the aging ultraconservative and realigned his thinking to the official line. Two days later he solemnly advised an auditorium full of Sacramento high-school kids that he'd learned that "a professor at the University of California at Berkeley has been doing some very, very serious research" that definitively "attributes the large rise of homosexuality in our times to the widespread consumption of marijuana."

The busy professor in question, **Dr. Hardin Jones**, has been dead two years now. His studies on marijuana showed altered hormone levels in rats and he deduced that grass ought to feminize men and cause them to grow breasts—a notion long ago blown to bits by more responsible researchers. But the contention remains current, with a broad array of similarly groundless pot horror stories, in "public information" handouts distributed by federal dope "authorities" to pliable public figures like Hayakawa.

● **George Kirby**, famed black stand-up comic, is doing 20 years for sale of coke and heroin, concurrently with a separate 10-year snack rap. Kirby, who first broke the comedy color barrier on Ed Sullivan's show in the late '50s, was busted in 1977 for selling 383 grams of coke to an undercover narc. "I have appreciated and enjoyed very much the great talent that Kirby has," said Judge Carl Christiansen in denying Kirby's attorney's request for a \$50,000 appeals bond. "It could be he has more intelligence than anyone else in this courtroom."



This is the marijuana marina at Seddon Island off Florida's Gulf Coast, where all the busted pot boats are towed for auction. They say that at night the desolate craft resound with the ghostly strains of Colombian marimba music.

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Colombian		lb	450-550
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	oz	180-200
		lb	2000-3100
Thai sticks	up	one	20-25
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	oz	180-200
		lb	1200-1800
MDA	lovers' delight	hit	2-4
Matham-phenamine	crystal, good	oz	500-800
		lb	4500-7000
Money oil	amber	gm	35-50
	tremendous	oz	450-800
LSD	blotter, microdot, caveat emptor	hit	1-3
		100	100-250
Cocaine	short and sweet	gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

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Santa Marta	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
gold, red		lb	55-75
Commercial	leafy brown	oz	2-4
		lb	30-40
Colombian	improving, still	oz	10-30
hash	no hum	lb	750-1250
Colombian	poor to fair	oz	150-200
hash oil		lb	1000-1250
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	200-500
		lb	3000-5000

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Domestic	good if well cured	oz	5-15
grass		kilo	150-250
Jamaican	expensive	oz	120-150
grass	luxury		
Moroccan	just ordinary	gm	2-3.50
hash		kilo	1800-2400
Lebanese	tons, some	gm	2.50-4
hash	red primo	kilo	2000-3000
Pakistani	brown, rubbery	gm	2.50-4
hash		kilo	2000-3000
Afghani hash	quality varies	gm	3.50-5.50
		kilo	2000-3000
Nepalese	temple baits, very limited supply	gm	4.50-8
hash	smoke, don't eat	kilo	4000-5000
Opium	red star tabs	gm	12-15
LSD		one	5
		100	350
Cocaine	trampled on	gm	125-175
		oz	2500-3000

GERMANY

Turkish	chokum-red	gm	2.50
hash		oz	45-50
		lb	700
Lebanese	black, potent	gm	3
hash		oz	50
		lb	750
Moroccan	blond, mediocre	gm	2.50
hash		oz	45-55
		lb	800
Thai sticks	good when available	one	10-15
		oz	115-120
LSD	pyramid, orange	hit	2-3
	sunshine	100	175-275

HOLLAND

Moroccan	medium quality	gm	2.50
hash		kilo	1250
Lebanese	medium to good	gm	2
red		kilo	1000
Afghani hash	fine quality	gm	4
		kilo	3250
Pakistani	always available	gm	2.50
hash		kilo	1500
Nepalese	limited stash	gm	3
hash		kilo	2000

Domestic	very bad	oz	free
Colombian	hard to find	lb	50-80
grass		oz	450-650
Cocaine	decent rock	gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2100
Chitral hash	black, O.K.	gm	2.50
		kilo	1250

JAPAN

Domestic	leafy	oz	10
grass		lb	100
Misawan gold	pinney taste	oz	20
		lb	250
Misawan	spicy, kick-ass,	oz	30
purple	scarce	lb	325
LSD	excellent blotter	hit	5-10

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Torreón	breathaking	oz	8-12
wolai		lb	30-75
Caxacan tops	rising potency	oz	4-8
		lb	50-90
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	oz	3-6
		lb	20-50
Puebla	good	oz	3-6
		lb	20-70
Magie	fresh, excellent	oz	6-10
mushrooms		lb	50-125
Cocaine	brown to pure white	gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
Opium	not much	oz	30-50
		lb	300-400

USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	leafy colaa	oz	25-60
		lb	125-275
Quality Jamaican	good brown, record crop	oz	30-40
Commercial	mucho	oz	125-300
Colombian		lb	25-40
Connoisseur	likewise	oz	200-375
Colombian		lb	40-50
Seedless	top stuff, scarce	oz	250-450
Colombian		lb	50-75
Colombian	precleaned, lazy	oz	500-675
shake	man's special	oz	20
California	stash only	lb	250
cannabis	very powerful		not sold
indica			
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
Colombian	speckled beauties	lb	25
seeds			
Pseudo sticks	California made, mighty fine	oz	750-1000
	orange upjones	lb	2000
Didrax ops	do-it-yourself "tudes	single	1-1.25
Methaqualone		oz	500-750
powder		lb	7500
"Downtown" heroin	clean, powerful	gm	100-150
		oz	1500-2000
Wild Upland Thai	lumbury, but potent	oz	150-225
Mojave blond	excellent	oz	1500-2000
	sinsemilla	oz	200-225
		lb	1500-1800
California	fasty, potent,	oz	50-125
red hair	plentiful	lb	450-1000
California	dellish	oz	75-100
sinsemilla		lb	500-1000
Jamaican	spicy new	oz	50-75
sinsemilla	breed	lb	500-850
"Mad Jag"	lightly seeded,	oz	75
Hawaiian	nice	lb	1000
"Mad Jag"	Colombian stock,	oz	150
sinsemilla	killer purple	lb	2000
Hawaiian	astronomical	oz	100-175
Puna buds		lb	800-1200
Moroccan	erratic supply	oz	75-100
hash		lb	625-800
Lebanese	dirty blond,	oz	85-120
hash	sleepy	lb	1000-1400
Black Afghani	overpriced,	oz	150-200
hash	fair	lb	1500-1800
Nepalese	pressed balls,	oz	100-150
hash	knockout	lb	1000-1200
Paki hash	just decent,	oz	75-100
	no buy	lb	800-1200

Thai sticks	the bigger, the better	one	15-30
	biggest crop ever	oz	150-175
Hawaiian		lb	150-175
		oz	1000-1750
Hash oils	more potent	gm	25-40
	Afghan to honey	oz	400-800
PCP	powder the pits	gm	60-75
LSD	blotter	hit	2-3
	microdot, others	100	75-200
Mescaline	clear caps, good	hit	2-3
		oz	1000-1500
Psilocybin	available fresh,	oz	25-45
mushrooms	frozen, dried	lb	100-250
Peyote	fresh,	oz	30
	available	one	150
Quaaludes,	rans, many "boots"	one	3-5
714s		100	250-500
Cocaine	various qualities	gm	80-120
	scarce	oz	1000-2000
MDA	beware of fakes	gm	35-60
Black Beauties		hit	3-5
Crystal meth	ace	gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500

Alaska

Commercial	good buzz,	oz	50-60
Colombian	abundant	lb	450-525
Connoisseur	mind expanding	oz	60-75
Colombo		lb	500-875
Domestic	getting better	oz	35-40
grass		lb	250-350
Regular	thin supply	oz	25-35
Mexican		lb	250-350
Hawaiian	good supply	oz	175-250
Puna buds		lb	1000-1300
Thai sticks	small and large	one	10-35
		oz	200-250
Lebanese	good blond	gm	10-20
hash		oz	140-175
Black Afghani	worth looking for	gm	10-20
hash		oz	130-175
Hash oil	commendable honey	gm	35-60
Quaaludes	714s	one	3-4
	714s	one	4-5
LSD	good blotter	one	3-5
Cocaine	quality varies widely	gm	85-120
		oz	1800-2200
Crystal	very fresh	gm	70-90
methadone		oz	1000-1300

Hawaii

Puna buds	juicy, fruity,	oz	110-180
	unreal stone	lb	1000-1800
Kona gold	sweet and fantastic	oz	100-140
		lb	950-1500
Mauna Loa	buds look	oz	100-130
	sugar-coated	lb	1200-1500
Maui	big fat buds,	oz	100-150
	choice high	lb	1000-1800
Laper grass	Moloka export,	oz	75-100
	killer buds	lb	1000-1500
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	20-40
Leaf sticks	big leaves	one	5-10
High-grown		4	25
seeds			
Cocaine	wide quality range	gm	1000
		oz	1500
Amphetamines	black beauts	one	2.50
	white crosses	one	50
LSD	mostly microdot	one	2-4
	and windowpane		
Lebanese	light color,	gm	10
hash	not bad		
Hash oil	short-term high	gm	10
Magic	lots of fun		free
mushrooms			

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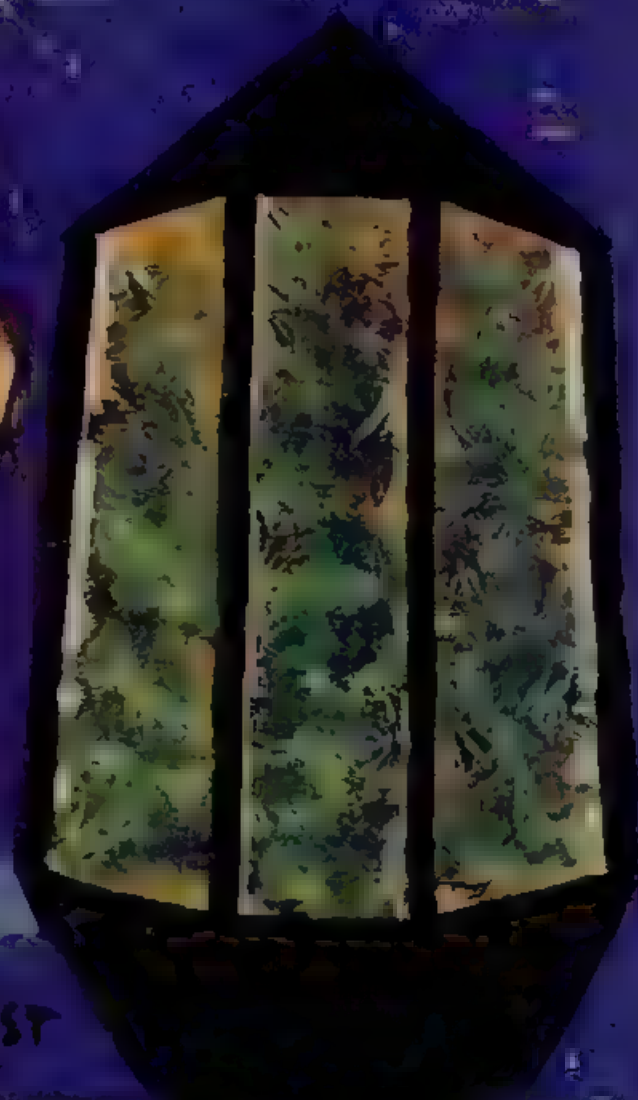


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Interview

THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS

They mixed folk with funny, put pot puns on prime time, stopped the Vietnam War, eluded Nixon's Plumbers, made some of the best wine in the world, and to whoever... ask on Broadway

by Fenton Fless

Back in the late '50s and early '60s, the Smothers Brothers were among the most popular acts on the folkie circuit, playing the coffee houses that were—along with jazz dives and greaser rock joints—the center of bohemian activities. By combining credible stand-up comedy with credible folk music, they were an incredible combo. For the time.

And they were timely. Their careers managed to peak when everything else was peaking too—at that mystical crest of '60s psychoactivism. By then the Smothers Brothers were proprietors and hosts of the hottest show on the prime-time tube, "The Smothers Brothers' Comedy Hour."

They made a lot of people laugh when not too many people were sharing laughs and there wasn't much to laugh at. They brought us the Beatles, Pete Seeger and the Nelson Riddle Orchestra. They also brought us the only nationally televised venue for antiwar consciousness, or, for that matter, just plain consciousness.

Their show was suddenly axed by CBS at the height of its popularity, as one of the first unofficial backstage acts of President Richard Nixon. Later they were among the first victims of the White House Plumbers. And they haven't had a real crack at getting their slot back, losing a bit of their energy during years of court battles. But the Brothers have never really left either.

They've attempted shows with the remaining two major networks since their eviction, but as yet they haven't been able to recapture their old TV magic. Maybe the time just wasn't right.

Anyway, they've learned a lot along the way—including how to drive a car very fast and make a very good bottle of wine. And now they're learning to act the hard way on Broadway.

So meet the new Smothers Brothers. The same, just different. Tommy doesn't play dumb anymore. The roles are being recomputed. We used to call 'em the Smo Bros, but here they are, from coffee house to CBS to U.S. Federal Court to ABC, NBC, to some Grands Prix and the vineyards of California and now to the Broadway stage, Tom and Dick Smothers.

High Times: Are you guys embarrassed by being culture heroes?

Tom: We don't recognize ourselves as such. The only time I ever become conscious of it is when a 20-year-old person freaks out when he sees us and says, "Oh my God, you guys influenced my life so much." Or a cab driver will say, "You were such a part of our lives."

Dick: I went down the other day to see one of the musicians at the Improv. All these kids doing their comedy bits were little kids who watched our show. That's when it hits you. You are not a fresh young

comic any more. The turnover is 20 years, 18 years. All of a sudden you're the old veteran. It's a good feeling. It doesn't make me feel like my life's over. But everything changes. Everything cycles, and I think it's real exciting to have these young kids coming up and saying we affected their lives.

Even when our show had no political content whatsoever it was a well done show—it was the best variety show on television. It had a lot of elements—musical elements like the Beatles, the Juillard String Quartet done with a light show. We had a lot of innovative practices.

Tom: As far as being culture heroes, we were just fortunate. There were heroes out in the streets, in Chicago, doing the

"We were working for the high generation. We didn't even know it, although we did the first high jokes in prime time."

same thing we were doing and laying the bodies out there. The only thing we had was a television show, but we were laying our bodies out like that too. We weren't unique except that we had a television show in the most exciting time in American history, in our generation.

Dick: A lot of the kids who were out there demonstrating didn't know why in the hell they were demonstrating. They were just followers. It looked like a good thing, partly time, let's go demonstrate. I think that mass thing was the "in" thing to do for a while. Sometimes it got out of hand, and kids got scared.

High Times: Unlike the '50s?

Tom: Nothing was happening in the '50s except there were a few outspoken people like Steve Allen. And there were the blacklisted people during the '50s. Maybe the '50s and '70s are kind of the same. Maybe the '60s was the only decade that was meaningful during our time.

High Times: Do you see any type of a comic resurgence that would parallel the middle or late '60s?

Tom: No, because we don't have the issues. I think people right now are looking for heroes and can't find them. The '60s were wonderful ignorance and also wonderful awareness. People could actually be indignant and feel like they'd been fucked around with, because the media hadn't learned to control them.

Dick: But you can't continue at that level of change. You have to slow down and then mellow out. Today's kids are wiser than the kids in the '50s.

Tom: They just don't know what to do about it.

High Times: Well they do seem to be

having a lot more fun sexually.

Dick: I don't know. We had good fun sexually. We just didn't do it as often.

Tom: Sexual mores have changed. But hell, we did it though. We were working for the high generation. We didn't even know it, although we did the first high jokes in prime comedy. High comedy.

Dick: They never knew what we were talking about, a lot of times. We introduced Leigh French as Mary Juana—they said you can't do that. Then we came up with Goldie Keef, and that was the name we stuck with. But we made up key phrases like "going down to Houston." Every time we put that in, our cast and staff would laugh.

High Times: Where is Leigh French today?

Tom: Doing commercials for anybody. High ideals. Back then, she turned down Libby's, who had offered her millions of dollars, because she was on a macrobiotic diet. Now she's selling deodorants.

High Times: What about Pat Paulsen? Is he still going to run for president in 1980?

Tom: No. I doubt it. But... he's still my favorite choice as a producer. He'd be my choice to do a series with. I would love to produce him in a series called "The Politician." We've been working on it for two years.

High Times: What about Steve Martin?

Tom: Steve Martin was one of our better writers.

Dick: He performs better today. He was a pretty poor performer, but all our writers performed. We had a writers' show every year.

Tom: Not very many of them were very good at performing. But Steve just kept working at it. He came from the underside of comedy. Most of the comedians are extroverts, and they control and learn discipline and bring it down. Here was a guy who was very quiet and shy, and he was doing absurd left handed comedy. And he just kept working, working 12 years at it, and finally found out who he was. The minute he discovered a character for himself, he became a really, really super comedian.

High Times: Were there many wild sexual parties?

Dick: Straight businessmen have more wild sex than most entertainers.

Tom: It was work.

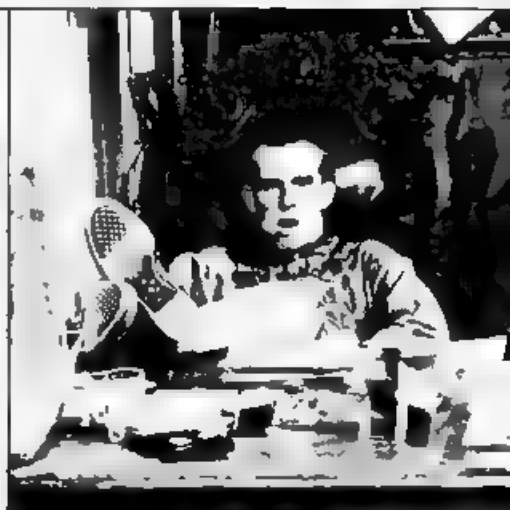
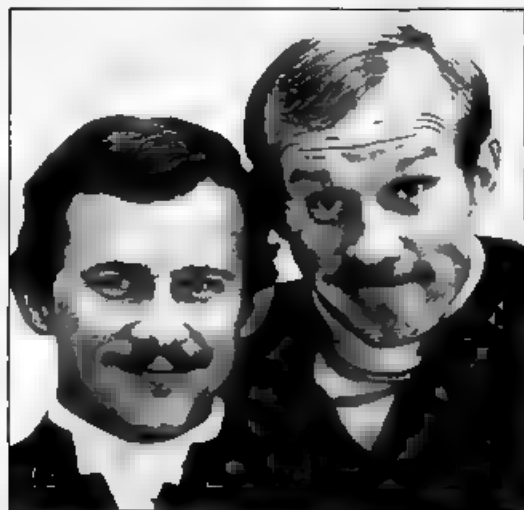
High Times: It wasn't fun, it was work?

Dick: I'm not saying it wasn't fun, but you go with the premise that you're at work. We'd sit out and have dinner and some drinks. We could socialize and all that, but our heads would still be back on the show we had to do. So we didn't get crazy.

High Times: Did you smoke dope at the studio?

Tom: No. Nobody took any dope while we worked. I think it throws off comedic timing. I smoked a joint once in Vegas. I knew the show so well I thought maybe it'll give me a different point of view. I smoked a joint right before the show. We

Left: the Brothers bare their bods on Broadway in I Love My Wife.



walked onstage. I started doing my jokes. I dropped the punch line because I assumed everybody knew it. I started talking slower, softer and softer, and that was really the worst show we'd ever done. Dickie walked off, and he said, Tommy, that was the worst show I've ever been in. Don't you understand? Two straight men are not funny.

Dick: Things were a lot tighter then. We were living in a repressive time. They were looking for drug busts. So we kept straight for the most part.

Tom: We'd maybe smoke to get creative trips, like when we were writing. Unless it's head comedy or high comedy like George Carlin, your comedy delivery is too fine to risk losing it. People would listen to our album and swear we were high. That was the farthest thing from where I was. But it sounded like we were high. Drugs were not a big part of our life. Even when acid was legal, we were working 50, 60, 70 hours a week on the show. I saw all these exciting things happening at Woodstock, and here we were doing the show.

High Times: Did you go to Canada to be with John and Yoko?

Tom: Yeah. I sang "Give Peace a Chance." Everything was high, exciting. I mean even being fired. We didn't fade like other shows. Some people feel we never faded.

High Times: Didn't you have a lot of fun being young, rich and famous?

Dick: When you're young you don't appreciate your youth. When you're working that hard you don't recognize your fame because you don't have time to say, Gee, that's kind of exciting, now get back to work. We never thought we were more important or less important. We would simply get more requests to do things.

**"I'm not above taking
a toot now and then
from a friend when I
know what it is.
But I never buy it.
I never hold."**

As soon as many people get special they just get all out of proportion. They become assholes, but they've always been assholes, they just didn't show it.

Tom: When we did the "Tonight Show" I recognized the success. I said, Oh my God, and then really got rolling. You do your job and someone likes you, you get more money and you get a show.

High Times: You really can't work high?

Tom: In about 1965, we were working in Indianapolis. I was married at the time. My wife and I were down at the Indianapolis Big College Weekend, and Jim McGuinn was Bobby Darin's guitarist at the time. We were all staying at the Big

City campus, so about an hour before the show he said, Do you want to smoke a joint? When I went out onstage I was high, and I was off about a tenth of a second. I could not release the jokes. Our conversation was just off, just off. I thought it destroyed my timing. Whatever it was I had gone. The show was not a disaster. It just didn't cook. And I blamed it fully on the grass.

High Times: Did you quit smoking altogether?

Tom: I still occasionally smoke, maybe once a week, once every couple of weeks. It's really a charge when you don't do it regularly. The whole thing about getting high is people just don't know how much to do. When you get up in the morning and that's all you do, that becomes the state of reality and perhaps it becomes a reversive thing. Yet I know people who do it who function quite well.

Dickie and I were at the height of the acid experience when it was legal. It was Owsley's purple tabs, and everything was pure and carried around in pockets, at that first Monterey rock festival, and everybody was mellow. The cops had flowers in their hats, just before it turned sour and everybody got uptight. It was beautiful. And that was the time when I was working on CBS. So I had about a couple of days, three or four days up there to emcee it. I smoked some dope and said, Well, maybe if everybody in the audience is





Private Collection

high and I'm high then we will all be in sync. That was a theory I had. Well, it was fine, five to six thousand people in this one area. I went out and said, 'Wow, wow.'

I was supposed to emcee the whole thing and I kept hiding every time a new group would come on. Someone else had to do the introductions. It just freaked me out. I realized then it didn't matter if the whole world was high and I wasn't.

High Times: I bet they laughed though.
Tom: No, they were all saying 'wow back.' It was the most inarticulate conversation between an audience and a performer. So I came to my next conclusion. It didn't matter if they were high. If you're out there, you have to manipulate the entire group. Whether they're drunk, high, sober, pissed off or ecstatically happy. The person up front has got to talk to them. Because it's still the same manipulation of group control.

High Times: What's the difference between playing before a stoned-out group of college freaks or a middle-class Las Vegas audience?

Tom: There's no difference. We were told there would be a big difference. Our agent said, 'When you play Vegas, you'd better change your act around.' We said no way. This is what we do. We played the same way to college audiences and Vegas audiences. Most of our college audiences were not high. We're not like a rock group or something like that. I'm sure there were a

few people. But the people who go to Vegas are mixed—from everywhere. They're young. They're old. They're straight. But then as long as I'm straight they can be any way they want.

The summer of '68, the time that I dropped my acid. I went back to work, so very mellow and knowledgeable, so com-

"It would come down from Nixon to CBS. Someone would say, 'Knock 'em off.' 'But they have a contract.' 'Get them off.'"

passionate and understanding. The first four shows were very mediocre. I didn't have that hard edge of making decisions. Like I used to think all the heads were making all these beautiful pieces of artwork and leather goods and all, and the drunks were selling them.

Since 1969 my life has been totally the non head, that's where my head is. Non high. Just occasionally smoking. And I've never dropped acid again, probably because I had a bad experience with it. The age is a strange thing. I've found a lot of my contemporary friends like Paul Simon have all started getting back to booze. It's a strange thing, a more aggressive type of

high. After having smoked a lot, they wanted to get a control on their liquor too, because that's the hardest thing in the world to control. So even my drinking became a controlled thing. I'd spot where the high was, because I got it in such a fast form, and then I knew how to keep it—how to sustain that little buzz. Now I don't drink very much either.

High Times: There's a lot of coke going around among performers. I'm sure you see it.

Tom: Sure, I see it.

High Times: It's associated with Hollywood, entertainment and performers.

Tom: I don't know that. Dickie and I know if we have a television show. Otherwise, we're out of work for two years, we don't have a series, and then another series will pop through for a summer show. For some reason it's very insidious. Whenever a big project comes through, even before we get into it, there'll be some people that we haven't seen for a long time. Pretty soon they're coming around. 'Hey, you need a spoon, you need a gram?' It always happened as soon as affluence started to hit. Somehow they pop up and that stuff starts flowing. I recognize the syndrome right away and I just don't deal with it. I'm not above taking a toot now and then from a friend when I know what it is. But I never buy it. I never hold. And I'm just as happy.

High Times: Paranoia was a disease of the



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'60s. Do you have any vestigial symptoms?

Tom: Yes, a little-known story. When we were cancelled, thrown off the air in '69, there was a lot of pressure. We didn't know at the time, but it was political pressure. We thought it was corporate. CBS felt the war was our big thing, and also civil rights, and playing very gently with this new consciousness of the high trip. We were cancelled and later found out we were under surveillance by Tony Ulasewicz and the Plumbers. We got canned and made a big fuss about it.

During those early '70s I was working with a friend from L.A. He called me one day and said, "Tommy, I gotta talk to you in person. So he came up to my office. At the same time, we were making a film called *Another Fine Mess*, which was a takeoff on Nixon and Agnew. They looked like Nixon and Agnew, but they acted like Laurel and Hardy. And Nixon was always saying, "Now that's another fine mess you've gotten us into." And Agnew was saying, "Well, I didn't know. You didn't tell me nothing." It was a flop. But we were working on that at the time. Anyway, my friend called and said, "Tom, there's a federal bust being set up on you right now. My office is at the Federal Building in L.A., and a friend of mine told me. He said, 'I understand you're negotiating with Tom Smothers, and I thought you ought to know. You can do anything you want about it.'"

My friend came over and said, "I don't know who's doing it, but there's someone you know right now, a friend of yours, who is working off some bust he's got and it's coming down on you anytime. Be careful and have someone with you at all times." Well, I went to my staff. I announced that this was coming down. I didn't know if it was true or not. He sounded very sincere. Anybody who insists on smoking grass, doing coke or anything around here is summarily fired. I don't want anything in this office at all. And I went through my own house finding little bits of grass that I'd had for the last couple of years, and I dumped it on friends who wanted it.

Then I wrote a letter to Attorney General O'Brien of California, a registered letter to an attorney with the information, and a letter to myself, saying that I knew. Some weird things happened. I was leaving on a four o'clock flight. My grandfather called me at six, and he said, "Bad news, there were eight guys tearing the house apart, two federal, two state and two local cops, and it really got me scared, because I didn't know what was coming. I believed the guy, but I didn't know if it was going to come down. Well, the house was clean. But if I'd been there, they would've planted it. It cost me \$1,500 for an attorney, and I actually hid out for about three days. That's when I became very nervous about it, I became what you'd call a very light social smoker, and



Anne Proger

"Senator Fulbright told me, 'Your show on Sunday nights did more to stop the war than all my politicking did.'"

still am. I'm just getting older, I guess. I don't need it as much. I get a kick out of getting high occasionally, because I can listen to things very subjectively.

High Times: Did you make the enemies list?

Dick: No, we didn't qualify because we were the example. I didn't think Nixon had anything to do with our firing until about six years later. I was in court and the Washington Post had an article in the early '70s saying the Smothers were being investigated by Tony Ulasewicz. That was the bust that was going to be set up to discredit us. Only one paper attacked us when we were coming off. The New York Times and the Wall Street Journal were all upset. TV Guide printed the most scathing attack. They called us un-American, phony. I've still got that because it's a classic. Never have I been attacked like that in my life. That's when I put two and two together. I knew we never made the list because we'd already been assassinated.

It was decided that we could not be on under the Nixon administration. In fact, it was April that we went off, and he had been inaugurated in January. It took two months. And they were looking at us for those two months, as we were taping. I was careful as shit. I made sure that I put everything in memos. Anytime they wanted something, they put it in writing. So I had an incredibly well-documented situation.

High Times: What specific excuse did they use?

Tom: They used everything. It would come down from Nixon to CBS. Someone like Bob Wood, the new president for CBS, would say, "Knock 'em off." "But you know, they have a contract." "Get them off. I'm telling you just get them off." So they used David Steinberg's sermonette, saying that he had offended a vast majority of people. It was a piece on Eisenhower's funeral. The euphemism was, we didn't deliver the tape on time. I think they also considered standing up and jacking off in front of the camera anything to get us off the air. They could make up anything they wanted, and you've got to go to court. It takes four years to get the court to prove that you're right. That's a lot of money. It kept us out of the limelight. The blessing is that in the people's mind we've always been crystal clear. The show was severed finally, with a scalpel, and it still stands as the ideal show of the most exciting time of this country's last 30 or 40 years.

Dick: The political pressure was so great, they had no choice. What's a Smothers Brothers show, one hour out of all their prime time? What difference does that make?

High Times: How does the network go to an affiliate and say, "We're going to drop our number-one variety show?"

Tom: Well, the affiliates were all so con-

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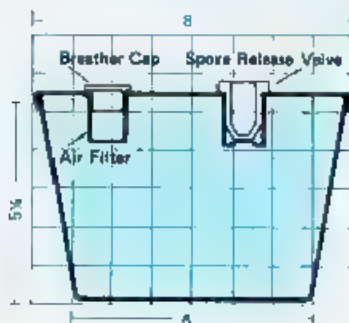
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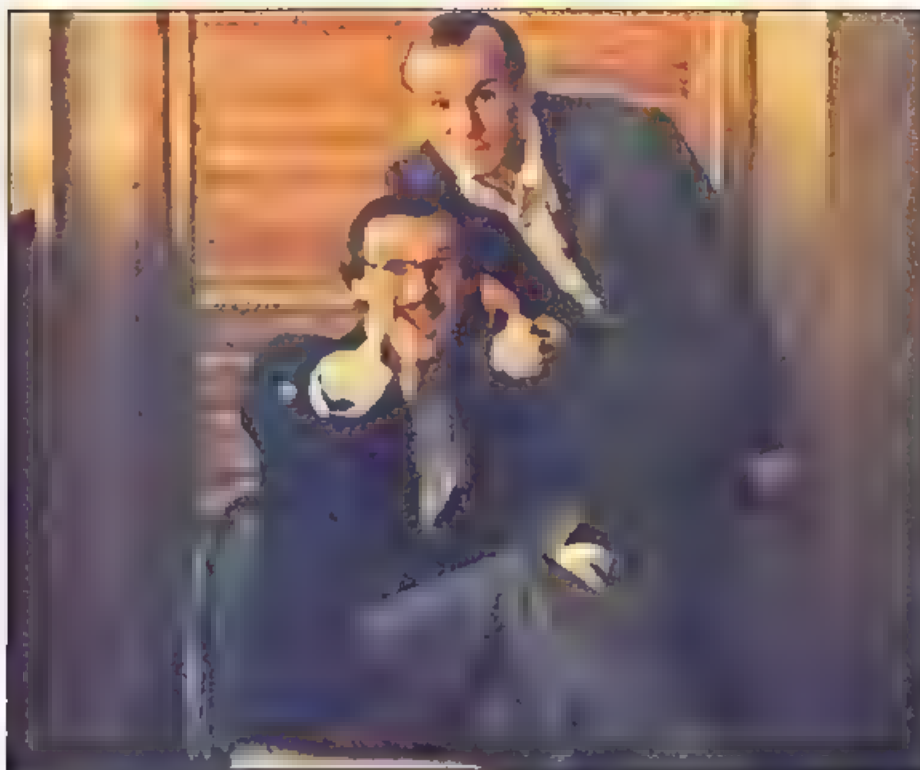
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Anna Prager

"Even 'Saturday Night Live' is grasping for straws at times, to find something that's a social statement."

servative, and they didn't like to hear that because the country was so divided at the time. Our show was the first show that had to be previewed by all the affiliates before going on the air.

I said, "Okay, well, get off my ass, don't start editing here. Show it to the affiliates and they can take out anything they want. They're the ones who have the license. They have to be responsible. Just let us do our show, and we'll put it on, and they can edit out what they want. It was very logical. They didn't want to have a double censorship. If there were Dems in the White House, it definitely wouldn't have happened. It was just a big political move. At the time I thought it was corporate timidity. But it was really much greater than that."

When I was in the White House, Senator Fulbright told me, "Your show on Sunday nights did more to stop this war than all my politicking here and in the Foreign Relations Committee."

High Times: So you were doing your own lobbying?

Tom: I was doing my own lobbying. I went to the FCC and asked them if they'd seen any of the shows. Was this particular thing in violation of the rules? Because what networks do is say, "Oh, no! FCC!"

High Times: Were you hurt by the pressure?

Tom: Our comedy got hurt a little bit, but the show content became stronger. Our show was always superior to what Dickie

and I did as comedians. Television ruins comedians, because you have very little time to develop your material. So we focused more on the production. Presentations of other groups, conceptual ideas that were our strength really, and we were kind of the Don Kirshner/Ed Sullivan of the time.

High Times: But the repercussions were directed at the Smothers Brothers.

Dick: We were an obvious target. Yes, Tom and Dick Smothers. Carrol O'Connor was never Carrol O'Connor. He was Archie Bunker. He could say things and then go away. But Dickie and I were always Tommy and Dickie saying that. Let's get those guys back. "Laugh-In," for example, could do little riffs that were 20- or 30-second flash-bys that didn't go right to the heart. They didn't have the intensity of Tommy and Dickie Smothers, because we never played anybody but ourselves.

High Times: So why have you dropped your act?

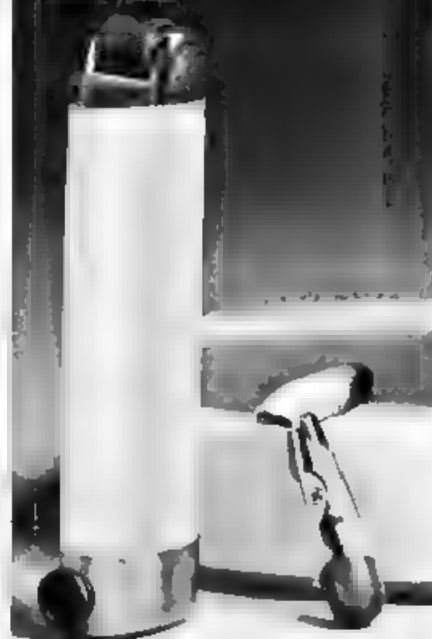
Tom: We've had plenty of opportunities. We just haven't had a point of view. When we dropped our act two years ago it was because we were starting to repeat ourselves. Opportunities were not happening, and we were getting a little stale, and we decided, Hey, there's no point in doing this, we've got another life to do, something else to do as artists. And one of the reasons I haven't done "Saturday Night Live" is because Tommy Smothers was basic comedy. Like, Steve Martin has a

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handle on who he is, Lily Tomlin does, Richard Pryor... I had a handle on my career for 18 years, being Tommy Smothers. But now I'm not doing that. I've grown out of puberty comedy, as I call it. Now I'm looking for a point of view, an attitude, a character I can carry through, and I don't have it. Once I have a full handle on it, then I'll do "Saturday Night Live."

On our show we created from a lot of professionals. "Saturday Night Live" is doing that now. Five years from now you'll see people who wrote on that show, the original show; the performers will have major shows. When you've got something unique without limitations, you give people a chance to really grow to their potential.

High Times: Would you like to come back and do your act again?

Dick: No, no. We buried it.

Tom: It's not as though the Smothers Brothers are gone, but the act is gone. The Smothers Brothers as individuals aren't, and that doesn't mean we wouldn't work together, but it wouldn't be that act.

Dick: We'll never do those characters.

High Times: Where is that kind of excitement today?

Tom: Oh, the '70s... no. There's just no handle. People are looking for it, but they can't find an issue to attach themselves to. The media have gotten so fast, so much information coming, that even to be a satirist you've got to grab it that night, like on the Carson show. You've really got to grab hold of it, because people forget so quickly, since there's something else in the way. You made a space that was good for a couple of months in the old days. Now it's good for a day or two and then there's something else going on.

It's pretty hard to be a social political program. Even "Saturday Night Live" is grasping for straws at times, to find something that's a social statement. There are no issues for them either. They're doing all kinds of weird things. But it's the most progressive show since our own that gives people opportunities in production and writing. They've gone four years already, and we only had three years.

High Times: Do you think that they're coming up against anywhere near the pressure that you guys came up against?

Tom: No, no. That's why they're not in prime time. Four years after our show we were in Federal Court for eight weeks, right down the hall from Daniel Ellsberg. Our trials were on the same time. He had hundreds of people covering his trial. We had a handful. I saw him in the hallway and said, "You're really packing them in." And I thought to myself, "Oh, the power of television!"

High Times: How is the wine business?

Dick: Good, really good. In '69 we bummed around, and then we started working again and that didn't work out. Basically, we had about 15 years of super success and then realized it's not always

automatic. This business isn't always for-
ever I started getting into securities. I
want to get a farm. I want to get something
of substance. So I ended up in '74 in Santa
Cruz with a little 30-acre plot in the
mountains with one acre that had a vine-
yard down the street I bought it and
started losing money. It was a beautiful
vineyard, and I wanted to sell the grapes
and just maintain the land. Of course I
had an interest in wine. So I came across
this guy who had a winery, and he said he
had time for me, and we opened up the
winery. It was a creative process. It wasn't
selling cars or shirts, it was making some-
thing from the grape. In fact, we even
planted some of our own plants.

High Times: You grow your own?

Dick: We grow our own and buy. Last year
we produced our first Smothers wine, and
we had about five different kinds. I was
involved in every process from the crush-
ing to the bottling. I was not the wine-
maker. We wanted a lot of money for our
wines, because we were so small, and they
were good quality. You can't just put out
the name Smothers or the name Streisand
or whatever as proof of selling beer. We
entered it in the L.A. County Fair, against I
think it was 950 others.

Tom: Biggest wine-tasting event in the
United States, if not in the world. We won
a gold, a bronze, a silver and a grand prize
at its first offering, and it knocked them
out.

Dick: It's like winning the Indianapolis
500 motor race your first time out, or
winning the Academy Award for a home
movie. There were these wines that have
been around for 100 years or more, and
they've never won. I just love it. It was
lucky. I'm very happy about it. And it got
all kinds of press. I'm getting more press
on the wine than any of the performances.
Nobody likes me as a performer, but I'm
loved as a winemaker.

Anything I've ever done, I've always
wanted to break down into the simplest
pieces and then learn each one. Hot-rod
skiers can't stop. They can't even set an
edge. All they can do is jump up in the air
and run over the little skiers. But I took
my time, I took all my lessons. I was very
slow. I practiced and when I finally put
my skis together I had the basic tools. In
race driving, you don't go from A to Z
either. You learn your technique and
always try to stay ahead of the car. And
acting, like we were learning on Broad-
way, which is stupid.

Tom: Our whole life has been a learning
process. Every time we've taken a job
we've not been prepared.

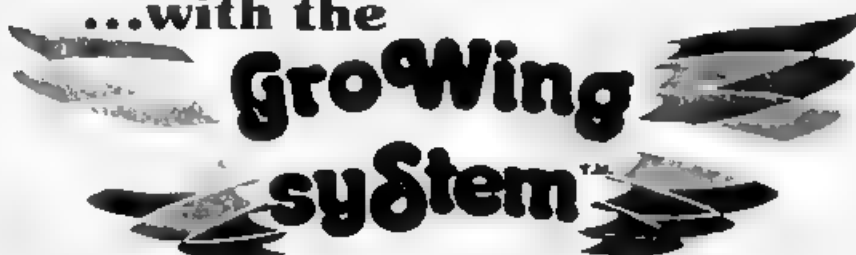
Dick: But we've never bit off more than
we could handle.

Tom: So far.

Dick: When you have all that desire. In
my first car race, I ran off and left every-
body except some guy who was the sec-
ond in the world championship, and I
passed him three times. I didn't know I
couldn't do it. ☐

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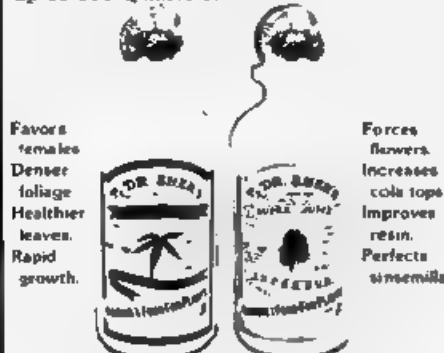
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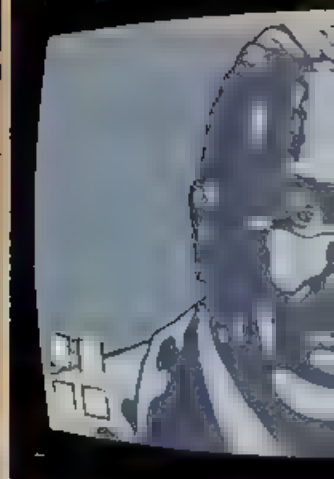
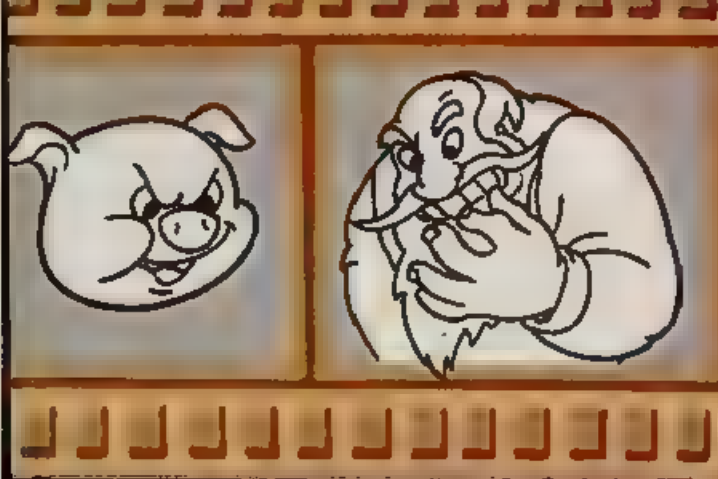
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*"I'll let down my trousers and sh!t stories on them, stories..."
— Samuel Beckett, *The Unnameable**

Que of the things about life that used to bug Walt Disney was death. He hated the idea of it. "Dad never goes to a funeral if he can help it," daughter Diane once revealed. "If he has to go to one, it plunges him into a reverie which lasts for hours after he's home." Obviously Walt was figuring something out. "I don't want a funeral. I want people to remember me alive," he'd say. Accordingly, when Disney died in December 1966 his funeral service wasn't announced until after it was over. No details, including disposition of the body, were ever released. All that the Los Angeles Times was able to discover was that the "secret rites" had been conducted at Forest Lawn Cemetery—a theme park with a "Mausoleum of Freedom" for dead soldiers and a "Babyland" for stillborn infants.

It's not nice to kill off Santa Claus, so most cynics figured that the decision to downplay Disney's funeral was simply good business. Romantics believed that Disney, with a late interest in cryogenics, had had himself frozen like a TV dinner to sleep on a cushion of liquid nitrogen until some Prince Charming appeared with a cure for the big C. Meanwhile Disney's corporate heirs

The weird, weird ways of the führer of fun

by Jim Hoberman



continued to act as though their master were still alive. By reverently and continually quoting his missives—always in the present-tense “Walt says...”—they fed the rumors that Disney had left them with a 20-year master plan in the form of filmed (why not holographed?) messages, a new one screened at each yearly board meeting.

Walt Disney never learned to draw Donald Duck or Pluto, or to duplicate the famous signature that emblazoned every one of his products, but his insight into the American collective unconscious was nothing short of mystical. It was Walt who spotted little Annette Funicello dancing in the Burbank Starlight Bowl and knew she'd be the sex star of “The Mickey Mouse Club”; it was Walt who coined the phrase “zip a dee doo dah,” which, once set to music, would win an Oscar for *Song of the South* (1946). Disney had the system beat. He copped an Emmy by televising an hour-long promo for an upcoming theatrical release, he maintained a separate firm that licensed the use of his name back to Walt Disney Productions. In the end, the culture machine that Walt built and left behind was so perfect that, like his android Abraham Lincoln, it could walk and talk without the benefit of a brain.

When cornered, Disney spokespersons will admit that today it is only “the merchandizing and publicity” that keep the original Disney characters alive. But they argue that “there is no corporation in the world that wouldn't love to be associated with our family appeal,” and it's true. Doubtless, Richard Nixon was hoping that a little Disneydust would rub off on him—and not be mistaken for dandruff—when he launched “Operation Candor” in the fall of 1973 by declaring, “I am not a crook” at a Disney World press conference. During the Vietnam War, the Laotian general Vang Pao used to parade with his troops while dressed in the Zorro suit presented to him on a trip to the Magic Kingdom.

In Chile, the Disney mythos became an emblem of the country's native fascism. While the CIA organized, funded and armed opposition to the Allende government, Donald Duck used his comic strip to exhort his fellow funny animals to overthrow the revolutionaries and “restore the king,” and a March 1975 article in the *New York Times*, titled “How Life Survives in a Chilean Slum,” reported that “after the coup the president of the neighborhood council ripped down the socialist calendars and slogans that hung on the walls of his two-room wooden shack. In their place he put up some posters of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.”

Pushing everything from birth control in Costa Rica to chewing gum in Czechoslovakia, Disney's characters are clearly the closest thing that the United States has to an official culture. Indeed, the man who succeeded in grafting a pair of mouse



“Girls bored me—they still do. I love Mickey Mouse more than any woman I ever met.”—Walt Disney

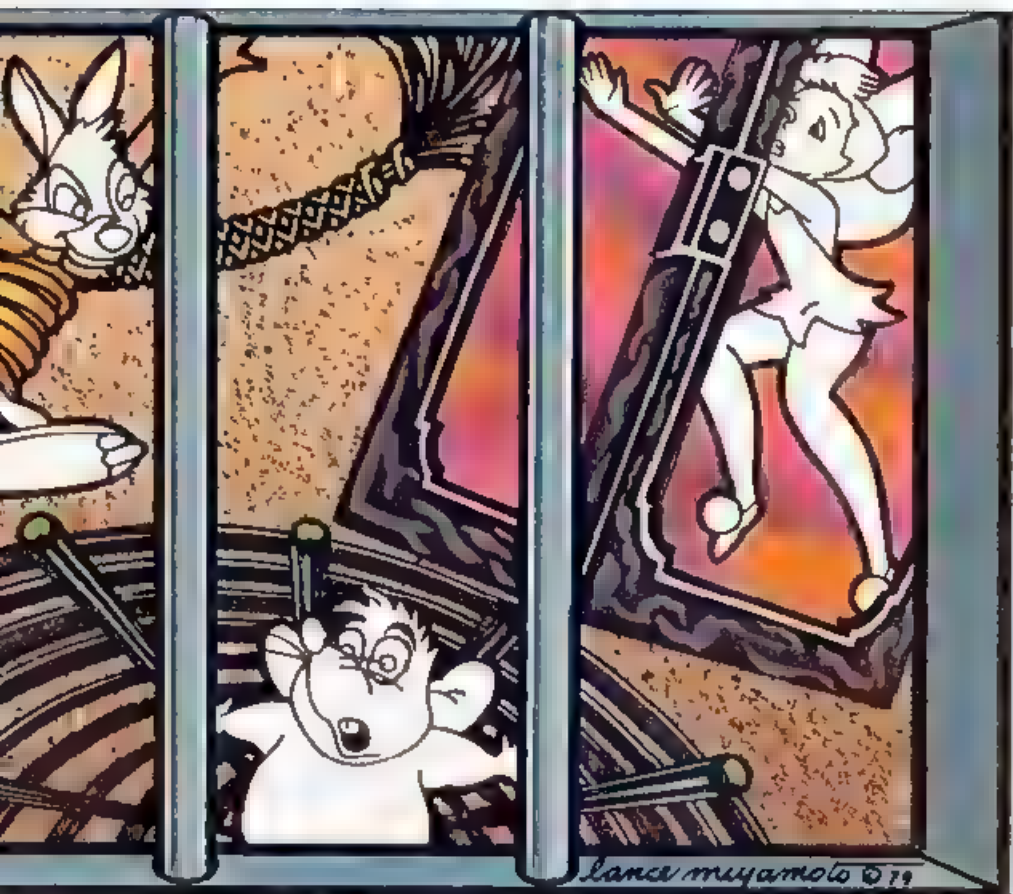
ears on the globe can justifiably be called the greatest artist that America has ever produced. At least since J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur.

For a man as intense as Disney in his desire to control his environment, critic Richard Schickel once observed, “animation was the perfect medium psychologically.” The quintessential Disney shot occurs at the end of *Song of the South* as photographic reality melts into an idealized cartoonland. Yet, there was a brief time in Disney's career when he used the cartoon not to supplant reality but to unmask it. In the first few heady days of Mickey Mouse (when Disney and his alter ego were still skinny, sharp-faced, somewhat sadistic fellows) the ex-farm-boy cartoonist gave vent to his suspicion that the world was nothing but one huge and bloody barnyard, full of dirt, violence and exploitation. In *Plane Crazy* (1928) Mickey powered his jerry-built airship with a rubber band made out of a dachshund. In *Steamboat Willie* (1928) the mouse turned a bunch of pigs, goats and cows into musical instruments. Anticipating the Disney “True-Life Adventures” of the 1950s, Mickey banged, twisted and tweaked their bodies to produce a rendition of

“Turkey in the Straw.” But soon, Walt repressed such monsters from his Mickey's id. Enormous success made the team dully respectable. Around the time that Walt took up polo, the nouveau bourgeois Mickey became the first mouse in the history of the universe to own a pet dog.

Although Disney's temper tantrums might be likened to those of Donald Duck, his later cartoons were only intermittently autobiographical. He satirized his love of animals by appearing in caricature as the matador in *Ferdinand the Bull* (1938) and probably identified with the heroine of *Cinderella* (1950), who spent her days sewing little caps for birds and pants for mice. In 1953 he made the coyly confessional *Ben and Me*, which attributed Benjamin Franklin's success to the friendship of another clever mouse. Disney's erotic kinks and miscellaneous obsessions can be found sprinkled throughout his work, but only once did he give full rein to the darkest drives of his complex personality.

In *Pinocchio* (1940), the masterpiece whose theme song “When You Wish upon a Star” would become the national anthem of Disneyland, Walt brooded over the nature of his art. Was he a kindly Geppetto, maker of toy marionettes? Or a greedy Stromboli, exploiting his puppets on the stage? The glamorous Blue Fairy



At least one squeamish writer quit the studio because flirtatious Walt kept slipping toilet jokes into her scripts.

who animated Pinocchio with the gift of life? Or the cruel proprietor of Pleasure Island, the amusement park where little boys are transformed into braying donkeys? Perhaps he was Pinocchio himself—a wooden anthero who disappoints his “father” suffers all manner of abuse and humiliation, and must finally journey into the belly of a whale to win his Papa’s approval and join the human race.

Such might have been the stuff of Disney’s childhood fantasies. His father, Elias Disney, was a hard man, as free with his whippings as he was tight with his money. When grown-up Walt became rich he bought himself all the toys and candy he felt denied as a child—scouring the world for doll furniture, constructing an elaborate electric train set around his house, installing a giant soda fountain in his living room. Young Disney lived on a farm, but when he was nine Elias bought a paper route in Kansas City. For the next six years dutiful Walt got up each morning at three-thirty, delivering his father’s papers for no more pay than bed and board. The rest of his life Disney suffered from a recurring nightmare that he had missed a customer along the route. His daughter recounted that “he wakes up sweating and thinking, ‘I’ll have to hurry and get back and leave a paper before Dad

finds out that I didn’t.’”

Disney had good reason to hate his parents (with whom he had little to do once he became successful) and his childhood as well. His almost petulant insistence that his films and amusement parks were intended for adults at least as much as for children supports the hunch once voiced by the littlest mousketeer, Karen Pendleton, that Uncle Walt really “didn’t like kids very much.” Kenneth Anger, the author of *Hollywood Babylon*, maintains that Disney, who had once been an inveterate practical joker, used to “open a small, rounded door in the wall—a fairy-tale door that creaked—and take his guests down a winding staircase into a dungeon filled with racks and Iron Maidens scaled to the size of a five year old. Now this is how I really feel about the little bastards. He’d say, and puff on his cigar.”

One of Walt’s major improvements on nature would be to eliminate the biological link between parent and child. Thus, Pinocchio has no mother, Snow White and Cinderella are the victims of evil stepparents, Bambi’s momma gets killed and Dumbo is forcibly separated from his mother. “I believe that every conception is immaculate,” he told a staff member, and he opened *Dumbo* (1941) with a squadron of storks flying over Florida to “deliver

the babies of expectant circus animals. In the Disney comic books of the 1950s, families like the Ducks of Duckburg were linked in a curious uncle-to-nephew or (less frequently, as Duckburg and environs were primarily male) aunt-to-niece formation. One suspects that Disney did not consider the absence of genital sexuality to be any great loss. With the warmth of a computer print-out he once explained his motivation for marriage: “I realized that I’d need a new roommate, so I proposed to Lilly.” Late in his life he was quoted as saying, “Girls bored me—they still do,” and “I love Mickey Mouse more than any woman I ever met.”

The most suggestive sequence in the entire Disney oeuvre occurs in *Melody Time* (1948) when Blue Foot Sue kisses Pecos Bill and his six-guns spontaneously shoot their load, but Ward Kimball, the animator on that scene, claims that Disney actually missed the innuendo. “You could never tell Walt a dirty joke,” he recalled. Yet, the Disney cosmos was not entirely devoid of eroticism. As Richard Schickel delicately put it: “Disney’s interest in the posterior was a constant in all his films. Rarely were we spared views of sweet little animal backsides twitching provocatively as their owners bent to some task.” The most famous of the many examples of this fetish is found at the climax of the “Pastoral Symphony” in *Fantasia* (1940) the sequence of which Disney is supposed to have exclaimed, “Gee! This’ll make Beethoven!”—when two cupids draw a curtain over the mating dance of the centaurs and in doing so bring together their adorable butts to form a single palpitating heart.

Disney’s anal-eroticism carried over into a propensity for bathroom humor. This was usually edited out of his films, but it’s said that at least one squeamish writer quit the studio because flirtatious Walt kept slipping toilet jokes into her scripts. In an early TV special, Walt’s Christmas gift for America turned out to be a cartoon about a little boy who is unable to keep the back flap of his Dr. Denlons snapped and is presented by Santa with a tiny chamber pot. “He could talk about turds for 30 minutes without pausing for breath,” Kimball remembers. “One time Walt was late for a screening. He apologized by saying, ‘I was taking a shit.’ He’d often talk about turds. He’d talk about how big and juicy and light brown turds were when you’re a baby, and how as you get older they get blacker and harder, and all that stuff. He’d go on and on and you kind of looked at him and wondered, when is he going to get to the punch line? There wasn’t any.”

Obviously Walt was able to channel some of his fascination with feces into adult concerns. One of his favorite koans was “Dollars are like fertilizer—they make things grow.” He exhibited in abundance the three cardinal traits of obstinacy, par-

simony and orderliness by which Dr Freud defined the anal personality. Perhaps this disposition was fanned by the numerous spankings Disney received at his father's hands, perhaps it was related to the fact, dutifully recorded by daughter Diane, that grandma Disney used to reward little Walt with candy laxatives. In any case, Disney's childhood anxiety over controlling his bowels became, in Schickel's phrase, a "lifelong rage to order control and keep clean any environment he inhabited.... He just couldn't abide a mess."

When the Nazi filmmaker Leni Riefenstahl visited Hollywood in 1938, Disney was the only industry notable who greeted her publicly. Had he been smitten by the vision of totality that she had so adroitly presented in her pseudo-documentary *Triumph of the Will* (1934)—as controlled an artifice as any of his cartoons? For, although not everyone is as blunt as Kenneth Anger (who told an interviewer that "Walt Disney was the Hitler of children! He killed their imaginations by programming them with his saccharine prefab fantasies"), it has more than once been observed that the mania for cleanliness, control and order was a trait that Uncle Walt happened to share with the Nazi dictator.

Of course, Disney only indulged in the fantasy of mass murder, and just once at that. Under the pressure of World War II but acting as a private citizen, he dreamed up *Victory Through Air Power* (1943), a long-since-suppressed feature-length cartoon that ended with the triumphant obliteration of Tokyo. Apparently the film displayed an alienation worthy of Riefenstahl's. A contemporary film reviewer cited the absence of "suffering and dying enemy civilians" underneath its animated explosions and called it "a gay dream of holocaust" that reduced war to a "morally simple [matter] of machine-eat-machine."

But whatever else Walt and Hitler had in common, the Führer (unlike his buddy Benito Mussolini) was not a fan of "Michael Maus. Evidently no mouse could be clean enough for Hitler. He termed Mickey 'the most miserable ideal ever revealed' and unsuccessfully attempted to have it banned from his Reich. Hitler's failure to get rid of Mickey may explain the megalomaniac undercurrent in Disney's response to this attack on his alter ego. In a ghost-written magazine article of the mid 1930s he complained that "Mr. A. Hitler, the Nazi old thing, says Mickey's silly. Imagine that! Well Mickey is going to save Mr. A. Hitler from drowning one day. Just wait and see if he doesn't. Then won't Mr. A. Hitler be ashamed!"

However, by the time he made *The New Spirit* (1942) the first of the government-sponsored propaganda and training films that virtually subsidized the Disney studio during World War II, Walt did decide to let the "Nazi old thing" drown. He demonstrated his distaste by showing


the swastika "flushed away in a vortex of dark, swirling water." The next year saw *Education for Death* (with Hitler playing Prince Charming to Hermann Goering's mountainous Sleeping Beauty) and Disney's greatest piece of agitprop, *Donald in Nutzi Land*. Also known as *Der Führer's Face*, the cartoon won an Oscar, while Spike Jones's recording of the soundtrack sold a million and a half copies. In a dour comment on the mock flatulence of the

**It has more than
once been observed
that the mania for
cleanliness, control and
order was a trait
that Uncle Walt
happened to share
with Hitler.**

song's chorus, Richard Schickel remarked, "Even in wartime [the Disney studio] found a way to state its belief in the location—the seat as it were—of human emotions."

What's particularly interesting about *Der Führer's Face* is Disney's visualization of "Nutzi Land." Donald's room is plastered with swastika wallpaper, he sleeps in swastika pajamas between swastika sheets, his alarm clock keeps time with swastika numerals. It's as though the Disney artists were rehashing the 2,000 Snow White products that helped pull the toy industry through the recession of 1937. Even nature is not immune to the totality of "Nutzi Land." Outside Donald's window we see that trees and hedges have been shaped into swastikas. Such an improvement may never have occurred to Hitler, but a decade or so later the bushes of Disneyland would be carefully trimmed to resemble Mickey Donald and Dumbo.

When Disneyland opened in 1955 it was with one inescapable stipulation. Before being born again within the confines of the Magic Kingdom each guest had to pass through an idealized version of the Marceline Missouri Main Street where Walt believed he'd spent his happiest years. "To the people in Marceline, I'm like God," Disney used to say.

ustave Flaubert's crack that life is so horrible one can only bear it by avoiding it, by living in the world of art, might have served Disney as his lifelong motto. His very first cartoons reversed the formula of the Fleischer Brothers' popular *Out of the Inkwell* series. While the latter brought its star, Koko the clown, off the drawing board and into photographic reality, Disney's *Alice in Cartoonland* locked a real child

into an animated universe. Then Disney himself, in a manner of speaking, became Alice, as the voice and alter ego of the fabulous Mickey Mouse, and the success of this mutant creature—hailed by Sergei Eisenstein as "America's most original contribution to world culture"—enabled him to dream of someday building Cartoonland in steel and concrete.

In Disneyland, above the firehouse on Main Street where Disney creatures with air-conditioned, encephalic heads amble among the crowds like the sacred cattle of Calcutta, Walt furnished a little apartment for himself. By night, in his bathrobe, he roamed through "the happiest place on earth alone. They say that when the Reverend Billy Graham came to bless his fellow wizard's "fantasy," Walt exploded, "Fantasy? The Fantasy is out there... outside the gates!" But in Anaheim, "outside" wasn't far enough away. You could stand in the parking lot and see the fast-food stops and motels encrusted like neon barnacles on the Disney ship of state. When Walt reconstructed his World in Florida he purchased a forty-square-mile tract to more perfectly insulate it.

In Walt Disney World the security guards don't wear uniforms but "costumes." Employees aren't hired, they're "cast" and programmed with fewer responses than the android birds of the Enchanted Tiki Room. Tie clips, hair ribbons, deodorants and sometimes even names are subject to company approval. All employees are graduates of the University of Walt Disney, where they have studied Walt Disney Traditions One and Two and learned, in the words of one campus directive, "to enjoy thinking our way." The World, as it's called, controls its own sewage and utility systems, writes its own building codes, appoints its own judges, maintains its own police force and—so it claims—harbors the planet's fifth largest fleet of submarines.

Everything—from theudderless robot hippos of the Jungle Cruise, to the people mover in Tomorrowland, to the Muzak rendition of "Someday My Prince Will Come" that wafts through the lobby of the Polynesian Village hotel—is controlled from a subterranean computer center. So too is the "Automatic Monitoring and Control System," which keeps every inch of the World under constant video surveillance. Tomorrowland (really Todayland) to the contrary, the future, as George Allen used to say, is now. Apologists for the World claim that "with computers and statistics it's easy to prove what's art," that the World has been "designed to satisfy the existing imaginations of tens of millions of men, women and children," even that one can no longer tell the World from reality. When Walt died he was drawing up plans for a city—cash free, climate controlled, vacuum cleaned—a space-age pyramid of Cheops where 20,000 or so lucky Alces could live inside his Magic Kingdom for the rest of their lives. ■

Vagabond

The

Khyber

Pass

The world's highest highway is also the most dangerous drugstore

The young opium grower has invited me inside the high mud-packed walls of what he calls his "house," and he is offering me tea and talking about the problems of his profession. "Opium is grown by everyone around here," he says without hesitation, looking balefully toward the gun holes through which he and all other male members of his family

personally aim their rifles to ward off marauders from another tribe. "We make 32 pounds a year and sell it to traders who come here from India and China and everywhere in the world. In Tehran opium is sold for the same price as gold."

The farmer looks at the bare brown crags of the pass rising on either side of his village and sips his tea thoughtfully. "Most

of the opium goes through the Khyber Pass," he explains. "It is faster, easier. There is no danger. The opium moves on anything that will carry it—usually camels and donkeys and mules. Only we cannot send it on the road. The Pakistan government controls the road. All the rest is tribal territory."

I have come to this fabled invasion route

text & photos by Don Kirk

of ancient armies to investigate what may be the largest remaining source of raw opium in the world—the vast tribal territory inhabited by some 12 million sturdily independent, utterly defiant members of more than 100 tribes and subtribes. I am fortunate to have found an opium farmer who not only seems to know the business but is not afraid to impart his knowledge to foreigners, who are often viewed with a suspicion sometimes bordering on murderous hatred.

"In our village all the people have guns for fighting the people who steal opium," says the farmer, who spends half his time as a student in the Afghan capital of Kabul. "The people who carry opium will fight and kill and steal for it. The governments of Pakistan and Afghanistan cannot stop the trade. We are very independent. All I must do is change my western clothes to tribal dress and I can cross the border without anyone stopping me. In my village, we fight for ourselves with no help from anyone. Last year 40 to 50 people were killed in my village alone for trying to steal our opium."

The sun is glinting off the balding crags where small British-built blockhouses testify to the old colonialists' efforts at maintaining some semblance of law and order. The unchecked flow of opium through the pass, it seems, is a legacy of the failure of the British to ever tame the tribesmen, who began cashing in on the international opium trade only a decade or so ago.

"If the Pakistan or Afghanistan Customs officials try to look at a camel, the people will shoot them," says the farmer, as the sun begins to set over the pass. "Last year the people shot an army captain—he wanted to look too much. So many people are killed in the opium trade."

The young man's remarks remind me of the verse of Rudyard Kipling, who haunted the region at the height of the British raj some 80 years ago. "A scrimmage in a border station / A canter down some dark defile / Two thousand pounds of education / Drops to a ten-rupee Jezail," wrote Kipling, poet laureate of the old empire. The verse concludes: "The flying bullet down the pass / That whistles shrill, all flesh in grass."

Could it really be that rocky-faced tribesmen sling rifles and cartridge belts with the same complete defiance and impunity with which they fought the British in indecisive war after indecisive war? "You can't find a Pathan without a gun," says one of the tribesmen, bearing both the clan and family name of Yusufzai. He has joined me at Dean's, the old British colonial hostelry in the town of Peshawar, ten miles east of the pass. "They have two things in life—a gun and a guest. And they respect women more than life."

Yusufzai, a sophisticated government clerk, accompanies me for a drive across flat open country toward Fort Jamrud, a towering pile of reddish-brown rock built by bearded Sikh soldiers to guard the



**"When two parties
do smuggling and only
one succeeds, the one
who failed shoots
the successful one."**

eastern approach to the pass against Moslem armies. Along the road the tribesmen, wearing loose-fitting long tunics and baggy trousers, lounge near the gates of their fortresslike homes or glower from the peepholes. They would not hesitate to fire at any provocation.

"Please don't forget—this is a Pathan society," warns Yusufzai, using the Hindi word by which most foreigners label the tribesmen. "This is a society afflicted with feuds and warfare. They have gun holes to keep watch all the time." Nervously, Yusufzai advises me not to photograph a tribal woman, heavily veiled and covered to her ankles in the glaring sunlight. "These are crazy people," he says. "They live by their own laws. When you enter tribal territory, there are no police, no courts, no legal system. You have perfect rule by our own law even though you do not have control by government."

A genial Pakistani soldier exacts a seven-rupee—70-cent—toll at the checkpoint outside Fort Jamrud and hands us the receipt listing all the fares for the 23-mile drive up through the pass to the Afghan border. You pay a rupee to drive 20 sheep or 20 goats, two rupees for a large, fully laden camel, 12 rupees for a truck.

We are still technically in Pakistan, but we are really in no-man's-land where no one dares to enforce the law, where fierce

tribesmen have been defying all authority for centuries. Powerless to stop the flow of opium, police officials ruefully estimate that 100 tons a year pass through the tribal areas en route east to Karachi, the Pakistani port city, or west to Afghanistan and Iran. Black-uniformed militiamen, carrying the long, imitation-British Enfields favored by most of the tribesmen, guarantee the security of the road for the Pakistanis, but they appear as more of a threat than a comfort to travelers. At the sight of my camera, several of them dash frantically from Shagai Fort at the top of a twisting road in the middle of the pass. "You can't take pictures," one of them shouts, gesturing for me to hand over my camera as well as my film. It is only after Yusufzai soothes the guard with polite explanations that he reluctantly waves us on.

Our driver, a wizened member of the Afridi tribe, the most powerful grouping in what is known bureaucratically as the Khyber Agency, offers some recollections from the not-so-distant colonial past. "In British times, anyone coming is British, he be killed," says the driver. "These British make watch-towers"—and he points at the weather-beaten blockhouses atop the crags looming over the road. Militiamen occupy some of them, but most are deserted, monuments to the unending wars for control of the region. Below us, on what is known as the "old road," we see a train of 24 camels, carrying nothing but the clothing and gear of the camel drivers. "If you talk to people, that makes them suspicious," Yusufzai reminds me, but we cannot resist asking where the camels are going.

"To Kabul," replies one of the camel drivers, pointing across the pass toward the west, over a vast plain and more mountains to the distant Afghan capital. "It will take us four days." We don't ask what the camels were carrying to Pakistan in the first place. Opium? Hashish? Television sets made in Japan? Hong Kong chinaware? It all goes through these gray-brown hills, literally under the noses of the militiamen, past the greased hands of Customs and police inspectors, into flourishing smugglers' markets—and, in the case of opium and hashish, onto the drug scene throughout the world.

"Most of the people from the tribal area do smuggling," says an Afridi tribesman educated in the Soviet Union and now working as an engineer for the Pakistan government. "Smuggling is the main reason for enmities. Everyone has so many enemies. Enmity arises from the distribution of money. When two parties do smuggling and one succeeds and the other fails, the one who failed shoots the successful one." The engineer's view seems to contradict Yusufzai's portrayal of inner tribal law, but most other tribesmen confirm the impression of perpetual simmering violence. "Here is the house of one of the biggest smugglers," our driver remarks

with a certain reverence as we roar by a long, high mud wall. "It is a typical tribal castle containing an interior courtyard, separate rooms for women, servants' quarters and other amenities. "Do not take pictures or they will shoot you."

The level of violence has risen over the past six or seven years as smugglers exploit the rising world opium market, but the entire long history of the Khyber Pass is written in blood. "The northwest frontier of Pakistan has seen, perhaps, more invasions in the course of history than any other country in Asia, or indeed in the world," says one of a series of stone tablets at Fort Jamrud, the point at which you leave what the British called the "settled" area and enter "tribal" territory. "The Khyber is one of the world-famous gateways of the frontier which figures in history as a corridor of invasion and commerce between Central Asia and the [Indian] sub-continent," the tablet goes on. "It lies across the passage of countless invaders, including world-shaking names like those of Alexander, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, the most famous conquerors in all history."

It was here, according to one of the tablets, that the British "met their equals, who looked them straight in the face and fought against them up to the last day of their rule . . ." Although the British theoretically occupied the entire pass, the tablet tells why they could never really govern beyond the main road. "All these tribes, for whom, as it were, the land was made, not men for the land, are well-armed warriors, with Spartan virtues and vices," says the inscription. "These hillmen are men who can outpace any man in a deadly, manly struggle for existence. Hence their survival through the ages." A tribal chieftan's son, whom I meet at the Afghan border, boasts that his family owns more than 100 rifles. "These weapons are ornaments," he says. "They are like jewels for ladies. When a man does not have one, others laugh."

At the smuggler's market town of Landi Kotal, at the height of the pass five miles east of the border, Pakistani authorities confess their impotence. "We usually advocate that opium is a bad thing," says the silver-haired Pakistani "political agent," senior administrator for the Khyber Agency, "but we cannot help it. These people have no industry or big farming. If they do not smuggle, they will die of starvation." The political agent insists, however, that you can't buy drugs in the town itself—a claim that is quickly disproven as I walk down a rickety wooden staircase into a sprawling market area completely hidden from the main road.

"My friend," entreats a man with a stubby beard and a Moslem fez, staring at me through dark, deep-set eyes wide in anticipation of an easy sale. "Hashish, cocaine, morphine, opium," he beseeches as I reach the bottom of the stairs. I hesitate for a moment. Can it really be so



My new "friend" hands me a great black slab of hashish perhaps a foot long, six inches wide and half an inch thick.

simple to "score" only a few feet from the road, purportedly "governed" by the Pakistanis? "This free place," my new "friend" assures me, seeking to mollify what he assumes is my fear of arrest. "No police, no danger, come with me." Nor does my "friend" appear in any mood to shield his business from the light of day—or the gaze of curious passers-by.

"Sit down," he invites me, as we arrive in a little alley lined with open-fronted currency-exchange shops. "Now what do you want?" Before I can answer he hands me a great black slab of hashish perhaps a foot long, six inches wide and half an inch thick. A small crowd of money changers and other black marketeers and smugglers' agents gather around us.

"One kilo, 240 rupees," he says, always talking a guttural kind of pidgin English. At the rate of ten Pakistani rupees per dollar, that's 24 dollars per kilogram (22 pounds). Again I seem to hesitate. "One piece, 60 rupees," my "friend" hastily interjects, offering me just a small-sized hunk of the stuff. I pick it up, inspect it carefully—to see what looks like the seal of the United States stamped on the back. "Factory name," he enlarges. The hashish, he tells me, is processed at a nearby tribal home, one of many in the area equipped with the rudimentary hand-driven machinery needed to turn the plant into the drug. I indicate,

however, that hashish isn't exactly my cup of tea. How about some of that opium the guy's been promising?

Someone, claiming to be a "brother" of my "friend," scurries into a neighboring shop. "Cruncy Changer" says the sign over the door, meaning "Currency Exchange." Judging from the great wads of paper money the men are holding, I have no doubt they can supply me with whatever kind of viable currency I need. Clearly, however, they are much more excited about peddling me the opium. Moments later the "brother" returns with a large black hunk resembling a round chunk of cheese in size, if not in color. "This one kilo, 300 rupees," he says eagerly, evidently encouraged by my keen interest in studying the goods more clearly. "In France, same size, \$4,000. In France, one kilo hashish, \$2,000." I am beginning now to feel somewhat guilty for conniving the brothers into thinking I am a genuine buyer. "No see, no police danger," the "brother" keeps repeating as I toss the hunk in the air to see how heavy it is. "This Khyber Pass," the man pleads. "My people free, no police, no danger."

I cannot keep up the act any longer. Besides, I want to immortalize the man's words in my notebook. Somewhat uneasily, afraid of offending the two hard-working brothers, I pull out my notes and start jotting down the dialogue. "You American embassy?" one of them asks, quite politely. "No, newspaperman," I reply, feigning a certain casualness. They smile, realizing they have been wasting their time, but they are hardly embarrassed. Clearly, they have endured such investigations before. In fact, one of them delightedly poses for pictures hefting the opium. The others joke and chat, apparently excited by the attention. We shake hands warmly at the end of our conversation, and one of the brothers earnestly asks me to refer any wandering friends of mine to his shop. "We give lowest price," he says, grinning slyly.

The next day I visit a nearby hashish "factory" sheltered behind the high walls of a typical tribal home and meet the owner, a tall, smiling Afridi who writes his name in my notebook—Shaz Badin. The drug business has gone on since time immemorial, he observes, talking to me through an interpreter, "but it was not on this scale before because hashish and opium did not bring such good money." Now, he points out, "Opium and hashish are selling at such prices that farmers are giving up their other crops." Badin shows me three types of hashish produced by his 60 employees—and indicates that the sharp-eyed salesman who accosted me in the smugglers' market was jacking up the prices for my benefit. "A" quality costs 60 rupees per pound, it seems, while "B" quality costs 45 rupees and "C" quality only 35.

He doesn't seem particularly interested

in the occasional business he does with American tourists, often led to him by drivers from Peshawar. "They don't come very much," he says, "they just buy small quantities to smoke." The really big dealers, who make Badin's factory worthwhile, buy thousands of dollars' worth of hashish and opium, stash it into their cars and trucks and drive off—"I don't know where, in all directions," says Badin. "It's being used all over the world." Badin goes on, not without a certain note of pride, as he and his partner pose for the usual photographs. "They even use it in Europe and America," the partner adds, positively beaming. "Now they don't grow any other crops in the hills. The poppies are getting better and better in quality. Business has tripled in the past six or seven years."

Neither Badin nor his partner, it turns out, have even heard the word "heroin"—the concentrated derivative of opium. Neither of them uses opium in any form, although they aren't above an occasional dab of hashish with the tobacco in their cigarettes. "I don't know why business is so good," one of them philosophizes when asked for his view on the reasons for the rising worldwide popularity of drugs in general, "but I guess it's a result of the increased frustration among the people in the world." Another factor, as far as the trade in this region goes, may be the close connection with gun manufacturing and smuggling, another wide-open business over which Pakistani authorities exercise little or no power. The way the gun dealers around here tell it, they can supply you with enough rifles to equip your own division.

"You tell me the place, I can send," says one Haji Gul, squinting up from his cross-legged position on the floor of his open shop on the main street of the little town of Darra, on the edge of tribal territory southeast of the Khyber Pass. "You want how many rifles," says Gul in halting English, "I can send you."

Admittedly, Gul cannot provide modern automatic weapons, such as the American M-16 or the Soviet and Chinese AK-47, but he will gladly sell you a British-style Enfield 303, or an Italian Beretta pistol, or a German Luger or a beautiful double-barreled shotgun capable of blasting apart a tiger or an elephant at 500 feet—if you're a good enough shot. "I send by truck," says Gul, the proprietor of one of a row of shops purveying almost identical lines of weaponry. "I can reach you in seven days—2,000 rifles in one truck. You want 10,000 rifles, in one truck I put 2,000, in another 2,000—five trucks."

Pistols, of course, are another matter. "In one truck we put 10 or maybe 20 thousand pistols," he says. "Every week I send maybe 8,000 kilograms of arms to Karachi. That is more than eight tons—enough for two trucks." Haji Gul, also a member of the Afridi tribe, eagerly picks out items that he thinks might interest me from the gleaming collection on the shelves behind him.



"If the government wants to stop the smuggling, it can do it within 24 hours. But the tribal people would start a war."

Would I like an ivory-handled Spanish type? How about a mean-looking Colt 45—or maybe a handy little six-shooter, the kind you can slip into your inside pocket and not even reveal a bulge through your coat? I don't happen to be a gun collector, but I cannot resist one small item. It is a pen pistol—a single-shot 25-caliber piece that looks like a fountain pen but can kill a man at 100 feet. Gul gladly fires a couple of shots in the air before letting me have it for 40 Pakistani rupees—four dollars.

"I have two cars in my village—a Toyota and a Chevrolet," boasts Gul. "I keep the Toyota for every day and the Chevrolet for smuggling. Everyone is smuggling." The trade in guns, like that in opium and hashish, is a phenomenon of the aftermath of British colonialism. Historically, the Pathans first robbed or purchased their guns from the British—and then discovered they could guarantee their supply simply by making them. In the town of Darra, hidden in tiny houses off the single main street, one stumbles over dozens of "gun factories" where skilled craftsmen fashion all the parts of pistols and rifles by hand. The guns on sale in the Khyber region, in fact, are without exception imitation models carefully copied and hand made from the originals—and often sold internationally as "genuine" brands from

big-name manufacturers. It was the gun trade, moreover, that initially opened the routes for the export of hashish and opium. "If you want something, anything, I can reach you," Gul assures me as I turn to the topic of drugs. But how, I ask, can he ship his products—guns, opium, hashish, not to mention dozens of other black-market commodities—with such ease across the line into regions clearly controlled by the Pakistanis? "Pakistani police stop truck, driver give him money and go," says Gul simply. "Pakistani man is Moslem. We are Moslem. We are all brothers. We help each other."

Gul's ready explanation contrasts entirely with the official line of a Pakistani Customs officer who stops my car and asks for identification before permitting me to return from tribal territory into the "settled area." "We are searching all cars," says the Customs officer. "We have detected ten cases of contraband goods so far today." Most of the take, however, appears to have been relatively innocent foreign-made products smuggled through the pass to avoid high Pakistani import duties. Shopkeepers send agents to Kabul to pick up wares ordered weeks and months ahead.

"If the government wants to stop the smuggling, it can do it within 24 hours," says the proprietor of a general store in a smugglers' market town named Bahra, only a few hundred yards inside the boundary of tribal territory. "But then millions of people in the tribal areas will ask, what are you doing to us? They could start a war with their own guns. So the government closes its eyes." The Customs officer who stops me on the road almost admits as much. "Many cars go on the back roads," he says with a shrug. "How can we catch them when they leave the tribal area? We cannot find them." Pakistani sources differ on which route is more popular—across Pakistan to Karachi or through Afghanistan and Iran to the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean. The latter is riskier and longer, they say, but the prices are higher at the other end.

"Now due to the smuggling the tribesmen are getting rich," says one of the editors of the Khyber Mail, an English-language paper published daily on a rickety old press in Peshawar. "Their children are studying in schools and universities. The big operators drive around in big cars." Indeed, business is so good these days that some of the tribes seem to have called a truce in their perennial feuding and agreed to work together.

"One man another man not shooting," claims Haji Gul, the enterprising gun trader, contradicting what other tribesmen have been telling me. "They shoot only at the forest and the sky," Gul goes on, almost poetically. "Tribal men brother-brother with each other." Then he slips me his calling card. "You want anything, you write, you tell me," he says

with a twinkle, holding a chunk of opium in one hand and a little pistol in the other. "We give you anything you want. You order my shop."

The independence and power of the tribesmen is such that Pakistani bureaucrats had to laugh at the activities of a blue-ribbon team of American diplomats and drug-control experts visiting the Khyber region in early 1973. Among their more ludicrous recommendations was one that the government of Pakistan should "consider undertaking low-to-middle-level reconnaissance flights in the tribal belt during the poppy flowering season to develop rough estimates of acreage cultivated." Besides, said their final report, Pakistani authorities should "actively encourage tribal leaders to limit the cultivation and traffic in opium and explore with tribal leaders the type of incentives that might encourage them to give up the opium business altogether."

The recommendations of the team, led by Rodger P. Davies, deputy assistant secretary of state for Near Eastern affairs, may have appeared sensible in theory but in fact were pathetically naive. "In the days after the First World War," wrote American diplomat James W. Spain, who was left off the team even though he had authored two books on the region, "when the British began to use aircraft to strafe or bomb inaccessible hostiles, an occasional biplane would fall victim to a sharpshooting tribesman." The tribesmen, Spain added, "did not consider the use of aircraft entirely sporting, and the treatment meted out to the captured airman was inevitably painful and frequently fatal—that is, until the British began offering bounties 'for shot-down airmen, the exact amount varying according to the condition in which they were returned.' If such rewards 'gave the tribesmen increased zest in potting at aircraft,' Spain observed, "they also greatly reduced pilot loss and restored relations between enemies to the honorable state in which they had been before the British took to the air."

Since the era of British colonialism the tribesmen have probably grown even fiercer in their outlook. They are, if anything, far better equipped with their own rifles and ammunition than they were 50 years ago—and are quite capable of shooting down modern fighters, to say nothing of an occasional slow-moving spotter plane. "These American investigators came here and spent a couple of weeks and made some report," says an educated tribesman now working for the government in Peshawar. "We are very polite to the Americans, but there is nothing we can do. No one reads their report. Nothing happens." The observation is not entirely correct. Pakistani officials do promise to try to compel farmers to cut down on poppy growing in "settled areas." The trouble is, as the American investigators acknowledged, most of the poppies are



The tribesmen are now better equipped with rifles and ammunition—they can easily shoot down modern fighters.

grown in tribal territory. The report quoted one Pakistani official as estimating the total amount of land cultivated for poppies in the Khyber region alone at anywhere from 500 to 5,000 acres—no one could give a more accurate estimate.

"Government officials have expressed pessimism and some puzzlement about dealing with production in the tribal areas," the report went on, in tones of injured innocence. "It was noted that the population of the tribal areas has few economic alternatives to attract them away from lucrative poppy and hashish production." For all such reservations, however, the members of the investigation team felt compelled to reach positive-sounding conclusions.

"President Nixon was extremely interested in stopping the flow of opium," says an American diplomat ensconced in the graceful old consular building in Peshawar. "You realize the high level of concern from the backgrounds of the men appointed to the team. They were sent here to do something." Among them, besides Davies, were Joseph J. Carr, narcotics coordinator for the Asian bureau of the Agency for International Development; Peter M. Wynn, deputy commissioner of the Addiction Services Agency in New York; and Alan McClain, a special agent

with the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

Despite their expertise, the investigators seemed incapable of making recommendations based on hard realities apparent, it seemed, to nearly everyone else. One sign of this fatal weakness was the facility with which they suggested that Pakistani police should screen the borders of the tribal territory to prevent smuggling. "Their antismuggling activities have been negligible," the report pointed out, with inarguable realism, but "this force is in an excellent position to form a first line of defense against the movement of illicit narcotics from the tribal areas into the settled areas." All that was needed, the investigators suggested, was "training and motivation"—qualities that Pakistanis do not think could possibly counterbalance the elaborate drug-smuggling network, well oiled by lavish bribes to officials on all levels. Another factor, of course, is the sheer enormity of the task of patrolling hundreds of miles of tribal territory threaded by innumerable tracks and paths known only to the smugglers themselves.

Perhaps the silliest of the experts' suggestions, according to the Pakistanis, were those calling for "discussions with tribal leaders, statements on the evils of opium use, injunctions by religious leaders on the nature of opium as an intoxicant." Somberly, the report conceded that "discussions with the tribes would need to be informal and essentially exploratory" in the initial stages but predicted it would "become possible to take a stronger position vis-a-vis opium production and traffic" as "more intelligence about the problem is collected." Lots of luck! "Nobody has thought about these suggestions," responds one Pakistani official. "The tribesmen know opium is bad. They hardly ever use it. They prefer hashish. The opium trade is the best way to make money. No other cash crop can compare with it."

Some of the final recommendations of the "experts" amount to what both Pakistan and tribal leaders would regard as a declaration of war—if anyone tried to carry them out. The government should "mobilize its enforcement resources," said the report. It should establish a "cordone sanitaire in depth . . ." It should engage in "aggressive patrolling."

So far, however, no one has thought seriously of acting on such gratuitous, unrealistic advice—at least in the tribal areas—for everyone knows what would happen. Rudyard Kipling in 1888 described the results of efforts by the British to force the tribesmen to abandon their legendary ways in his classic "Lament of the Border Cattle Thief":

"Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,
War till my sinews fail,
For the wrong you have done to a chief of men,
And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl."

Marijuana aro

Marijuana, like God, is everywhere. People call it a weed because it was born to be wild. You can pamper your crop like crazy, but good shit grows wild out of stone walls, mountain cliffs, on roadsides.

Marijuana is one of the smartest plants in the world. It escapes captivity, adapts quickly to its environment, hides from police and has a lot of sex.

It grows tall like a tree or squat like a bush, and it crawls like a vine. It can be gold, brown, red and crazy shades in between.

Marijuana is known to grow on every continent in the world, with the possible exception of Antarctica, where ancient plants may yet stand, frozen but smokeable still, under the primeval frost. The best may be equatorially grown, but even such northern climes as Alaska produce

herb that is excellent smoke.

Marijuana is loaded with organic compounds that occur in no other plant, and each of the various strains of pot around the world has its own unique chemical composition with a corresponding range of "highs," each subtly individual. Despite marijuana's wildness, it responds well to the human hand, and millions of years of cultivation for a vast range of purposes have helped make the plant the botanical wonder it is.

This month, and in following months, we are featuring an array of pot portraits from around the globe. April's special smoke selections are from our very own hemisphere, the stuff you are most likely to encounter, if you're lucky: ganja or "herb" from Jamaica, Colombia's primo fume, Mexican marijuana and California grass. Here is one kind of regionalism we can admire.

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Clockwise from upper left: Jamaican marijuana, hashish and hash oil, with rolled "oiler"; two-pound bricks of pressed commercial Mexican marijuana, bale of Colombian Santa Marta gold; coils of dried Mexican sinsemilla tops

Part 1, The

und the World

photos by Laurence Cherniak



Clockwise from upper left: Mexican smuggling tableau, five-pound stash of Jamaican sinsemilla, top of bud grown in Oaxaca, Mexico, Jamaican grass curing, approx. 15 kilos of Colombian gold divided into pounds, ounces and joints, picking apart cured California coias reveals seedless buds

Americas



EN EL ESTADO DE OAXACA

Oaxacan buds



Jamaican mini brick





California sinsemilla

Colombian fungi



DOPE ^{IN THE} CINEMA, '78

How Hollywood learned to get high on the big screen and like it

by J.J. Kane

Well, 1978 has come and gone, possibly never to return again. Whatever else the year in question may have been—and here opinions tend to vary—it was nothing if not a bumper one for dope movies. What's more, it followed directly on the heels of 1977, itself a banner annum for the psychoactive cinema. But before we review those fertile years just past, a brief update might well be in order.

When last we left "Dope in the Cinema" (*High Times*, January '78), the year was 1970 and *Easy Rider*, that high-flying highway western, had just made an unexpected bundle for its pleasantly surprised creators, returning some \$25 million on an original investment of \$400,000. Abruptly deciding that drug movies were definitely "in," wealthier Tinseltown execs proceeded to produce a string of generously budgeted, generally downbeat dope operas (e.g., *Cisco Pike*, *Panic in Needle Park*, *Jennifer on My Mind*) that, largely because of their ill-informed, ever-vacillating approach, failed to connect with their intended audience. (Apparently, people weren't about to shell out to watch the affected, imitation addicts of a *Panic in Needle Park* when their own windows often afforded a more realistic, and far livelier, view of the problem.) The luckier outfits recouped their losses a couple of years later with a rash of lavish, streamlined narc thrillers (*The French Connection*, et al.) that pitted gritty, two-fisted maverick dicks against the malign moguls of the inter-

national smack trade, a formula that for a time at least, proved safe, effective and immensely profitable.

Though studio heads obviously miscalculated last time around, they've again taken to gambling big bucks on a number of glossy, high-keyed dope movies. This time, however, they've adopted *Easy Rider*'s proven approach, gearing their pics directly to a pro (or at least not actively anti-) dope audience. Hence the recent profusion of such previously verboten screen scenes as heroic smugglers battling villainous narcs (*Who'll Stop the Rain?*) and die-hard hipsters smoking giant joints while laughing at John Law's expense.

Perhaps the most widely hyped of the current crop of dope operas has been Karel Reisz's *Who'll Stop the Rain?*, an essentially lurid chase melodrama artificially inflated by trendy and generally opaque parallels to the late Vietnam War, an episode Hollywood seems bent on exploiting with a safely belated vengeance. Based on the Robert Stone novel *Dog Soldiers* (Stone also receives coscreenwriting credit), the film opens with disillusioned Nam-based photojournalist Michael Moriarty snapping his last shots of senselessly slaughtered war dead and

making plans to return post-haste to the States. He's also decided to run two keys of smack—because, we're told, he's just seen a flock of army choppers decimate a herd of VC supply elephants and "in a world where elephants are pursued by flying men, people will want to get high."

To accomplish this altruistic end, he enlists the reluctant aid of Nietzschean ex-marine buddy Nick Nolte, a grass smuggler who agrees to the ill-advised skag deal because, as he later explains, "I don't have to have a reason for everything I do." As might be anticipated, their poorly laid plans go awry in record time. No sooner do they arrive stateside than Moriarty falls into the clutches of a trio of renegade narcs tipped off to the skag scam by his treacherous Nam connection, an occidental Dragon Lady with (we're ominously informed) "friends in Washington." Nolte and Moriarty's innocent wife Marge (Tuesday Weld) take the doozy and run, with the ruthless narcs in hot pursuit.

The film's woolly-minded morality again surfaces when Nolte announces his determination to risk life, limb and Tuesday Weld in trying to peddle the unwanted horse because (1) he's tired of "inferior people" telling him what to do and (2) he's gotta

be a macho man. At the flick's predictably fiery finale, Nolte and the narcs battle it out atop a previously tranquil mountain-commune site that's instantly transformed into a microcosmic 'Nam, replete with bombs, flares and machine-gun fire. After the requisite technicolored Sturm and Drang, nothing is revealed—beyond the arcane conclusion that war made them do it. Still, *Rain* surely represents a significant career breakthrough for Nick Nolte, if nothing else.

While *Who'll Stop the Rain?* focuses, however sensationally, on the vicious vagaries of the American way of dope-law enforcement, *Midnight Express* is content to vent its cinematic spleen on a conveniently distant Turkish penal system. Based on the true story of Billy Hayes—a 20 year-old American student who, in 1970, had the ill fortune to be found at the Istanbul airport with four pounds of hash strapped to his torso—the film in no way aids the cause of Turkish tourism. Indeed that nation is portrayed as an open asylum where almost all officialdom is on the take and, according to one character, "lawyers take courses in corruption at night school."

As Hollywood movies have a tendency to do, the flick fucks freely with the facts. While Hayes—whose original 4-year sentence was spitefully extended another 30 shortly before his expected release—was endlessly manipulated by vengeful officials, cowardly consuls and



Top two: *Easy Rider*; middle two: *The Smugglers*; bottom: *Taxi Driver*.

only shysters, tortured by brutal prison overseers and exiled to a Grand Guignol psycho ward before finally making good his escape in 1975 he did not (as is lovingly depicted in the film) kill a sadistic guard or bite off the tongue of a traitorous fellow inmate. Apparently the terrible truth was adjudged not nearly terrible enough to engage the ever-errant attention of your average modern moviegoer (As for Hayes himself he exercised no control over the film, though he participated in its promotion.)

At its conclusion, *Midnight Express* modestly takes implicit credit for encouraging the resumption of formal negotiations between Turkey and the U.S. for a prisoner exchange program. The Turks have reportedly been going berserk since the movie went into general release, though—a development that may have some negative bearing on said negotiations.

While both *Who'll Stop the Rain?* and *Midnight Express* avoid the openly censorious view of drug use that characterized most past dope operas (at one time it would have been unthinkable to depict heroin smugglers in a sympathetic, let alone heroic, light or narcs as venal cutthroats and thieves), the actual secret naked truth is that both films nonetheless operate as implicit antidrug films. Instead of exaggerating the effects of the drugs themselves (even Weld's burgeoning heroin habit in *Rain* is relatively underplayed), they connect dope possession with horrific situations and deadly intrigues, without pointing to decriminalization as the obvious ultimate solution. We're sure that after seeing the flicks in question, more than one paranoid-paralyzed moviegoer took a circuitous route home (I couldn't have been the only one.)

Another film associating dope with fear and loathing is *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* (1977). Richard Brooks's trashy adaptation of Judith Rossner's trashy novel (based on a trashy true-life story). In *Goodbar*, Diane Keaton attempts to exorcise her Catholic demons by balancing her commendable teaching career at a school for the deaf with a chaotic, masochistic sex life. As well as linking promiscuity with violence and death, the film equates dope use with hopeless neurosis. The Keaton character is often shown smoking pot or snorting coke between the verbal, emotional and physical blows she receives at the hands, mouths and assorted blunt instruments of her various loose-screwed lovers. Her self-destructive elder sibling (Tuesday Weld again) also refers to her own reliance on "uppers, downers" and sundry other drugs to help her make it through her arduously meaningless nights.

At one point in the proceedings, Keaton constructs an elaborate seriocomic dope-bust scenario that exposes her secret sex life, precipitates her domineering dad's death and destroys her career. In a later scene that febrile fantasy is partially realized when, after downing a lude at the end of another night of masochistic mischief she oversleeps misses class and betrays the kids who'd earlier placed their hard-won trust in her. From that point on, her life inexorably declines, ending in the inevitable explosion of abrupt and senseless violence without which there wouldn't have been any film in the first place.

Lin Tse-Hsu (*The Opium War*), the first feature film to arrive on these shores from the People's Republic of China, is in many

"Up in Smoke" represents the first major studio comedy almost entirely dependent on a dope-wise audience.

ways a more traditional anti-drug movie. Previously suppressed by the Gang of Four, *The Opium War* emerges as a fairly standard patriotic yarn chronicling Imperial Commissioner Lin's noble efforts to put the screws to villainous British opium merchants in 1839 Canton. To attain his goal, he must contend with various Fifth Columnists, fork-tongued native officials, a vacillating emperor and, of course, the avaricious Brits, portrayed here—by Chinese-speaking Caucasians—as stock filthy foreigners (one memorable scene even depicts the English consul engaging in one-sided Nixonian conversation with a portrait of the queen).

Curiously, outside of a token peek into a rather subdued opium den and a vignette showing a desperate hophead blowing the wifes hard-earned yen on O, there's little emphasis on the neutralizing effects of the drug itself. In fact, at the film's upbeat conclusion, a narrator credits opium and its Western pushers with inadvertently paving the first few feet of China's long and winding road to political awakening, a road that took another full century to reach fruition (which, if memory serves, is a bit south of Peking).

In a lighter vein, Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* (1977) deals briefly with the title character's (Diane Keaton again) inability to enjoy sex without first she smokes a joint. In the course of the film, comic Alvy Singer (Allen)—an admitted psychoactive puritan—accuses her of trying to distance herself from the act. "Why don't you take sodium pentothal," he suggests, "then you could sleep through the whole thing." Sarcasm eventually gets him somewhere, and she agrees to do the deed minus the weed, only to find herself far more detached than she

had been theretofore. As *High Times*' dope connoisseur, "R..." pointed out in a recent column, ("Dope," October '78), "for her it seems marijuana does heal some d'sassociation of sensibility."

Annie Hall also contains the classic coke joke wherein a sneezing snow novice (Allen) scatters a small fortune in flake over the living room rug. A variation on the same basic sight gag turns up in *National Lampoon's Animal House* (1978)—a high-energy exercise in early '60s anti-nostalgia—when a campus frosh smoking his first joint exhales so forcefully that he blows out the room's only candle, thereby plunging the place into darkness. A bit later we find that selfsame naïf enjoying his first heavy psychoactive insight to wit: "Oh wow, that means our whole universe could be just a piece of dust in some giant's fingernail!"

In the deservedly more obscure *Revenge of the Cheerleaders* (1977)—eagerly awaited sequel to *The Cheerleaders* (not to be confused with *Teenage Cheerleaders*)—an equally innocent student is seen sniffing Parmesan cheese. Not to be outdone, a character in *Cheer* and *Chong's Up in Smoke* (1978) not only mistakenly snorts Ajax but gets off on it (which may not do much for your funny bone but could conceivably boost detergent sales).

While it may not be in quite the same laugh league as *Annie Hall*, *Up in Smoke* does represent the first major studio comedy almost entirely dependent on a dope-wise audience, a dependence openly telegraphed in its ad tagline, "Don't go straight to see this movie." In the film—which plays like an extended live-action *Freak Brothers* strip—Cheech, a ghetto Chicago, and Chong, an upper-class white dropout, drop



Top to bottom: *Up in Smoke*, *Midnight Express*, *Who'll Stop the Rain?*, *The French Connection*, *Cocaine Cowboys*.

acid, toke outsized joints ("get Chinese eyes") and smuggle smoke from Mexico, pursued the while by a bumbling band of Keystone Narcs led by Stacy Keach.

Though set in the present, the movie's mindset is pure '60s (or at least C&C's perception of same). Grass is often portrayed as a salvational agent; in the course of a not particularly piquant punk-rock putdown, for example, a throng of initially hostile new wavers are won over to C&C's hastily assembled band only after thick pot fumes suddenly invade the room. The Vietnam War also supplies its share of real or imagined yoks. When Cheech's dope-dealing crony—an unhinged 'Nam vet played by Tom Skerritt—suffers a violent flashback on a quiet ghetto street, he orders his companion to "strafe those paddies." To which Cheech replies, "Ain't no paddies here, man, this is a Chicano neighborhood." While it might strike some older viewers as a study in stoned nostalgia, the gospel according to *Variety* has it that *Up in Smoke* is scoring high with young audiences, ranking second only to *Animal House* in b.o. receipts (Which certainly, if nothing else, only goes to show.)

A head comedy you may not yet have seen is *The Smugglers* (formerly *Polk County Pot Plane*) (1977), a down-home movie cast with non-professional actors and lensed in and around Jonesboro, Georgia. Piloted by amateur auteur Jim "Big Jim" West—who also triples as screenwriter and star—the project was initially inspired by a miraculous mountaintop landing pulled off by a band of Peach State smoke smugglers, an incident that immediately passed into local legend. Despite its arresting storyline, *The Smugglers* has yet to connect with any of the major Hollywood distribution outfits. West maintains that because the crafty smugglers succeed in befuddling the local fuzz the majors find the flick too "controversial." *The Smugglers* also manages to trash

more cars, planes and property than a dozen Burt Reynolds movies—which may mean there's hope for it yet. (For more info about the film, see the May '78 *High Times*.)

In random recent dope-movie developments, a pre-Buddy Holly Gary Busey played ex-con Dustin Hoffman's passive junko partner in *Straight Time* (1978), while a pair of more aggressive ad-

against a ruthless heroin network.

Elsewhere, the finally filmed *Steppenwolf* (1976) surfaced as a sincere but static attempt to capture the essence of Hesse's novel about middle-aged malcontent Harry Haller, given a game go here by Max Von Sydow. The "Magic Theater" episode, a reasonably innovative videotape recreation of the book's

dicts spoiled uptowner Charles Grodin's would-be nostalgic visit to the Lower East Side of his youth in *Thieves* (1977). Sympathetic teenage junkies served as the focus of a pair of ghetto-set dope dramas, *Aaron Loves Angela* (1976) and *A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich* (1977); and a similar character supplied additional pathos to John G. Avildsen's already shamelessly sentimental *Slow Dancing in the Big City* (1978). The once-popular show-biz drug tragedy was kept marginally extant by Berry (Motown) Gordy's *Sparkle* (1976), an updated fictional variation on *Lady Sings the Blues*, with a Diana Ross-type victim (Loretta McKee) replacing a Billie Holiday type (Diana Ross).

The otherwise waning narc thriller was most recently represented by *Scorchy* (1976), shot in and around exotic Seattle. Connie Stevens starred as a sexy fed (not named Scorchy, though—in fact, no one in the film is named Scorchy) on the gratuitously gory and pointlessly convoluted trail of a smack-trafficking gang. In *Exit the Dragon, Enter the Tiger* (1977), kung-fu fighter Bruce Li journeys to Hong Kong to investigate rumors that his idol Bruce Lee's demise had been drug related (early reports, you may recall, had ascribed cause of death to a terminal case of "marijuana poisoning") and finds himself smack up

most hallucinatory sequence, was not without a certain psychedelic veracity, though it played more subtly in the book.

Another well-known literary doper, Sherlock Holmes, was the subject of the generally amusing *Seven Percent Solution* (1976), in which Holmes's (Nicol Williamson) runaway cocaine paranoia prompts him to accept the expert counsel of former flake enthusiast Sigmund Freud. References to LSD have been scarce of late on the silver screen, although Robert Stigwood's overwhelmingly inept *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1978) included an oddly innocuous "Lucy in the Sky" production number.

In other late-breaking dope-movie news, Jack Palance and Tommy Sullivan starred as a pair of dope-smoking, coke-snorting Long Island outlaws in *Cocaine Cowboys* (1978), which also marked the American directorial debut of Ulli Lommel, the widely heralded "German Hitchcock." Howard Duff portrayed an unebriated physician who freely dispensed a variety of drugs to assorted unsettled attendees at Robert Altman's *A Wedding* (1978), while Harvey Keitel appeared as an ambulance driver with a fondness for amphetamine in the unrelievedly atrocious *Mother, Jugs and Speed* (1976) prior to his performance as a sleazy pump/pusher in Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* (1977).

Pot smoking proved a popular pastime among the self-righteously hip disc jocks in the otherwise unnoteworthy *FM* (1978), and the poison poppy fields of *The Wizard of Oz* became opium dens in the updated, sepiated *The Wiz* (1978). Even John Wayne, fresh from his stint as supernarc McQ (1974), was seen imbibing liberal quantities of laudanum (a pain-killing tincture of opium solution) as an aging gun-fighter suffering from terminal cancer in *The Shootist* (1976).

In the documentary field, Scorsese profiled a '60s dope scene "survivor" in *American Boy* (1978), while the propagandistic *Youthquake* (1977) featured inspirational interviews with former dopers who'd traded in their pipes and straws for rosaries and crucifixes. Smut flicks like *Defiance* and *Ganja Express* (both '76) mixed hardcore sex encounters with dope subplots. And who can forget the classic coke cannibal scene in *Sensations* (1977)? Just about anyone who'd seen it, we'd reckon.

While the connection may be casual, dope—especially grass—has probably played a role in the current sci-fi revival as well, certainly it encourages the same sort of speculative overview that informs the majority of s-f outings. The cannabis clouds are particularly thick at screenings of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* (though *Rocky Horror Picture Show* aficionados continue to lead all cult-movie crowds in total weed consumption). There's even a marijuana monster movie on the way—with the tentative alternate titles of *Harvest of Death* and *Forest of Fear*—designed to exploit paraquat paranoia, in that one, smokers who partake of a chemically poisoned cannabis crop instantly mutate into crazed, cannibalistic killers.

As for the indefatigable future that never tires of approaching, it's probably a safe bet to say that there will be dope movies as long as there are (a) dope and (b) movies. Tune in next year—same time, same publication—for a full report. ■



What to say when the spotlight strikes Be An Instant Celebrity

by **Deanne Stillman** and **Rex Weiner**

You know your opinions are important, and you've been waiting for the chance to give the world a piece of your mind. Like the hundreds of other "average Americans" who parade daily across the television screen and pop up on the front page of the newspaper, you too have newsworthy comments about the Mideast situation, the weather, inflation. You too have witnessed car wrecks. So, where is Dan Rather, anyway?

Don't despair. Public opinion is the pillar of democracy, and any day now you will be interviewed... about anything. Is it cold enough for you? Are food prices too high? Is Carter doing a good job? What about the SALT talks? Should Israel cede territory in the Sinai as a precondition for resuming peace negotiations? When are you going to pull the plug on that comatose relative?

But wait. The reporter approaches, note pad in hand, camera crew in tow. This is your once-in-a-lifetime shot at prime time, a chance to shine in front of a nationwide audience, your Andy Warhol-certified 15 minutes of fame! What are you going to say? Will you make statements that belabor the obvious? Will you stammer and choke and spout ungrammatical platitudes? Must you be like every other man in the street, bystander, neighbor of the dead lady, relative of the crash victim, average American, and bore us to death?

No! No, there is no need to waste your precious few moments of air time or column space. You too can learn to utter the kind of sharp, to-the-point profundities that make the city editor scream "Copy!" and the anchorman smile as he says, "... and that's the way it is." Here are a few hints.

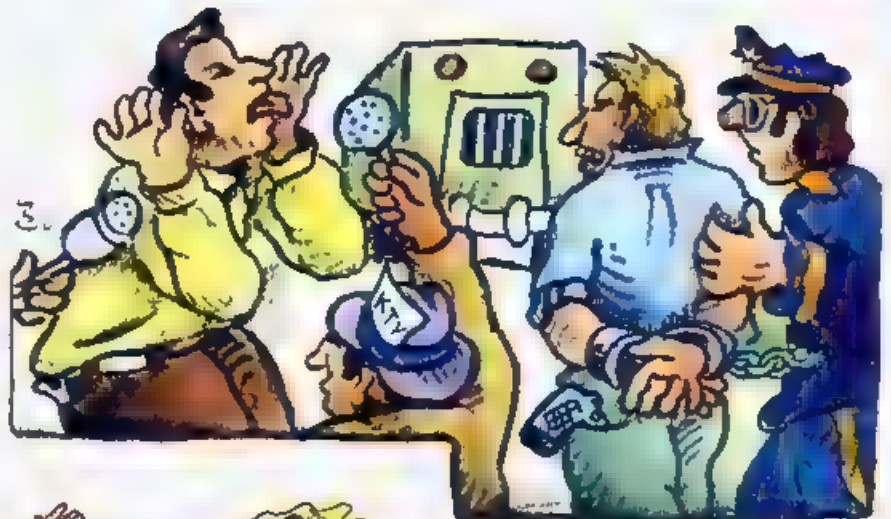
1. If you're the man on the street

Your mad dash to catch the cross-town bus is interrupted by a smiling young fellow brandishing a microphone. A beefy guy shouldering a camera zooms in on your face as the reporter inquires, "Do you think the recent Russian activities in Africa endanger detente?"

Now this is no simple question. Most likely you have not mulled it over during breakfast, so you haven't got an answer. Cyrus Vance, Jimmy Carter and Zbigniew Brzezinski don't have an answer. And even if you did have an answer, it wouldn't fit into the ten seconds of air time the news editor will allow for your reply.

Those other men on the street will say things like, "Why should we have to feed those #%%&# commies?" and get edited right out of the tape. But you can grab the spotlight and score points as a rational, sensitive, eloquent man on the street by using a simple formula. Pick a great American figure and fabricate an appropriate quote. For example: "I don't think my opinion really counts in matters of such gravity. Perhaps we should remember the words of Ulysses S. Grant, who said, 'When your neighbor's fence needs mending, the cows will surely stray.'"

This is an ideal formula for any man-in-the-street question. It makes the reporter happy because the fact that he picked out an intelligent-sounding average Joe makes him sound intelligent, and it guarantees you a nice spot on the six-o'clock news.



2. When you're an eyewitness

A nut climbs to the top of a tall building and snipes at passersby with a rifle. Bandits shoot it out with cops in a bank holdup. A car goes out of control, jumps the curb and plows into a crowded sidewalk full of girl scouts. There's blood and guts all over the place, and you saw the whole thing. The reporter says, "What happened?"

If you are unhurt, don't bother to recap the events. You'll spend 20 minutes saying, "... and then the guys with the guns did this and the cops did that and then they went over there and then that person got shot, I think it was in the arm," etc. That's the reporter's job. You're supposed to react to the scene. But don't

come up with some old chestnut like, "I've never seen anything like it," or, "It just doesn't seem real; it looks like something from a movie." Instead say, "It's awful carnage. Blood and guts all over the place." Or, better yet, come up with a comparison: "I've been in Vietnam, and I never saw carnage like this." Even better is a touch of iconoclasm: "I was in Vietnam, and believe me, I caused worse carnage than this."

If you are wounded, make sure the ambulance attendants pause long enough so the cameras can focus on your stretcher. Then, if you can still move your arm, flash the "V for victory" sign. That makes you look like a hero.

3. Do you live next door to the perpetrator?

The best things to witness are murders, double murders or a "shooting spree." Next best thing is living next door to, or knowing personally, the murderer.

When reporters converge on your house to ask what the poor maniac "was like," be careful not to say, "Gee! He was such a nice guy!" or, "I can't believe he'd do a thing like that. Why, just this morning he passed me on the street and said hello." Oh, sure it'll get in the papers. But why not seize the occasion to give yourself a more colorful personality? Say something unusual, like, "It figures. I always hated the sonofabitch. I knew he'd do something like this one of these days. I hope he fries." That should get you page one.

Another quality that makes you newsworthy is being from the same hometown as a criminal. Did you go to the same elementary school as Charles Manson? Ever see Son of Sam at the candy store? What about that plane hijacker—didn't you once borrow his library card? This is the stuff of which stars are made. Learn how to use it!



4. So, you're a human-interest story?

If you've just won the lottery, netted Jaws with a Pepsi Pocket Fisherman, put together an unusual license-plate collection, been taken hostage in a "kidnap drama," survived an earthquake or held first place on line for two weeks to buy tickets for the World Series, you are a bona-fide "human-interest story."

When the reporters come to interview you, keep in mind that they are there only because their editors want them to be there. The reporters would rather be doing something "really creative," like sitting in a bar and talking about the novels they're trying to write. So you must say things to hold their notoriously short attention spans. When they ask, "How does it feel to win a million dollars in the lottery?" you come back with, "Say, that's a really intelligent question. Nobody's asked me that one yet. It's nice to meet a smart reporter for a change." The reporter will be so flattered that he or she will write the story exactly the way you tell them to. This is called "manipulating the media," a technique perfected by presidents and baseball players.



5. Holding a press conference on your front lawn

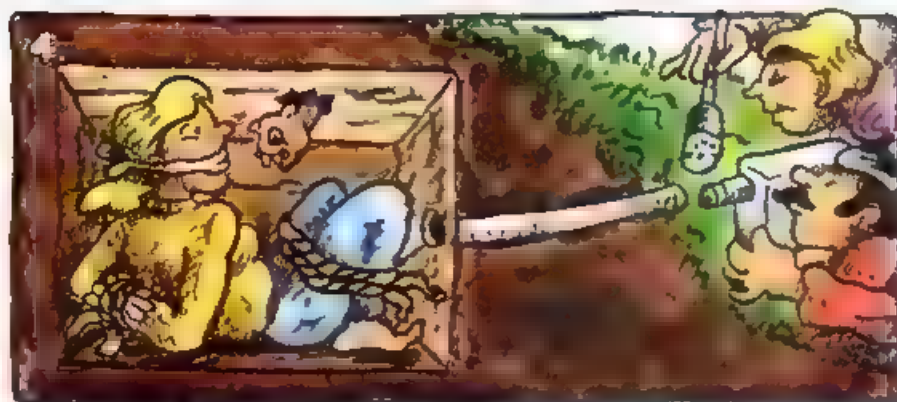
They're knocking on your front door because of some awful scandal or tragedy. You can refuse to come outside. You can yell "Nobody's home!" through the screen door. You can let one reporter in and talk to him, but the others will be screaming "Unfair!" The whole pack seems determined to lay siege to your front lawn until you are starved out of your house.

The only solution is the press conference. No matter how upset you are, pull yourself together, put on your best clothes, fix your hair and face for the cameras and go out there and meet the press. Bring a card table for the microphones and a chair to sit on. This is show biz.

If they are unruly, as reporters are wont to be, make them ask questions one at a time by raising their hands. It's your show. Do what you want. Don't forget to

break down and cry a couple of times. This will endear you to the press and cause reporters to stifle the urge to interrogate.

Under no circumstances should you attempt to use such press-conference parlance as "at this point in time" or "no comment." Reporters will know you are simply trying to impress them and will pounce at the first chance. Also, beware of coming across as ignorant and uneducated. You don't want to sound too smart, either; but it's best not to misuse words (as in, "I gave her mouth-to-mouth restitution, but that didn't do nothin'"). Yes, poor grammar and malapropisms are quaint, but don't forget that the eyes of the nation are upon you—including, no doubt, the eyes of a canny talent scout hoping to spot the next Mike Douglas. How could you ever face yourself again if you blow this wonderful opportunity?



6. Getting mileage out of the weather

Weather stories are generally considered part of the human-interest genre, but because the weather has been so "bizarre" during the past few years, it has occupied much media attention. Of particular interest are stories of community efforts to bail out of a flood, of those who have survived the winter under a snow drift or of anyone who lives in a "storm ravaged" trailer park.

When you finally get the chance to experience a natural disaster, you must make sure to end up in the local church or school because this is where the press stops first to interview evacuees. Why people are always lying on cots sleeping when the networks are filming is a mystery of our age, but this is obviously an ideal situation for the press-wise citizen to steal the show. "Why do you stay in Xenia?" the reporter will ask, referring to the fact that the Ohio town is devastated by a tornado every year. Rather than citing the usual banalities—"These are my roots," "The town's been good to me"—make use of some other clichés. "When your number's up, it's up," "Look

at Howard Hughes—even all that money couldn't save him," or the subtle "It could be worse" serve to better illustrate your plight. They also speed up your town's qualification for disaster aid.

Perhaps the quintessential weather personality is the New Yorker who skis down Fifth Avenue during the city's annual "paralyzing" snow storm. Should you find yourself in this situation, the best thing to say when the reporter asks, "What's it like skiing down Fifth Avenue?" is not "Great!" or "I love it!" but something more meaningful, like, "What's it like trudging around in ten-foot snow drifts asking people what it's like skiing down Fifth Avenue?" The reporter may decide not to air this quote because you've embarrassed him, but you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you finally gave that obnoxious guy who keeps following you around with the microphone a piece of your mind.

Besides, you didn't really want those "15 minutes," did you? Everybody is being interviewed these days. Why not do something really hip, avoid the press? ☐

Pot Farming for Fun & Profit



"Trench warfare" in the inhospitable clay soil.

**text & photos
by "Snapper"**

In March 1977, I found myself bored with city life and decided to plan my escape. I took what cash I had and fled to the north country, where the marijuana grows high and wide.

I knew I could find three things I had to have to "get-rich-quick": good water, a southern exposure and privacy. And I found all three,

made a down payment and set about making the best of the place. After walking it over carefully, I found a private spot that received no less than seven hours of direct sunlight a day. From my reading on marijuana cultivation I knew this was the minimum the plants would need. The place I picked out was on a heavily

wooded hillside, and several days were required to cut down the trees, dig up the stumps, clear the underbrush and develop terraces.

The soil on my property was nearly 100 percent clay and would not support the kind of plant life I had in mind. Therefore, in each of the terraces I dug trenches roughly 24 inches wide and

18 deep and then set about finding some dark loam to fill them with. Soon I located a dairy farm and a huge mound of barn scrapings and topsoil, left to compost years before. It took several trips, but at \$5 a truckload I got all the basic soil I needed. The next step was to sift it through a fine screen to remove rocks, bits of wire, etc.



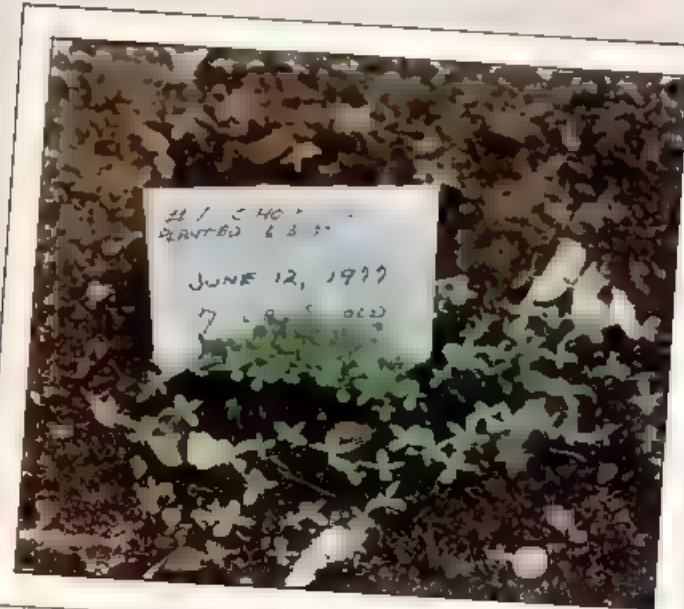
Sifting some nutrient-rich compost.



Tarps hang ready to shade plants from scorching sun.



The sturdy new greenhouse straddles freshly filled trenches.



One-week-old babies too young to read sign.

Once I had all my dirt cleaned and thoroughly broken up, I tested it for nutrients and pH using a drugstore test kit. The pH was low, so I added lime and bone meal until I had a reading of 6.5. Next, the soil was watered down with rapid-grow concentrate and mixed thoroughly. Something still seemed lacking, but with the

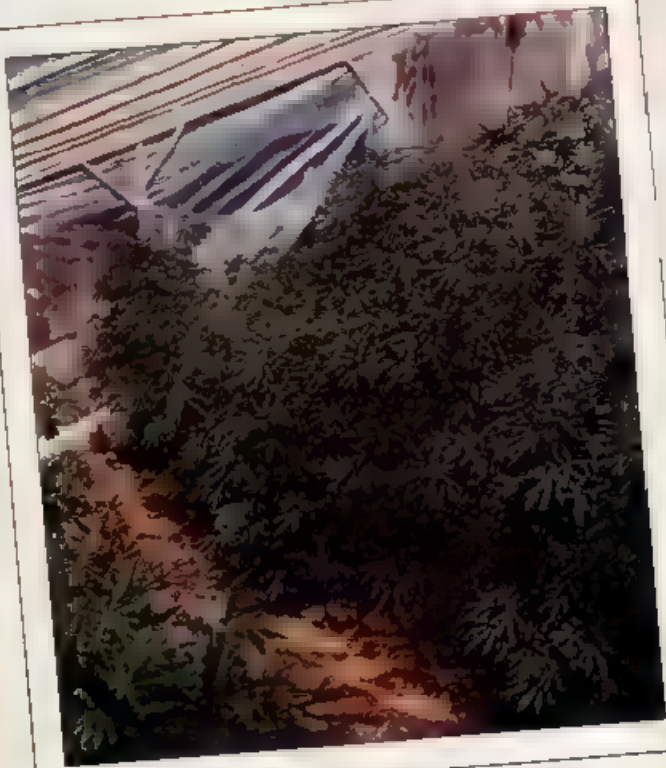
aid of two bales of peat moss, ten bags of steer manure and another thorough mixing it finally smelled right. I raked it all back up into a big pile and covered it with tarps in order to let the soil interact under the heat of decomposition.

While the soil was fermenting, I set about constructing the greenhouse. I

found a place where Douglas firs grew thickly. They were tall and straight, exactly what I wanted. For my rafters I cut 14 poles to a length of 16 feet, and for upright members I used 35 12-footers. All the poles were approximately three inches in diameter after skinning. It was necessary to remove the bark in order to prevent rotting and obtain a

smooth surface for the plastic to lay against. In the spring the sap runs freely under the bark, and it's very easy to remove the bark in long strips with a knife or an ax and have a very smooth pole.

In each spot where I decided to put an upright support, I dug a hole 12 inches deep, pounded the pole in and packed the dirt around the



Getting bushier by the hour



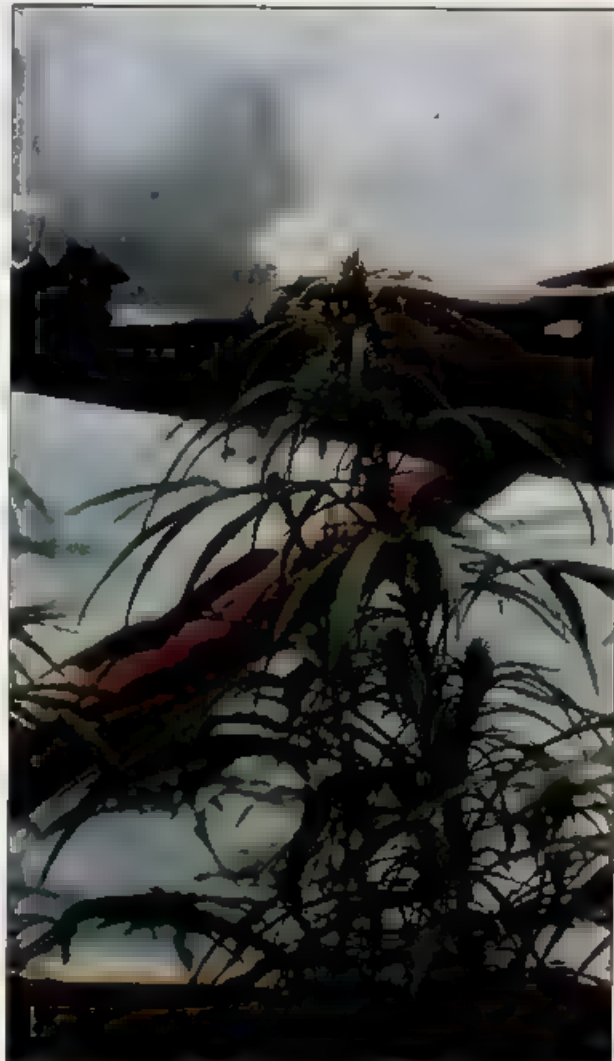
Some dog weed—oops, it's the guard dog!

base. Large doorways were framed in at either end of the greenhouse so that I could have good cross ventilation.

Next, I cut the uprights to the right height, nailed ridged poles on top of these and then laid the 16-footers across the top to support the sloping roof. Because I'd built on a hill, a canled roof was convenient and proved to have some advantages, like pro-

viding good runoff for rain and establishing a peak at the top where hot air can gather and be easily vented. On the low side of the greenhouse it's easy to install flaps for letting in cool air when the greenhouse gets too hot. With all of this it still reached over 100 degrees on sunny days, and I found it necessary to put old painting tarps on the roof to help shade the plants.

The plants responded to the ideal environment, and within 60 days many of them were six feet tall.



Ultraviolet radiation takes toll on plastic greenhouse wall.

A thermometer was nailed up to keep an eye on the temperature.

I covered the greenhouse with four-mil plastic that I was able to buy in 16-foot widths (16 by 100 feet for \$28.50). This was convenient because I was able to cover the roof in one piece. When I had the plastic stretched neatly over the top, I secured it by stapling narrow strips of

cardboard on top of the plastic and into the wood. Staples were close together to prevent the plastic from sagging and pulling with the wind rain and sun, all of which take a toll. I covered the sides the same way, but I didn't fasten the bottom 18 inches on the low side so I could tie it up and have good ventilation whenever necessary. Also, holes were put in the



"Mulching" with straw to keep ground soft and retain moisture.



A sturdy stalk at six months old.



Harvest time! Buds hanging and drying.



A view from the ceiling of the greenhouse.

plastic on the high sides near the top to let out hot air. The doors at either end were stapled at the top so that I could open and close them when necessary.

Once a strong greenhouse with proper protection from the elements had been established, I was ready for the soil. A week had passed since I'd left the soil cooking under the tarps, and it was now

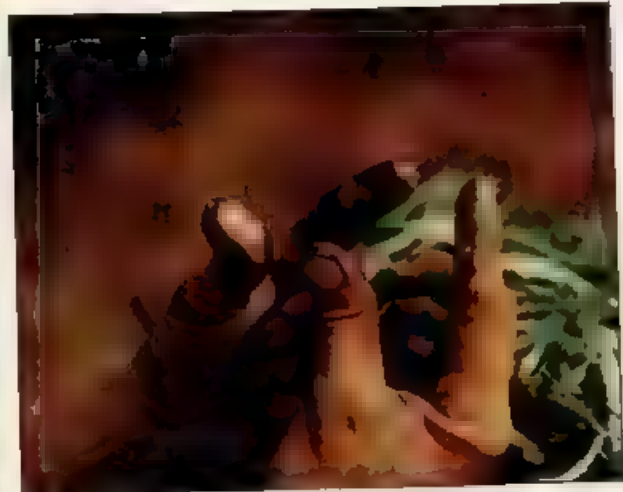
ready for its well-manicured home. I filled all the trenches to the top with the aid of two five-gallon buckets and a small amount of speed.

The next thing was to buy 2,000 live worms, costing \$5, from the local worm farm and introduce them to my garden. They provide good aeration and rich nutrients to keep the soil alive. At this point I realized walkways

would be necessary to keep the red clay out of the black soil. I nailed scrap lumber onto the short pieces of round stock that were left over from the structural poles. These I laid down next to each row so that I could walk easily without disturbing the garden.

My seeds came from high in the mountains of Mexico and were easily acclimated to

the new elevation. I spread them liberally on top of the rows and raked the soil. I kept the seeds as moist as was needed until they germinated, carrying the water in two five gallon paint buckets and sprinkling out of them with a watering can. In the first couple of days after the seedlings came through the ground they were heavily attacked by mice, but the



Sticky fingers: rubbing for resins



More buds drying: the call of the Glad Bag beckons.

problem was corrected with the aid of several victory-garden mousetraps.

When the plants were one week old and still had their small roots, I shuffled them around in the rows until they were evenly spaced. I watered daily and on every tenth day gave them a shot of rapid grow fertilizer. The plants responded to the ideal

environment, and within 60 days many of them were six feet tall.

At three months signs of sex began to show, and by the fourth month I had eliminated all males. This was done so meticulously that the crop proved to be completely seedless. My goal was sinsemilla, but I overdid it, and now there are no seeds for

next year.

The plants continued to flourish, getting bigger and nastier until all those ladies smelled strongly of citrus. During the last couple of months they required several leafings in order to allow them sufficient light while growing close together.

Eventually all my ladies came to blooming maturity

and were ready to come out of the ground. Before pulling I gave them a thorough leafing so that only the gnarled buds were left on the stalk.

The next day they were out of the ground and hanging high from the greenhouse roof. I separated the wheat from the "chaff," dried it slowly and lived happily ever after. ■



A rack where plants can dry without exposure to sun.



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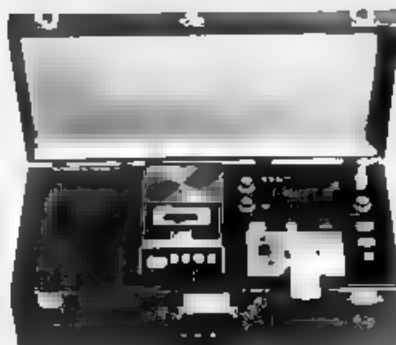
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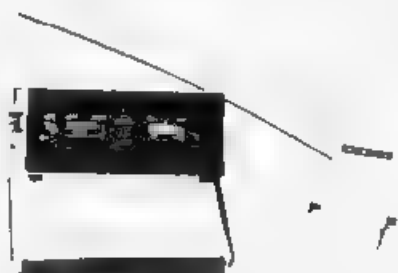
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ARON KAY PIE ASSASSIN

BY HARRY WASSERMAN

I first met Aron Kay when I arrived at the Yippies' Bowery headquarters at 9 Bleeker Street, New York City, in the late fall of '75. There were some real crazies living there, but Aron was the craziest. I had come from Wisconsin for a live-in job at the Yipster Times, America's only national underground newspaper. But 9 Bleeker was more than an underground newspaper office, more than an anarchist commune; it was a nuthouse, a hippie halfway house run by the inmates.

There was a phone freak named the Monster who looked like Alley Oop and when angered hit people on the head with a club. There was Bug Boy, who refused to take a shower except while wearing a hat and coat, who had bugs living in his hair and who gave scabies to babies as well as to a quadriplegic who couldn't even scratch. There was Crabman, a yippie electrician who ran around the house wrapped in electric wires and whose handiwork



always blew fuses.

But these circus freaks were mere side-shows compared to Aron, a woolly mammoth who could stop any conversation or commotion simply by entering the room. His eerie peripheral vision allowed him to turn his head toward someone on one side of the room and then turn his eyes completely in the opposite direction so that a person on the other side of the room was shocked to be addressed by him. His humor was total id.

Los Angeles native Aron met New York Yipsters garbologist A.J. Weberman and theorist Dana Beal during the exciting summer of '72 in Miami, and they convinced him to move to the New York YIP (Youth International Party) headquarters in November of that year. There he was kept busy as a reporter and hawker for the Yipster Times, as receptionist at the Yippie office and as an expert phone phreak. There had already been a few Yippie political pieings by that time, including creamings of Miami Beach councilman Harold Rosen and Rolling Stone publisher Jann Wenner, but Aron had yet to make his own pie-throwing debut.

"My first pieing was in May of '73, at Rennie Davis, formerly of the Chicago Seven. Rennie had come to New York's Anderson Theater to proselytize on behalf of our local spiritual hamburger, Guru Maharaj Ji. I tossed a cherry pie at him, which missed, because I was being jostled by security. It ended up on the floor of the stage, and the local gurunoids licked it off the floor.

Pie Kill Unlimited, a loose-knit guerrilla army of pie throwers, was started by yippie Rex Weiner in July of '74. People paid to have friends and enemies pied. The four tenets of Pie Kill were: "to stamp out pomposity; to uphold the virtue of surprise, randomness and chaos, to wreak lighthearted havoc wherever and whenever possible; and to get away with it."

And get away with it they did. During their three-year duration they successfully launched guided pie missiles at the deserving mugs of such luminaries as David Frost, William Shatner, comedian Sandy Baron and Tennessee governor Ray Blanton. Pie Kill boasted a dozen agents at its peak capacity in the spring of '75, when Time magazine called pie throwing "the greatest fad since streaking" and the United Nations officially accepted the resolution from Pie Kill that "all future wars be fought with pies" (only the Australians vetoed it). It was at that time that Aron joined the gang.

"We trained Aron," claims Pie Kill founder Rex Weiner. "Aron's the best agent we ever had because he doesn't really think when he throws. He's the Zen pie thrower."

Soon Aron started on a blitz of successes. William F. Buckley, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, E. Howard Hunt, Phyllis Schlafly, Abe Beame, G



Fat Pat Moynihan gets his just desserts from pie-man Kay, September '76.

"Aron's the best agent we ever had because he does not think when he throws. He's the Zen pie thrower."

—Rex Weiner, Pie Kill

Gordon Liddy, William Colby... There could be a garbagemen's strike, a blackout or an impending world war, but Aron's pie throw was always funny enough to rate the front page.

Curious, I asked Aron the details of his typical procedure, from picking the victim to buying the pie to stalking the prey. "I'll give you Moynihan as an example," he explained. "I called Moynihan's campaign office and faked a Yiddish accent, asking where Moynihan would be the next day. I hid the pie in a Moynihan-for-Senator shopping bag while sporting a Moynihan button on my shirt and a Nobody-for-President button on my hat. Other yuppies harassed the Moynihan worker while I was waiting. Suddenly Moynihan pops up, and I walked right up and planted the pie in his face as if it were a flower pot. In effect Moynihan's face was my canvas, and I painted it with mocha cream. Moynihan didn't want to press charges, but he told the media it was an act of terrorism."

Aron is still haunted by his unsuccessful pie attempt at Watergater Frank Sturgis. "When I attempted to pie Frank Sturgis—that was the one I was arrested for—one of his goons came up and started to attack me before I was even able to get the pie out of the bag. Frank's lawyer Henry Rothblatt, who's very notorious for defending Watergaters and other under-world figures, knocked the pie out of my hand as I was getting ready to throw. Then

I was charged with harassment and resisting arrest, but both charges ultimately got dropped. Sturgis and Rothblatt posed for a photo with the pie, and Frank made like he was eating it. I call that Fat Frank's Revenge."

Aron no longer lives in the watery swamp of the Yippie house basement hut in his own fashionably sleazy Lower East Side apartment. He says it's getting harder to find interesting victims, but he found one at a recent High Times party in SoHo. When he arrived he recognized Andy Warhol who he knew had been connected socially with the repressive Shah of Iran. I followed Aron out of the door as he went to buy the pie for his intended victim, and while walking the SoHo sidewalks, I prodded him into animated conversation.

"Pieing has been spreading all over the country. You hear about students pieing their principals or workers pieing their bosses. However, I see my own pieing as an act of political expression, as a way of getting people to rally against an enemy like the CIA or DEA, enemies who suppress our civil rights."

I'm merely committing a political assassination without a bullet. I'm attacking him for the crimes he has committed against the people, whether it be suppressing human rights or stealing from the poor."

"Why a pie rather than a bullet?" I pressed.

"If you shoot them, it gives them a chance to escape the pain of having to live down the fact that they were pied in public. It's reminiscent of the Middle Ages, when you'd take a person and place him in the stocks and have people throw tomatoes at him. Whenever I smooch that gooey substance into somebody's mug, I get this rush of adrenaline, because I never know if I'm gonna have to fight back or if I'm gonna have to run like mad when the security chief goes after me."

We arrive at the only pie shop open at 1:00 A.M., and Aron orders a cherry pie—"because Warhol has been socializing with the Shah of Iran, and I want to show that violence in Iran is as American as cherry pie."

Back at the party Aron ran upstairs to the roof, where Warhol was sitting with some other guests, and pied him right in the kisser while yelling something about the shah. Warhol later appeared delighted by the resulting attention and happily mugged pie-faced for a photographer.

What lies in the future for pie-man Kay? "A Georgia-peach pie would be fine for Jimmy Carter; for Rabbi Kahane of the JDL a pork pie would do, for Frank Sturgis a banana-cream pie for trying to make America into a banana republic; for David Duke of the Ku Klux Klan a blackberry pie, for Frank Collins of the Nazi party a kosher chopped-liver pie will do... I'll leave the rest to the people to decide. Let 'em throw garbage for all I care."

PIES ON PARADE



Cavalcade of creamings (top to bottom): Abe Beame, G. Gordon Liddy, Phyllis Schlafly, Anthony Ulasewicz

JUNE 1972—Yippie Pat Small gets arrested for heaving a pumpkin pie at Miami Beach councilman Harold Rosen during a Miami Beach City Council meeting that resulted in the denial of permits to YIP and other radical groups who were organizing antiwar protests at the Democratic and Republican national conventions

FEBRUARY 1973—Rolling Stone publisher Jann Wenner gets pied at the University of Colorado in Boulder by a local Yippie

MAY 1973—Aron Kay makes his debut by attempting to pie ex-Chicago Seven defendant Rennie Davis in New York City's Anderson Theater while Davis makes a pitch for Guru Maharaj Ji

AUGUST 1973—Guru Maharaj Ji sees a shaving cream vision in the face from Pat Halley of the Detroit underground paper Fifth Estate at a Detroit City Council meeting

MARCH 1975—Comedian Sandy Baron gets a lemon meringue pie on the "A.M. New York" local television show, thrown by Pie Kill founder Rex Weiner who was hired by the show's staff

MAY 1975—Aron Kay's first assignment from Pie Kill: pie anyone on the 38th floor of the World Trade Center who looks over 30 and is wearing a tie and jacket. Aron returns to reenact the random pieing many times.

SEPTEMBER 1975—On a TV special called "The Best," Pie Kill's Rex Weiner jumps out of the audience and pies jingly actress Adrienne Barbeau; he is followed by agent Deanne Stillman pieing the show's host David Frost. Weiner and Stillman, who both threw whipped-cream concoctions, had been hired by the show's staff and given an all-expenses-paid airplane trip to Toronto, where the show was being taped

JANUARY 1976—Soupy Sales, "the most pied man in America," reciprocates, pieing guest Rex Weiner on TV's "To Tell the Truth" game show. Weiner fails to stump the stars but wins a can of Turtle Wax

APRIL 1976—William F Buckley accepts a shaving cream pie from Aron Kay at New York University's Loeb Student Center

SEPTEMBER 1976—Daniel Patrick Moynihan receives a mocha-cream pie from Aron Kay while campaigning for the Senate at the corner of Orchard and Delancey streets in New York City

DECEMBER 1976—Watergater Anthony Ulasewicz is covered up in a coconut-cream pie from Aron Kay in front of the Brooklyn Federal Court Building where he is on trial

MARCH 1977—Former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver gets creamed while pushing Jesus in Vancouver B.C. Local Yippies raising themselves Groucho Marxists later claim credit for the hit

MARCH 1977—Watergater E. Howard Hunt on his way to tape a "Tomorrow Show" episode is shown a coconut-cream pie by Aron Kay in the lobby of New York City's RCA Building

APRIL 1977—ERA opponent Phyllis Schlafly eats an apple pie from Aron Kay at a Women's Republican Club luncheon at New York City's Waldorf Astoria

AUGUST 1977—New York mayor Abe Beame is presented with an apple-crumble pie by Aron Kay during a mayoral debate with other candidates at New York City's Cooper Union

AUGUST 1977—Ohio governor James Rhodes, who called out the National Guard for the Kent State shootings, sucks banana-cream pie at the Ohio State Fair courtesy of yippie Steve Conliff

SEPTEMBER 1977—Watergater G. Gordon Liddy gets an apple pie from Aron Kay at a press conference on the eighth floor of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., the day after Liddy got out of jail

SEPTEMBER 1977—Mayor Paul Soglin of Madison, Wisconsin, while singing "God Bless America" at a civic function is interrupted by a banana-cream pie from Take Over editor Michael Fellner. Soglin was spokesman for Madison landlords in their campaign against rent control

OCTOBER 1977—Ex-CIA chief William Colby takes a Bavarian-chocolate pie from Aron Kay and a blueberry-cream-cheese pie from yippie Alice Torbush at the New School for Social Research in New York City

OCTOBER 1977—Anita Bryant tries on a fruit pie from gay activist Tom Higgins at a press conference in Des Moines, Iowa

NOVEMBER 1977—Frank Sturgis almost encounters a banana-cream pie from Aron Kay before Sturgis lawyer Henry Rothblatt steals the pie from Kay's hand

DECEMBER 1977—Joe Neils, chief counsel of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, ODs on a lemon meringue pie provided by Aron Kay at the NORML conference in Washington, D.C.

AUGUST 1978—White House aide Hamilton Jordan is greeted by chocolate-mousse pie at a Fleetwood Mac party

SEPTEMBER 1978—Andy Warhol is painted with a cherry pie by Aron Kay at a High Times bash in New York's SoHo district

SEPTEMBER 1978—Jerry Rubin is awarded a lemon-meringue pie at an appearance in Burlington, Vermont

SEPTEMBER 1978—Proposition 13 pusher Howard Jarvis is pied while addressing a publishers' meeting in Portland, Oregon

DECEMBER 1978—Timothy Leary gets a cheesecake from Aron Kay at a New York party honoring William Burroughs



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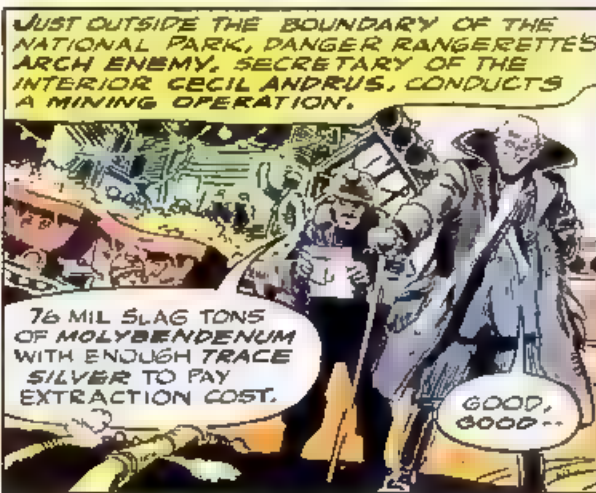
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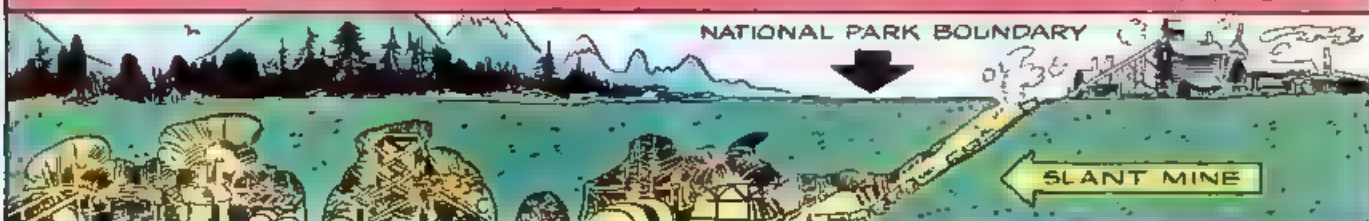
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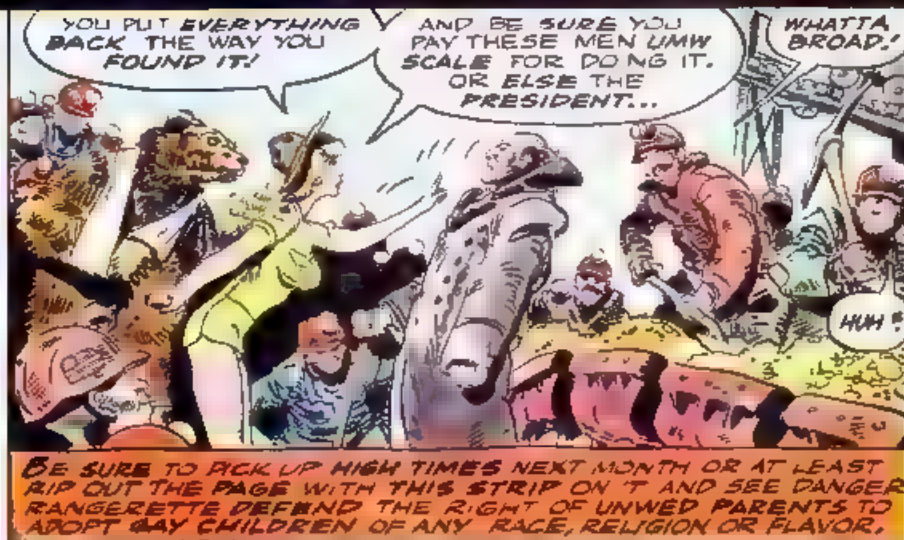
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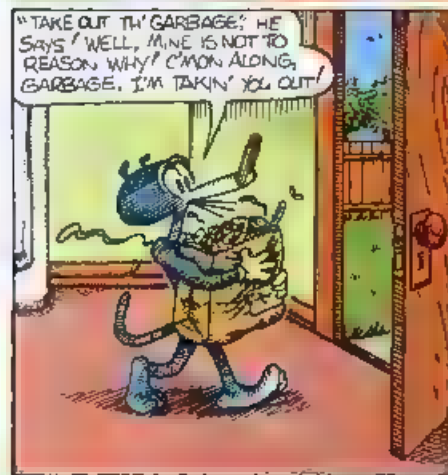
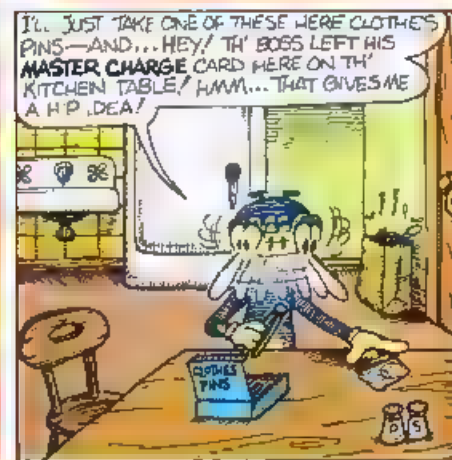
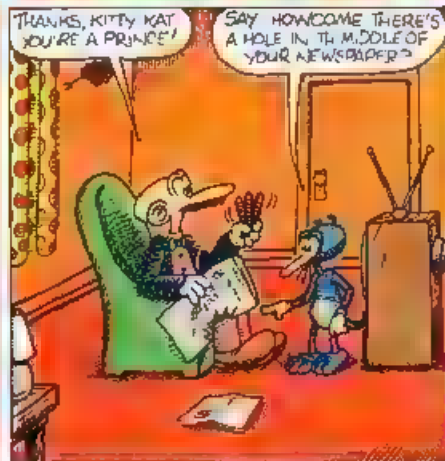
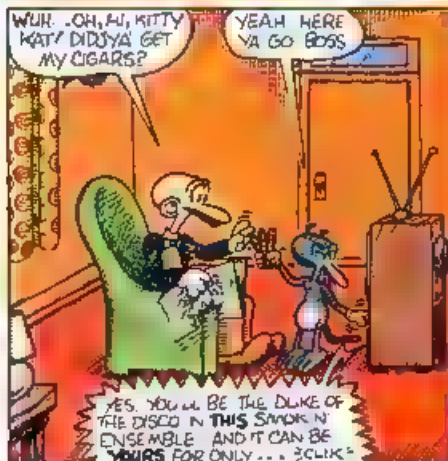
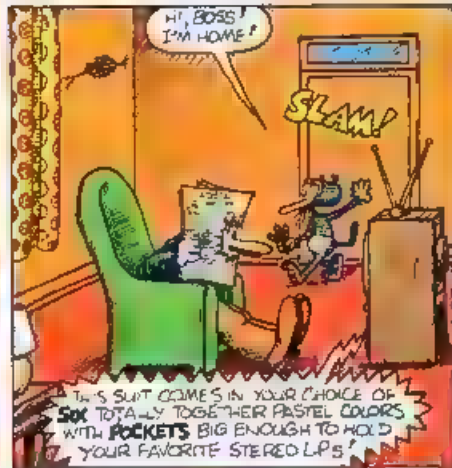


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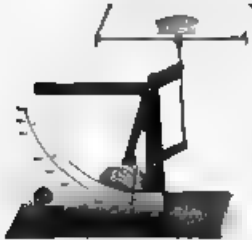
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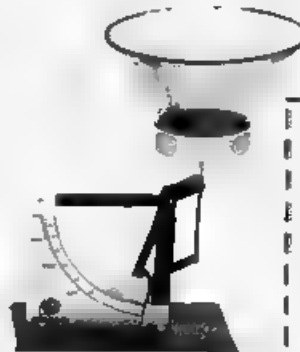
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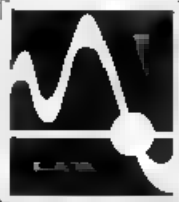
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Indians Battle to Get Child Custody Rights

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Congress has passed a new Indian Child Welfare Act that prohibits Utah authorities from routinely resettling Indian children in white households. All Indian custody cases are to be given over to the native tribal councils. The bill was initiated by Senator James Abourezk after years of complaints by Indians that the Mormon church was exterminating their culture by methodically placing Indian orphans in Mormon households and bringing them up as Mormons.

Utah adoption authorities concede that 20 times more Indian fosterlings have been placed in white households than the other way around, but suggest that this is only because whites are generally much better off economically than Indians. Critics insist, though, that the effective deculturing of Indian children through the foster setup is the Mormon church's way of carrying out the peculiar dictates of the *Book of Mormon*,

which strongly urges that most Indians should be converted to the faith of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

The "First Book of Nephi" in the *Book of Mormon* explains that most American Indians are the descendants of one Laman, son of a Middle Eastern patriarch named Lehi, who migrated to America from the Holy Land in Old Testament times. The sons of Laman—Lamanites—"became a dark, and loathsome, and a filthy people, full of idleness and all manner of abominations," declares the Mormon holy book. However, the next Book of Nephi guarantees that if the Lamanites will only convert to Mormonism, "scales of darkness shall fall away from their eyes, and many generations shall not pass away from them, save they shall be a white and a delightful people." (It should be explained that all this was communicated to Joseph Smith one night in upstate New York in

1827, by an angel who gave him golden plates to read, and magic eyeglasses with which to read them.)

While the church's power to resettle Indian foster children through state adoption agencies has been greatly stemmed by the Abourezk bill, a special provision in it entitles Utah to keep its Student Placement Program. Through this setup, Indian children are allowed to stay with Mormon families nine months out of the year, while they're in school. The families pay for the children's food and medical expenses as well as for transportation to and from the reservations. Since 1954, some 25,000 Indian children have passed through the placement program, and Utah officials are proud that Brigham Young University currently has 500 Indian students—more than any other campus in the USA. The dropout rate among Indian freshmen, however, is 50 percent.

Jogging Kills Pushy People

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Another great benefit of jogging has been discovered: it kills some of the most unpleasant sorts of people around. Whatever special health benefits it may confer, jogging seems decidedly hazardous to people with what psychologists call a "type A" aggressive, authoritarian personality. Type-A people are intensely competitive, bossy and impatient. Usually they are male, with a frantic compulsion to conspicuously excel at everything they put their hands (or feet) to. These people also have a 30 percent higher statistical risk of heart failure than other people, so that when they take to jogging, their chances of survival notably decrease.

Heart attack isn't the most cardinal risk facing compulsive joggers, though. Persons physically predisposed to developing ailments like shin splints, water on the knee, "jogger migraine" and so on will undoubtedly develop them through jogging. If the individual then feels compelled to carry on bravely in typical type-A fashion—competing with his or her own pain—serious permanent complications can develop. Admits Dr. George Sheehan, one of jogging's most voluble national promoters, "We have no way of knowing when a runner is exactly at peak and therefore only a razor's edge from disaster."

Of course not everyone attracted to jogging is a compulsively authoritarian maniac—in fact, a lot of joggers are only bullied into it by the type-



Over-joggers: "a razor's edge from disaster."

A people around them. Young execs at the super-high-pressure Forbes Management Corporation here typically get snotty notes on their desks if they're seen doing anything besides

jogging during lunch hours.

"Jogging is certainly beneficial within certain limits," counsels Dr. Richard Schwartz, a University of Maryland cardiologist. "But once you get beyond four or five minutes, you're talking about ego rather than physical fitness." In the matter of reducing heart risks—the fad's most-touted supposed benefit—excessive jogging decidedly gets into health overkill. A basic half hour of "vigorous physical activity per week," says the British journal *Lancet*, "is associated with 'protection' against coronary artery disease."

Stanford University research shows that about the best a person can do on his or her own to reduce heart risks—by about 65 percent, tops—is to burn off 6,000 extra calories per week: three hours of biking or running, five hours of walking or approximately 2.5 hours of good sex.

Not surprisingly for such an authoritarian fad, a jogging backlash already seems to be developing. Dr. Ray Roseman, a San Francisco cardiologist, calls it all "a miserable post-collegiate athletic travesty that has already killed scores, possibly hundreds." Famous folks who dropped dead while running last year include Maryland representative Goodloe Bryan, 49, U.S. Chamber of Commerce economist Carl Madden, 58; aerospace engineer Keith Kerney, 43; lawyer Francis Murphy, 61—and the head of the Miami Heart Institute himself, Dr. Robert Summers, 55.

California Forest is a "Living Museum"

SHASTA TRINITY NATIONAL FOREST, CALIFORNIA—This immense tract of wilderness appears to be as absolutely untouched as any spot on the North American continent, but U.S. Forest Service rangers are discovering that in fact it serves as a living museum of American history. Forest Service field archaeologist JoAnne Baxter with assistants Anne Carlson and Donna Kerrigan, routinely explores deep-woods tracts of the Shasta preserve to check for human artifacts before the sections are leased for timber working.

Time and again they come across scenes that are like flash-frozen movie frames of long-forgotten history: deserted mine towns and farms, stretches of rusted railway complete with freight cars, early 1800s community cemeteries, and

tools and ritual objects left by Indians as long ago as A.D. 1200.

Following the old LaMoine logging railroad 50 miles deep into the woods, Baxter's party backpacks out from there for days at a stretch. So far they've found 16 logging campsites, 97 wooden trestles, miles of forgotten narrow-gauge railroad lines and even half a dozen nineteenth-century freight cars standing in the forest. Last summer, an old cowboy led Baxter on horseback to a complete 1890s mine town: general store, post office and cabins all still standing along with a huge stamping mill full of massive, rusted iron machinery.

Artifacts of Indian origin are rare, mostly hunting tools and campfire remains indicating

that the forest was mainly exploited for game by transient hunters for the last 800 years. One of the grimmer Indian artifacts, though, is barely a century old: a stand of tall pine with huge gashes chopped deep into the trunks. Explains Baxter: "Ethnographers have documented that a group of Wintu Indians, forced from their traditional village sites by white settlers in the 1850s, took refuge in this part of the forest. Trapped here during a severe winter, they were without food and ate the soft inner bark to stave off starvation."

A plaque should mark the spot, she suggests, telling tourists the significance of the mutilated trees. "I think it's important for campers frying their bacon in this area to realize what happened here because of man's inhumanity to man."

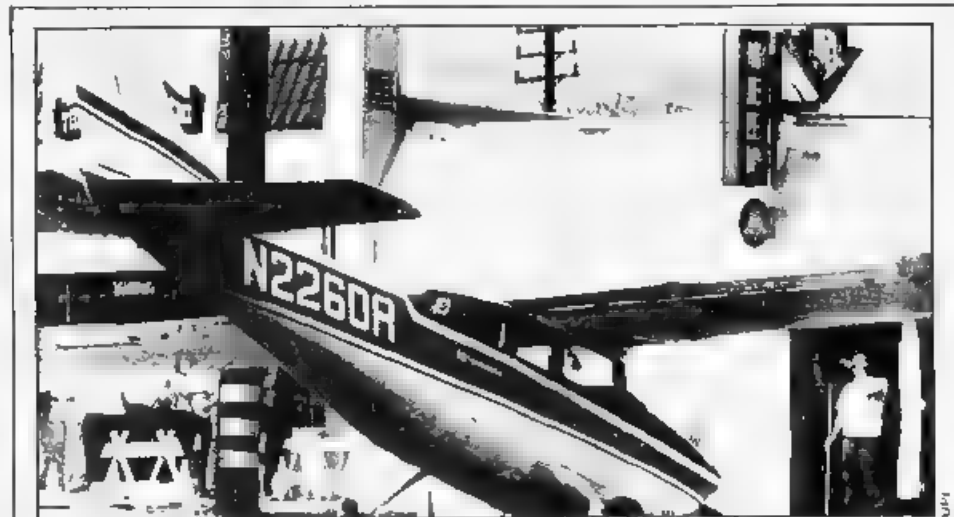
Pentagon Considering Draft Revival

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Selective Service has been in what's called "Deep Standby" since President Nixon abolished the draft in 1974, but the Pentagon is making ominous noises about reviving it. According to General David Jones, the current all-volunteer army would be difficult to "mobilize" in the event of a crisis. He says that due to "a lot of problems" involved in handling volunteer soldiers, it takes "about 110 days before the first recruit comes aboard in a crisis."

General Jones is calling for a nationwide

reexpansion of the Selective Service bureaucracy—currently comprising only 96 employees in Washington—and a new Pentagon program to

enlist and examine boys when they turn 18 and keep regular tabs on their movements, employment and health and marital status afterward.



Unfazed eight-baller in Lomita, California, toasts pilot of Cessna whose engine conked out, forcing a bump-down nearly in the side pocket. No one was hurt.

Denture Monopoly Chomped in Oregon

PORTLAND, OREGON—Over 77 percent of this state's residents voted in favor of an initiative in the last election that permits dentures to be made and fitted in patients' mouths by "denturists"—technicians with no more than two years' training. The initiative was hotly and expensively opposed by the American Dental Association, which spent a half-million dollars on media ads and billboards urging "Don't Let Amateurs Replace Dentists." However, on a budget of less than \$75,000, Citizens of Oregon for Denturism (COD) carried the referendum by a resounding majority.

"We did it!" exulted Amy Goldstein, 82, one of COD's founders. "All we're after is to take the highly inflated profits out of false teeth. Millions of older people in America are walking around without uppers or lowers because of the high price of dentures."

In fact, the Federal Trade Commission re-

cently disclosed that nearly half of all American old people have ill-fitting or incomplete dentures, simply because they can't afford new teeth. Dentists typically charge up to \$600 for sets of dentures that they buy from laboratories for about \$120. They also charge top prices for fitting and machining the teeth, though these very simple processes can easily be done by persons with a minimum of technical training.

"Elderly people are being priced out of a necessity," charged COD coordinator Julie Williamson, 39, pointing out that improper dentition aggravates many of the stomach ailments from which old people commonly suffer. "Many senior citizens in Oregon and across the country are buying their dentures from black-market dental labs."

In Oregon now, however, denturists will be able to provide the whole service, only much more economically.



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Weapons Bazaar—The Electronic Battlefield of the Future

by Jon Stewart and John Markoff
Pacific News Service

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA—"I see battlefields on which we can destroy anything we can locate through instant communications and the almost instantaneous application of highly lethal firepower.... No more than ten years should separate us from the Automated Battlefield."

That futuristic vision of war was enunciated nine years ago by General William C. Westmoreland. Prodded by technological experiments taking place even then in Vietnam, and by unforeseen breakthroughs in the computer field, the general's vision has become a reality slightly ahead of schedule.

A glimpse of that reality has been provided in recent months by a series of industry and government sponsored "arms bazaars" held in Washington, Las Vegas and Anaheim, California.

The Washington exposition, which trotted out the latest in tanks, helicopters and guns, was by far the most awesome. But the October Las Vegas convention of electronic warfare (EW) experts, known as the Association of Old Crows, and the November 14-16 Anaheim Military Electronics Expo (held in the shadow of Disneyland's towering plastic mountain), were the most revealing. For as General Westmoreland predicted nearly a decade ago, the computer has assumed the front line of both defense and offense for any future American war.

"We cannot afford to confront the Soviets on an equal footing with manpower, with tanks, with ships or with planes," said Robert daCosta in an interview at the Anaheim exhibit. DaCosta is publisher of Military Electronics/Countermeasures, one of three trade journals now serving the industry.

"But we can leverage our dollars into high technology areas, to build better computers, better micro-processor chips, and to keep ourselves secure without having to invest all our money in bombs, bullets and things that kill people."

An air-force electronic-warfare training commander echoed the words of Dick Tracy in an off-the-record interview. "The guy who gains control of the EMS (electromagnetic spectrum) is the guy who will win World War III."

Training of EW officers, he said, is increasing at a fast pace, and virtually all military aircraft are now provided with at least some electronic warfare gadgetry for playing "neat little tricks" on the enemy.

The tiny silicon chips, the intricate printed circuitry, the cable connectors, optic fibers, pulsating lasers and blinking red and green video display screens at the Anaheim expo looked as innocuous and harmless as the video games at Disneyland across the street.

Yet the products displayed by the 200 corporate exhibitors at Anaheim constitute the tiny subsystem components of larger systems that combine to produce the mind-boggling weapons and communications devices of the electronic battlefield. They are the nuts, bolts and genius of an awesomely destructive fighting capability.

Many of the products displayed have possible civilian applications as well as military ones, and some are actually fun to play with. Siliconix Corporation of Santa Clara, California, displayed a computer that responds to voice commands and directs a remote-control toy car. Voice-recognition computers, according to the

company, will eventually be used in fighter jets to give pilots greater flexibility.

Another device for the cockpit of the future will free pilots from even having to aim at enemy aircraft. All they will have to do is look at their target. A tiny laser beam, aimed into the pilot's eyes, will reflect the angle of vision back to a computer and automatically aim the missiles at the target.

Martin Proudlux, representative of Britain's Optic Electronics Corporation, allowed reporters to play with his "covert binocular communications system." It consists of a standard pair of military binoculars outfitted with an infrared transmitter/receiver over which a user can look at and speak to another similarly equipped person up to a kilometer away. Since the voice travels only along a narrow infrared beam, the system is "highly secure" against unwanted eavesdroppers, said Proudlux.

To a great extent, outer space will be the battlefield of the future. While the development of laser and particle-beam weapons in space is the most dramatic example of the electronic battlefield, there are equally impressive developments in complex new communications systems. The McDonnell-Douglas exhibit in Anaheim displayed a new space laser-communications system designed to be operational by 1985. When in use, the satellite laser system will link

military headquarters with ships, aircraft and submarines, providing what the company claims will be a virtually unjammable, secure and instantaneous communications link.



Michael Russo of Princeton University rubs noses with Draco, his pet python. "Medusa Mike" claims that the serpent hardly ever leaves his side, an obvious lie.

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This killer whale has survived on the Pampa Colorado in Peru for 1,500 years. Now it is doomed by water

Rainmakers Erasing "Chariots of the Gods" Signs

NAZCA, PERU—The huge and mysterious figures inscribed onto the Nazca plains over 1,500 years ago are being rapidly destroyed by modern industrial pollution. The drawings, described as "UFO landing strips" and "space god portraits" in popular books such as *Chariots of the Gods*,

are in imminent danger of being washed away by man-made rains.

Some 30 animal figures on the Pampa Jumana Colorado, representing dolphins, monkeys, spiders and reptiles, are believed to have been carved into the arid ground between A.D. 300 and

800 by an unknown nation of Indians. The images were painstakingly created by scraping lines of pebbles away from the white chalky ground beneath, and the designs created were invisible from ground level. The very existence of the giant petroglyphs was unsuspected in modern times, until twentieth-century aviators rediscovered them, unchanged and crisply outlined after centuries of oblivion.

But now the Nazca sacred figures are rapidly disappearing, doomed to complete erasure within a decade, according to their chief investigator, mathematician Maria Rieche. Since the 1920s, Rieche has dedicated her life to studying Nazca. She has determined that certain of the Nazca geometrical designs function as astronomical indicators of the sun's rising point at the spring and autumn solstices and that the animal images represent constellations that presided over seasonal religious feasts and fasts. But recently she has also discovered that after nearly two millennia, man-made climate changes are bringing rain to the Pampa Jumana Colorado for the first time, gradually obliterating the chalk lines forever.

"This area was once considered one of the driest on earth," explains Rieche. "But now it rains about a half hour each year, which makes the future of the lines uncertain. If the rain continues, the lines will probably be gone within ten years. Plants may even begin to grow on the pampas."

The source of the rain is a very minor alteration in the Nazcan environment, brought about by the Pan American Highway—one lane of which cuts through the tail of a 500-foot-long alligator figure here—and an iron smeltery nearly 30 miles south. Between them, the road and the iron plant release enough carbon monoxide into the air to make the overhead cirrus clouds dump a little of their moisture en route from the Pacific to the Andes. This has never happened before, yet Rieche's warnings to the Peruvian Center for Research and Conservation of Cultural Property have been met with an official shrug. According to the center's director, Hugo Linada, the entire world climate is currently changing.

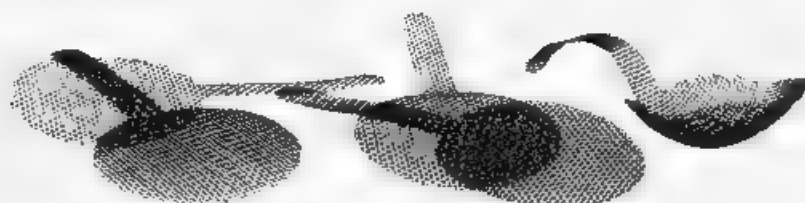
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Mexican Women Combat Sexual Violence

by Julia Preston, Pacific News Service

MEXICO CITY—Two recent rape cases in Mexico City have revitalized a floundering women's movement and generated a new and unexpected concern among justice officials about sexual violence against women in this country.

In December 1977, a drunken acquaintance of Cecilia Gonzalez, a 22-year-old university student, broke into her apartment and threatened at knife point to rape her. She pulled a pistol, and in the ensuing struggle the gun fired and killed the man.

The case attracted the attention of about 15 feminists, who set up a 24-hour watch at the jail where Gonzalez was in custody and proclaimed that the issue at stake was a woman's right to defend her sexuality. In a matter of days, six feminist groups previously divided by political differences had formed the Coalition of Women and attracted further support from labor and political groups.

About a week later, the judge, accepting the defense argument that the man's movements set off the gun, granted Gonzalez "unconditional liberty." His ruling that Gonzalez acted within her rights to defend her "sexual liberty" against violent attack is considered by feminists to be an important advance in a country where machismo is considered a proud expression of a man's national identity.

The coalition believes that their estimate of an average of 80,000 rapes each year in recent years is increasing.

In June 1977, Guadalupe Sanchez de Moreno, a 32-year-old primary school teacher, was forced into a car by three drunken men on the National University campus. One raped her while the others held her down, breaking her arm.

They were interrupted by university night-watchmen. The three identified themselves to police as "porros," student strongmen who are retained and protected by political interests within the university faculty and administration and sometimes the police.

The presence and publicity provided later in the case by the coalition was as significant for the judge as the victim. Federal District Criminal Court judge Rosalinda Serrano de Caneras said that, during the course of the case, investigating agents admitted testimony from false witnesses and withheld medical evidence. The nightwatchmen contradicted their original testimony. And two brothers of one of the accused, claiming to be police agents, barged into the judge's chambers and threatened her.

The coalition not only gave its support for Sanchez but for the judge. After decreeing sentences of nine years or more imprisonment for each of the three men, Judge Serrano said, "This is the first time in my professional career when I did not feel completely alone in trying to ensure sexual self-determination for Mexican women."

Mexican law does not provide for damages for rape. Though Sanchez reported memory lapses and other psychological and physical disorders, she was awarded only \$9 in damages for loss of personal property. To publicize the need for fairer laws and consistent prosecution, she agreed to describe her case—the first Mexican woman to do so—on national television.

The following day, the federal district attorney for Mexico City, Augustin Alanis, bowed to the pressure of the coalition for improved han-



Putting machismo on the run.

dling of rape cases and ordered "discreet and careful" treatment by trained professionals for rape victims, thorough investigation and vigorous prosecution of sexual crimes and the suspension of bail for men convicted of rape. He also announced his intention to promote revisions in the existing laws, including stiffer sentences, and

he invited the coalition to present proposals. Now his office has begun to direct rape victims to the coalition for counseling.

The Coalition of Women and its support groups encompass a relatively small number of women, but their beliefs span those of nonfeminist leftists to moderate, radical, socialist and lesbian feminists. Amidst this diversity, however, there is agreement that the Gonzalez and Sanchez cases opened a new stage in the life of the movement.

"It's not the same to be a feminist in theory as it is to begin to live through all the dirt that is done to women," said Esperanza Bnto of the National Women's Movement. "The movement has been humanized, and suddenly we have learned to respect each other's differences. We can see that though there are still few of us, together we get things done."

This was not always so. Feminism in Mexico began to stir in 1971, but it wasn't until 1976—the year the International Women's Conference was held in Mexico City—that a first coalition was formed to promote freedom of choice in having abortions.

"We have come to feel that in Mexico it will be difficult to turn women out in the street to demand free and legal abortion," said Susana Vidales of the socialist Women's Collective. "But rape and woman battering are issues Mexican women feel, and we can talk about them anywhere. So we've opted to push all three at once."

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Germany Grabs Energy Pie in the Sky

COLOGNE, WEST GERMANY—This country currently leads the rest of Europe in the development of solar energy, with over 500 companies producing and installing solar heating units in homes and industries. Even though Germany gets less than half the amount of "useful" sunlight that North America does, an advanced solar-design project at the massive new sports palladium here is so technologically promising that the U.S. Department of Energy is underwriting a share of the costs through 1980 in return for a share of the research data.

The palladium is a functioning athletic complex that also serves as a working model for solar-development theories, with over 200 data-collection points being continually monitored by scientists. The four open-air pools are heated from May to September by 1,000 solar collection panels in the 16,000 square feet of overhead roof space; this produces over 300,000 kilowatts of power and conserves nearly 300,000 liters of oil. Another 80 panels in 1,070 square feet of roof provide year-round heat for the shower system. At night, the pools are covered with plastic, conserving 40 percent of their heat.

Thus, while Germany receives insufficient sunlight to make electricity generation feasible through existing solar collection facilities, the conversion of light into direct thermal energy will hopefully reduce this country's dependence on imported oil fuel by over half before 1990.

West Germany was particularly hard struck

by the 1973-74 Arab oil boycott and since then has been conducting crash programs in developing solar energy, in both private and public sectors. Recently 23 of the top German private solar firms incorporated loosely as the Bundesverband Solarenergie (BSE) with the intention to "promote cooperation with other countries"—i.e., to export advanced solar-energy technology to underdeveloped nations, most of which also were deeply shaken by the OPEC oil blockade.

While Research and Technology Minister Volker Hautt says the government is still highly "cautious" about claims made for solar energy, BSE representatives are visiting "out-of-the-way

places" around the world, suggesting new solar schemes. While short on most other usable energy resources, underdeveloped countries around the equator enjoy plenty of sunlight. BSE companies are currently developing electricity-converting solar apparatus that can run irrigation systems, desalinization and water-purification plants, and long-distance communications over wild and uninhabited terrain.

Last year, German solar-energy industries made \$60 million in domestic sales alone. If the BSE develops export markets as rapidly as anticipated, solar energy could make sun-starved Germany one of the world's richest sunlight exploiters of the 1980s.



Saturday-night fever in Dublin: a cast of authentic pickled Irishmen recreates an 1820s "penny line," where for a penny guys could dry out after intense drinking bouts. It's for *The Great Train Robbery*, a film about the world's first-ever railroad heist.

Englishman Roller Skates up 200-Foot Cliff

KESWICK, BORROWDALE, ENGLAND—"The real reason I am wearing boxing gloves," Ray McHaffie called down to the gaping crowd 20 stories directly below him, as he neared the crest of the treacherous Shepherd's Crag rock face near here, "is to keep the chalk off me fingers!" He didn't explain the roller skates just then.

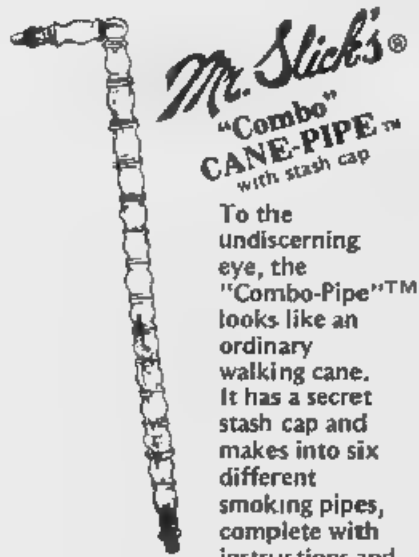
McHaffie's "chalk" reference was a direct slap against some young Lake Country rock climbers who lately have taken to dusting their fingers with chalk to get a better grip on the stone. As a rock-climbing punist, self-taught as a boy on the hundreds of sheer granite cliffs around this area—where demonologist Aleister Crowley came regularly for breakneck recreation back in the '20s—McHaffie has an absolute contempt for all "artificial" aids to climbing, particularly steel pegs and piton grips. Now a professional guide and instructor, McHaffie, 44, regularly snaps paralyzed climbers out of their fear, hundreds of feet above certain death, by bellowing, "Don't worry! I can climb this wearin' bloody roller skates and boxing gloves!"

It was to prove this boast that McHaffie scaled Shepherd's Crag, officially rated a "very difficult climb," precisely so handicapped, lashed only to one amateur and extremely frightened photographer. Not until about halfway up the

perpendicular massif did McHaffie assure the photog that he'd done the same thing "as a young and reckless lad of about 20" to win a £20 bet from a Welsh sawyer. "I reckon I've been up this climb about 7,000 times," he finally explained as they eased up over the final crest, "so I know every bloody inch of her."

Over a few pots of stout later in a local pub, McHaffie loudly and at length deplored the ever increasing numbers of leftover pegs and pitons he encounters nowadays around the historic Lake District cliffs, which were unblemished of all such artificialities until a few years ago. As a glaring example, McHaffie described his unprecedented winter ascent of the formidable Eagle Crag at Burkeness Coombe, Buttermere, in 1962, an adventure he's reaved colorfully in taverns all around the world.

The most hazardous part of McHaffie's climb was a long horizontal traverse across a perpendicular ice sheet, his fingers blue and numb, the wind tearing at his parka, the abyss yawning 300 feet beneath. His outraged exclamation, when he finally scrambled off the ice to find a steel piton protruding from a nearby rock, is legend among climbers. "What lousy coward," he boomed across the countryside, "put the fuckin' hole in this rock?"



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Weird Pope Reigns in Spain



Pope Gregory XVIII, patron of Franco and tortured nuns.

by Secundo Sombra

SEVILLA, SPAIN—“The Lord said ‘Habeas Papam’ and took the tiara, putting it on my head,” explains Father Clemente Dominguez of the Carmelite Order of the Holy Visage here. Currently styling himself Pope Gregory XVIII, Father Dominguez warns that the world is shortly to end but that “the Holy Spanish Crusade against communism” should be pressed with unrelenting vigor nonetheless. Blind since youth, the new counter pope is inspired regularly by visions of Jesus and various angels—as well as by an embodiment of the Holy Ghost, a preserved butterfly pinned inside a secret box—to proclaim incessant excommunications and canonizations.

“We declare that we are in the Last Times,” Gregory XVIII asserted in an early bulletin. “We are living in terrible and obscure times.” The moderation of the new Spanish government, after two generations of unrelieved fascism under Generalissimo Francisco Franco, is regarded by Gregory as a sure sign that the End is at hand. In fact he has officially made Franco into a martyred saint, along with the founder of Franco’s Falangist party, Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, who was executed by the Second Spanish Republic on the eve of the Spanish Civil War. These two eminent fascists lead a list of some 50 canonizations Gregory has bestowed. Other saints on the list include various other late anticommunist figures, plus an unusual number of medieval nuns who mutilated and tortured themselves to death for the glory of the church.

“We declare, pledging our word,” insists Gregory, “that during the whole composition of the present document, we have heard countless angels singing praises to God and playing gay trumpets of jubilation.” The same divine music has also inspired him to eternally excommunicate everyone in the current Spanish government and fulminate dire anathemas against “Muhammadans, Masons, King Henry VIII of England and the diabolic Second Spanish Republic.”

Although Gregory has considerable support from various reactionary elements in the Catholic church, he was recently kicked out of Bogota, Colombia, by Cardinal Munoz Duque for “disrespect” to official church figures.

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Anti-Semitic Pageant Scheduled for 1980



Oberammergau, where the famous "Passion Play" has been presented every decade since 1633.

OBERAMMERGAU, WEST GERMANY—Next year's production of the celebrated Oberammergau Passion Play will stick with its 100-year-old blatantly anti-Semitic text, rejecting a painstaking revision. The famous Oberammergau festival has been held every ten years since 1633, when the Black Plague that ravaged Europe "miraculously" passed over this suburb of Munich. Every decade, the local villagers produced a play, which portrays the life of Jesus from the Nativity through the Crucifixion and Resurrection. In 1860, during a resurgence of violent Bavarian nationalism, parish priest Father Alois Dausenberger composed the "standard" text, which blames the Jews for murdering Jesus.

Over a half-million people from all over the world attended the 1970 production at Oberammergau, and a million were turned away. Viewers of the 93 all-day performances mainly complained that it was immoderately gaudy—"a creaking Cecil B. DeMille spectacular" wrote one critic, "only longer"—while others were

deeply shocked and offended at its obsessively anti-Semitic portrayal of King Herod and the Pharisees. "The whole idea is based on the idea

When several international religious organizations threatened to boycott the 1980 play, Benedictine scholar Father Ferdinand Rossner was commissioned to re-create the original seventeenth century text as closely and authentically as possible. The Rossner version, hauntingly beautiful in rhymed couplets with a minimum of anti-Semitism, was to have been presented in 1980.

However, in the last regional Bavarian elections, conservative Social Democrats gained an overwhelming majority of the Oberammergau Town Council seats and promptly voted to reinstate the 1860 Dausenberger version. Currently, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, head of the Bavarian Diocese, is weighing whether to impose the Rossner version on the festival, in contradiction of the Oberammergau Town Council's democratic decision.

Arab Kids "Slaving" for Israeli Chiefs

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL—Ariel Sharon, minister of agriculture and former defense chief credited with winning the 1973 "Yom Kippur War," was accused in parliament here recently of violating his own department's policy on child labor exploitation. Although by Israeli law no child younger than 16 can be legally employed at manual labor, Member of Parliament Abraham Katz charged that Minister Sharon like many other influential Israelis with extensive fruit plantations in the occupied Gaza Strip, imports daily busloads of Palestinian children to work on his personal farm.

Sharon's response to this accusation in the Knesset (parliament) was to display photographs, taken by his personal intelligence staff, that allegedly show Arab children building a barn on MP Katz's own Gaza Strip orange farm. The illegal employment of Palestinian children both in the occupied territories and in Tel Aviv itself, is rarely challenged in this country. Many children as young as eight and ten find regular employment in farms and factories, where many are given familiar Israeli names by their employers, who thus avoid paying unemployment or social security taxes on the Arab youngsters.

Last year the commander-in-chief of the Tel Aviv police force himself declared that without Arab child labor in basic industries the Israeli economy would collapse.



The original source of conflict at Narita Airport—mainly the eviction of poor farmers during the construction of the giant airstrip complex—has been nearly forgotten in the year it's been open.

Narita Riots Stay Bloodless

NARITA, JAPAN—Police still regularly clash with mobs of demonstrators at this colossal airport city, but despite the spectacular violence that ensues, few people get hurt on either side.

Thus lack of injuries can be largely accounted for by the fact that both sides, police and demonstrators, are highly disciplined and equally outfitted with helmets, shields, body armor, gas masks and batons. Japanese police do not wear gun holsters around their waists but black or brown belts in judo and kendo. Gunfire on either side would be unthinkable in Japan,

which has the lowest homicide rate of any industrialized nation.

In Tokyo, a city of 12 million, there were 169 murders in 1973. In New York, with 10 million people, 1,739 murders occurred that year. In the United States at large, 233 people were killed in civil disturbances between 1967 and 1973 alone, since 1959 in Japan only four people have died during riots or protests. Even the half-dozen organized mobs that continually shoot each other up over the dope and vice rackets refrain from using firearms against the police.

Bionic Whale Rescues Japanese Dolphins

TAJIMA BAY, JAPAN—The Japanese tuna industry is currently working on systems, including a killer whale dummy equipped with quadrasonic sound, to frighten dolphins away from their fishnets. After over 1,000 dolphins were killed in a single fishing expedition off Iku Island in 1976, the international outcry was so great that then-prime minister Takeo Fukuda called for immediate research to prevent further such atrocities.

In the most promising experiment to date, a fiberglass replica of a 40-foot killer whale was towed into a roped-off enclosure here, on the southern tip of Honshu, where 15 dolphins had been corralled. The dolphins paid no attention to the whale dummy, until naturalists began broadcasting from within it the hunting cry of a

hungry killer whale, taped in quadrasonic stereo in a Toronto aquarium. Amplified 100 times louder than normal, the cry—a plaintive wail in a deep bass tone—threw the dolphins into a wild panic. They immediately grouped into a tight defensive circle, lashing the water with their tails and squawking in terror.

According to Shunichi Yajima, research coordinator, the dolphins promptly relaxed when the cry was switched off and ignored the \$20,000 fiberglass whale as before. Yajima speculates that broadcasting killer hunting cries from fishing boats would alone be sufficient to drive dolphins away from the nets. He is also currently taping dolphin distress cries, hoping that they would further serve to panic the animals.



This Japanese "starecrow" shark—a \$20,000 replica of a killer whale—turned out not to alarm dolphins the least bit. But its farnished hunting cry makes 'em turn tail and head for Hawaii, which is much healthier for them than fishing nets.

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Disney World of Tokyo to Open in 1982

URAYASU, JAPAN—Disney World of Tokyo is tentatively scheduled to open here, nine miles east of the main city, in 1982. It will be the first overseas park from Walt Disney Productions (WDP), and currently the Disney people stand to get a 10 percent equity share in the proceeds,

expected to top \$185 million in the first year.

Tokyo's Disneyland is the fruit of four years of sometimes bitter negotiations between WDP and the Oriental Land Company, Inc.—a front firm for Mitsui Real Estate Developing and the Keisei Railway Company. Disney Productions

reportedly was holding out for a much larger royalties package, until labor and construction rate rises, coupled with the fall of the dollar, caved them in. Now Oriental Land will put up most of the \$300-million construction fee and reap most of the Duck-and-Mouse profits.

China Welcomes Yankee Pigs

CANTON, CHINA—The first commercial U.S.-to-China flight landed here not long ago, bearing 400 Illinois breeding hogs. Days later, another 400 prime Midwestern stud swine were flown into Shanghai International, opening up a prospective \$1.5-billion per-year general Chinese import trade for American suppliers.

Brokers for the landmark pork deal were Skylift International of Redondo Beach, California, who moved the pigs from their Bloomington sties to China via Airlift International planes out of Miami. "Our company has been dealing with the Chinese from Australia and Hong Kong for the last two years," brags Skylift president

Ray Vidal. "We tend to think we're a year or two ahead of the competition." Hauling swine and other much needed American produce to China's one-billion population, Skylift stands to garner a handsome chunk of future profits.

The virtual normalization of U.S.-China trade, extinct since 1948, was not accomplished without "a little bit of hassle" among the U.S. departments of State and Agriculture and the Chinese themselves, says Vidal. As for regular passenger flights into China, "We can see that coming down the road," he declares. "If we left it up to the State Department, it would be another ten years."

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Africa

Amin's Brit Brute Avows Islam



Englishman Bob Astles displaying tribal marks on his face. When Idi Amin asks, "Have a scar?" people usually accept.

KAMPALA, UGANDA—President Idi Amin's right hand henchman, Englishman Bob Astles, has evidently been forced to adopt Islam as the price of maintaining his influential government position. Recently, in his rare public appearances around this capital city, Astles has shown up with tribal scars incised in his cheeks—scars similar to those worn by Muslim tribespeople in the southern Sudan. Amin himself was born into such a Sudanese tribe, before rising to the Ugandan presidency by a 1971 coup that toppled former president Dr. Milton Obote.

Astles, a Cockney accented Englishman from Ashford in County Kent, has always been Amin's most influential adviser. It was Astles, a former British Army vet who in 1966 coordinated Amin's attack on the capital of Uganda's majority tribe, the Baganda. Astles personally reconnoitered the tribal palace and planted guns inside it, which Amin later produced as evidence that the Baganda were "plotting a rebellion." When Astles subsequently leaked the setup to the press, President Obote got the blame for it, and the scandal led directly to his overthrow by Amin.

As an untitled adviser to Amin he styles himself an "odd-jobs man"—Astles has been instrumental in implementing unrelenting horrors and atrocities. As a Sudanese Muslim by birth, Amin's grip on Uganda's Christian/pagan population is mainly maintained by troops imported from his home tribe, controlled and disciplined by Astles. In 1972 Astles set up the euphemistic "State Research Bureau"—a squad of secret police who regularly abduct people in broad daylight off the streets, stuffing them into car trunks to be taken to torture interrogations from which few return alive.

"Unless you know about the running of the government, he is somewhat invisible," says an Ugandan intelligence agent of Astles. "He sees

Amin every day. He is responsible for much of the bloodshed. If you pick a quarrel with him and don't head for the hills, you are dead."

Astles's "anti-British" gestures have a decided tinge of morbid comedy. At a 1976 meeting of the Organization of African Unity in Kampala, Amin was carried out of his palace in an ornate sedan chair toled by white executives of European corporations with Ugandan subsidiaries. Under Astles's direction, the execs slavishly paid obeisance to Amin, prostrating themselves before the other African delegates. After detaining British journalist Denis Hills under threat of execution for months in 1976, causing the British foreign minister to personally beg for Hills's release in Kampala, Amin adopted the title "Conqueror of the British Empire"—another Astles brainstorm.

During the recent Uganda-Tanzania border war, Astles personally negotiated with the outraged Kenyan government to keep them from cutting off Uganda's oil supply. He also humiliated Tanzanian president Julius Nyerere, a reclusive intellectual, by challenging him to a public boxing match with 300-pound ex-paratrooper Amin to settle the war.

But even Astles has frequently fallen foul of Amin's deranged temper tantrums. At least twice in the last few years the 56-year-old Briton has been chased full tilt across Lake Victoria in speedboats full of Ugandan cops trying to murder him. Each time, though, he's returned to Kampala within weeks. There he enjoys a mansion, a fleet of speedboats and Mercedes Benzes and his beautiful wife Mary Senkatuka, Ugandan minister of culture.

Conversion to Islam may be the most particularly unpleasant experience for Astles, however. He is known to have been uncircumcised before the event. Circumcision is prescribed by Islamic law.

Soviet Youths Riot to See Boney M

On their recent ten-concert tour of the Soviet Union, the West Indian reggae-rock band Boney M caused a mass sensation unrivaled in rock history since the Beatles invaded the U.S. in 1965. Though not especially popular in the States, Boney M's Bible-influenced single "By the Rivers of Babylon" was number one in virtually every country in the world throughout the first quarter of 1978. Their unprecedented invitation to do a major tour of Russia was tendered by the Communist Youth Party itself, and the string of concerts was an absolute sellout in every city, with scalpers pulling in up to \$300 per ticket on the black market. Kids who had painstakingly inscribed the grooves from the hard-to-find copies of "By the Rivers..." onto discs made out of old X-ray plates rioted in Kiev and Leningrad when concert hall owners refused to allow standing room.

However, Soviet bureaucrats resolutely refused to let the foursome perform their new smash ballad "Rah Rah Rasputin (Russia's Greatest Love Machine)"—a tribute to the magnetic monk who sexually manipulated the noble offspring of Czar Nicholas II and might have staved off the 1917 Revolution but for his assassination. "I think it's stupid," complained soprano Marcia Barrett of the censorship afterward. "And it's not fair to the audience either, 'cause it's such a nice song and we do it so well."

Revision and Roll

Rock 'n' roll is decidedly not one of the "Western" elements the Tung hsiao-Peng regime is welcoming as it pursues its policy of drastic modernization. An editorial in the Youth Party paper Quingnian Bo recently denounced rock music at length as a corruptive, immoral cultural influence threatening righteous proletarian values, though the rock threat was not seen as coming from the West at all but from the Soviet Union.

"In a report about the state of rock and roll in various parts of the Soviet Union which was carried in the Communist Youth League newspaper," quoth the Quingnian, "it is clear how popular this thing that has prevailed in the West has become among Soviet youth today. In order to advocate and popularize rock and roll even further, this mouthpiece of Soviet youth has even begun to propagate its 'strong points,' saying that it is a recreation which can also perform an educational function. Why has this strange and crazed music been entrusted with such important educational work and become the mission of the Communist Youth League? Today in the USSR, cafes and nightclubs are glittering and attract all sorts of youths. Revolutionary idealism, hard work, noble character and living a hard life are all values that have gone out of style and aren't worth a thing. On the contrary, drunkenness, brawling, outrage at decent morals, and crimes like theft—all these things are now in vogue."

Actually, as reported in *High Times* ("Disco Invades Russia," January '79, page 109), the Soviet Youth Party paper Komsomol'skaya Pravda was specifically singing the praises of disco, not rock 'n' roll in general. Disco, with its flashy ultramaterialistic trappings and social snobbishness, has in fact taken Russia by storm over the last couple of years. Observers believe



Boney M. Soviet censors consider their hit tribute to Rasputin's sexual organs too much for Russian youth. Fans of the Bone reportedly paid scalpers up to \$300 per ticket all along the group's ten-city tour.

that the Quingnian may have been mistakenly confusing disco with the increasing popularity of hard, loud, '80s-style rock that reportedly has become fashionable at Chinese urban youth parties. The Quingnian's party hacks appear to be wholly ignorant of the wide cultural differences between the two modes of music.

Sheep Don't Love Lucy

With the approach of winter the residents of towns around New South Wales, Australia, are preparing for the annual sheep invasion all except for the television dealers. Late every autumn, the sheep migrate from the chilly outback by the hundreds of thousands, clustering into little towns like Dubbo and Cootamundra. Here they become an unmitigated nuisance for months on end, congesting the streets, eating the wash off the lines, butting children and

shitting all over everywhere, including inside houses, which they invade at every opportunity—except when the telly's on. "The only thing they don't go near is TV," explains shepherd Harry Williams. "They hate the stuff."

The Drink That Haunts

"Come Alive with Pepsi" may sound only mildly ridiculous in English, but to many foreigners the company's new slogan is downright creepy and supernatural. The Reader's Digest in Taiwan had to suspend publication of an issue midway through a print run when an editor noticed what the Mandarin characters in a Pepsi ad were claiming: "Pepsi Brings Your Ancestors Back from the Dead." And in West Germany, advertisers were depressing people for weeks on end last year, crying, "Join our 13 boards and reach to 'Come Alive out of the Grave' with Pepsi."

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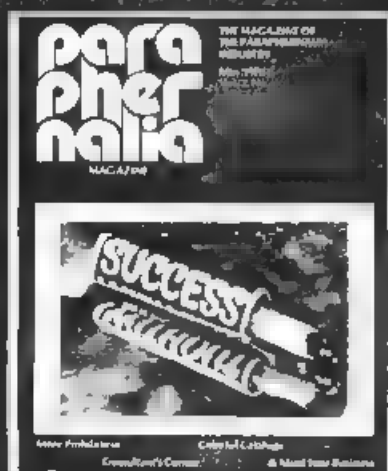
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This is the north end of Bondi Beach. If the photog had only turned around, you would've seen some great stuff.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—The traditionally puritanical Sydney City Council, in an astonishing about-face, has effectively legalized topless sunbathing here. All restrictions on bathing apparel have been officially removed at the south end of

Bondi Beach, an internationally celebrated gathering spot for surfers and vacationers. At Sydney's two other famous beaches, the police have been given orders to "tolerate" toplessness, though bikini briefs are still a must.

New Army Head Is Headhunter



Aussies Get It On with Gallstones

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—Cows' gallstones are selling at \$69 per powdered ounce as aphrodisiac preparations here. The Queensland Chemical Company is pulling in thousands from frustrated Aussies and may begin packaging the stuff under a patented brand name for export. "They work splendidly as aphrodisiacs," guarantees Queensland executive John Xavier, "and the demand is far greater than the supply."

When Captain Cook discovered New Zealand in 1771, the Maori ate a few of his crew...

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—Brian Matauri Poananga, 54, has been appointed chief of staff of the New Zealand Armed Services. He is the first native Maori ever to hold a post of national responsibility in New Zealand's white-dominated government. "The best thing I could do for my people," says Poananga, "was make a success of my profession."

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"Somewhere I read that the greatness of America is the right to protest for right!" — Martin Luther King, Memphis, 1968



Don't you think it's high time to *do something* about today's stone-age pot laws? Something more than merely writing letters to your congressperson? Ever consider that there may be more effective methods to get the point across?

Certain tried-and-true tactics that evolved during the '60s might have a more immediate effect on the minds of legislators high in government circles.

Tactics such as large-scale marijuana marches, smoke-ins and other forms of non-violent civil disobedience may hasten the total abolition of pot prohibition by a good five years. We'll never know if we don't try. After all, marijuana remains the most over-researched drug on today's market—*let's stop talking about pot and do something about it!*

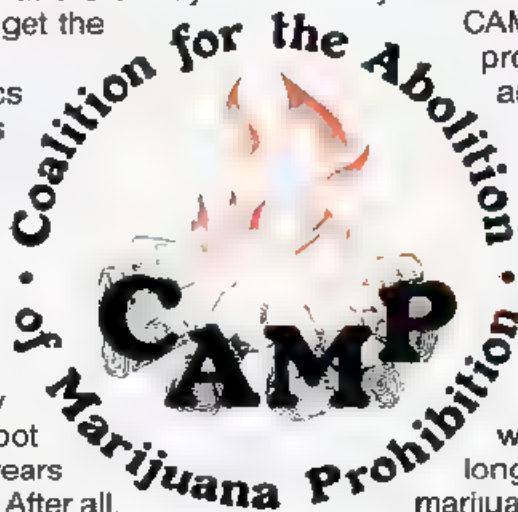
Freedom is the issue here, freedom from government interference in the private lives of 50 million pot smokers in this country today. Exercising our Constitutional rights to peacefully assemble and to protest repressive pot laws may be the decisive factor in abolition of these laws altogether.

Join our ongoing CAMPAign to demonstrate public outrage at the harmful side effects of pot prohibition to society and to

protest these laws in the streets, on the beaches and by CAMPing out at the White House every Independence Day until victory is ours.

CAMP welcomes participation by all pro-pot organizations in a program aimed at making available to the public their individual ideas and diverse approaches to the marijuanalogical phenomenon that has so thoroughly permeated all levels of contemporary society.

Join the Action Faction of today's marijuana movement and come CAMPing with us as we work nationally to achieve our long-range goal—total abolition of marijuana prohibition.



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Lab Food Gives Rats Cancer

The very food given to laboratory rats and mice by lab technicians has been found to be itself carcinogenic. Out of the nine main preparations of food routinely given to lab animals, Massachusetts Institute of Technology researchers determined that eight contain a significant amount of NMDA, a chemical known to



Rats beware! Lab technicians cause cancer

cause liver cancer in animals. Moreover, the special new formula for rats and mice that is most highly recommended by the National Institute of Health for lab research contains 52 parts per billion, average, of NMDA—by far the highest carcinogen content of the lot.

As anyone who regularly uses saccharin or shampoo undoubtedly knows by now, lab rats and mice have shown a disturbing tendency to develop cancerous conditions after being subjected to these things in large and repeated doses. In fact, lab rats in recent years have been developing cancers after exposure to an appallingly broad range of things used daily by humans.

"The presence of appreciable levels of so toxic an animal carcinogen as NMDA in the diets of laboratory animals which are being used for long-term carcinogenesis studies," note the study's authors, "represents an awkward position" for cancer researchers. Many of the animals who developed tumors in the

course of saccharin studies, for example, may have really been reacting to the lab food alone; or the NMDA may have combined with some chemical in the saccharin to generate a cancer-causing agent several times more lethal than either chemical would have been by itself.

Calcium Cure Eases Tension

One in four Americans suffers from a mild calcium deficiency caused by consuming too much meat and soda pop while neglecting milk and green vegetables. Dr. W.M. Ringsdorf, coauthor of the book *Psychodietetics*, speculates that this accounts for a good deal of the muscle tension, headaches, insomnia and general irritability that afflicts most of us. Ringsdorf recommends that people who do not eat a perfectly balanced diet would do well to take a couple of calcium tablets per day. Taken with milk, to improve its absorption into the bloodstream, the calcium tabs should do much to soothe nagging nervous symptoms.

The very best '60s LSD chemists, one dope source recalls, often dropped liquid acid onto calcium tablets.

Aspirin Heads Start at Nine Years

University researchers in Detroit, Michigan, have turned up a genuinely appalling drug-abuse statistic among youth: half the children in America, for no perceptible reason, regularly take aspirin. Kids between the ages of 9 and 11, it seems, typically begin swallowing aspirin without their parents' knowledge, until by the sixth grade at least half the kids in any given class are dropping it regularly. Perplexed interviewers were most often told by kids that they did aspirin not for pain or fever but merely "because they felt they needed one." Prolonged use of aspirin can cause chronic kidney damage, especially when it begins in childhood.

Sex-Choice Jellies Offered

If a Manchester, England, physician's new invention really works as advertised, parents may shortly be selecting the sex of their offspring over the drugstore counter. Dr. John Pollard has developed a suppository, marketed under the name "Choice," that acts as a selective spermicide. A woman merely inserts either a "boy" or a "girl" suppository before intercourse to determine whether male or female sperm cells survive the journey up through the cervix to the egg. United Kingdom marketing of Choice is due to begin next year. □

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Customs Declares Right to Revoke Privacy

The constitutional right to privacy doesn't protect people aboard boats, according to the Florida U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. The decision is seen as a broadening of federal Customs' power to stop and board seagoing vessels anywhere within the 12-mile Customs limit for document checks, whether or not there's any previous indication that such actions are necessary.

While admitting that the stoppings amount to police detention and the boardings are a clear infringement on the boaters' privacy, the court holds these inconveniences to be "only minimal" and justifiable because of the "special problems" of policing the country's navigable borders.

The decision grew out of a case in which a Customs patrol craft sighted a 37-foot sailboat, the *Topographic Oceans*, about three miles west of Miami, Florida. When several Customs crew members boarded the sailboat, one of them glanced through an open hatch and noticed a woman holding a baby and another hiding under a table. Their suspicions aroused, the Customs crew searched the hold and discovered several Haitian refugees—men, women and children—hiding there. The vessel's skipper and crew were busted for illegally transporting immigrants into the country, and the Haitians were deported.

When the smuggling crew appealed their lower-court conviction on grounds of unconstitutional search, the appeals court turned it down for a variety of reasons. Arbitrary stopping of seaborne vessels is permissible, the court ruled, because of the "special problems" of policing an imaginary nautical border where fixed points of entry don't exist. Thus the 12-mile Customs limit comprises a sort of open-air Customs shed wherein any vessel is subject to detention. This has been established by legal precedents stretching back to the First Congress of 1789. That body gave Customs broad powers at sea, using its "special insight" into Fourth Amend-

ment privacy stipulations. Once on board a vessel, Customs can initiate a full search of the craft on even the flimsiest sort of "plain view" pretext.

20 Dope Deals Make "Expert" Rat

A self-admitted grass dealer can qualify as an "expert witness" on both marijuana trafficking and botanical differences between regional cultivars of weed, says the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in Miami, Florida. The dealer in question had turned state's evidence in a grass-import conspiracy case and was testifying against his former dealing partners.

Since no grass had been seized in the case for evidence, it was important for



Pot-smoking stoolie charmed the jury

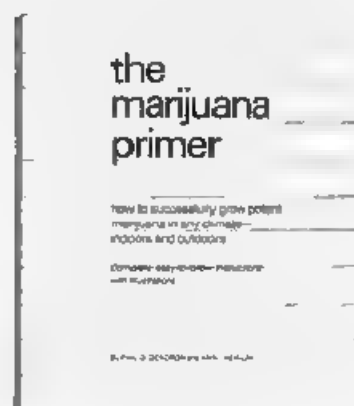
the prosecution to prove that the material involved in the "conspiracy" was grown in Colombia and imported into the U.S. The defendants had admitted to dealing grass but challenged the state to prove it wasn't homegrown.

Consequently, when the dealer was asked by the prosecutor if the dope was Colombian, the defense promptly objected. The jury was then sent out while the witness established his "expert" credentials: he estimated that he'd smoked grass over 1,000 times and dealt it 20 times. "The experience of being around a great deal of dope and smoking it" made him an expert, he claimed.

The witness said he'd been asked to identify strains of grass over 100 times and had never failed. The appearance of the dope, its smell and taste and psychoactive effect, plus its bulk packaging, were all clues to its origin. He told the defense attorney that he'd distinguished Colombian from other cultivars more than 20 times and added that Colombian grown in the States was different from native 'lombo fume.

Though the defense pointed out that the witness had never been to Colombia in his life, or seen or smoked dope there, his testimony was nonetheless presented to the jury, who brought down a guilty verdict on the defendants. ☐

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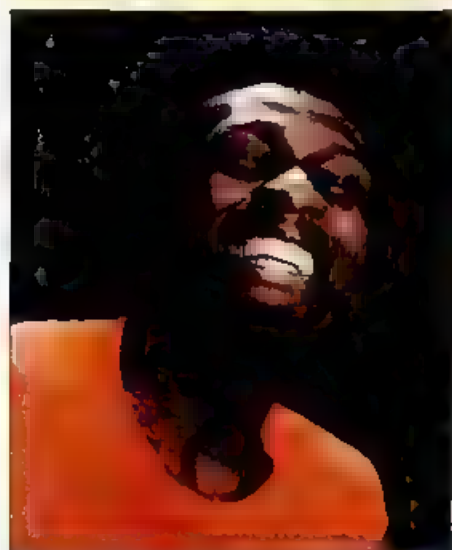
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Warner Brother's Records

Jimmy Cliff Gives Thankx

All right, 'ites, Jimmy's finally out of Lumbo and back on the scene with *Give Thankx* (Warners BSK 3240), his long awaited follow-up to the 1976 *In Concert* LP and a worthy successor to the trend-setting soundtrack from *The Harder They Come*. Even though that flick propelled Cliff to instant cult-hero status, there seemed to be a bit of a backlash operating. Cliff found it difficult to emerge from behind the shadow of Ivan, the charismatic, grass-dealing, punky reggae star he played.

Through a succession of albums (such as *Strugglin' Man* and *Unlimited*) that bombed in Babylon, Jimmy struggled to follow up his cinematic success with a sound as compelling as "Sitting in Lumbo" or "Many Rivers to Cross." And now, *Give Thankx* presents a fuller self portrait, the bad-ass ratchet-wielding Ivan giving way to the all-embracing openness of the mystical pilgrim troubadour.

But hold the Kool-Aid. This ain't no

Cliff's vision: social change will be effected by those who refuse Babylon's brainwashing and dance to the beat of a different drummer.



Warner Brother's Records

Jimmy Cliff: the Bongo Man returns to Zion.

polemical everybody-into-Montego Bay-for-Father-Jimmy lemming trip. For Cliff the messiah is the "Bongo Man," and he'll be coming with bells on.

Bongo man has come
I and I are going to Zion
And if you follow politicians
you will never come at all
And if you follow heads of churches
you will never come at all

Cliff's is a distinctly '70s vision: social change will be effected by an individual change of consciousness, by those who

refuse Babylon's brainwashing and dance to the beat of a different drummer.

Which brings us to the music. Although it ain't real roots (a suggestion that nearly caused Jimmy to swallow his spiff when we recently talked to him), Cliff has managed a synthesis of reggae, R & B and pop that complements his songs of love and individual rebellion. So what if he sounds a bit like the Spinners on a few cuts? At least it ain't Linda Ronstadt warbling about the rivers she's got to cross. For that, we must give thankx.

—Larry Sloman

Are We Not Devo?

And then there was Devo. The ultimate extension of the idea that rock 'n' roll can be anything you want it to be. What's so special about these Gladbag-clad weirdos? Are they not men? What was that? We are Devo? I'm sorry pal, I don't

understand... Repeat? I don't care how the hell it's spelled! Let me outta here!

Listening to Devo's first album effort, *Are We Not Men?* (Warners BSK 3239), one is unwillingly jolted into an unpleasant, rather irritating 40 minutes of middle-class industrial nightmares. And yet for some reason, one is irresistibly drawn to listen to yet another song. Somehow, Devo has managed to touch on

that horrifying part of the subconscious that is revealed only during a terrifying childhood nightmare. Not only do they touch on it, they dwell on it.

And who do you suppose has a hand in this celebration of strangeness in America? The original strange ranger himself, Brian Eno. (You know, the guy who looks like a bit of acid.) Eno's influence is clearly evidenced by the extraordinary

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Devo dwells on that horrifying part of the subconscious that is revealed only during a terrifying childhood nightmare.



Devo: first-generation mutations of the Strange Ranger.

lengths he takes to insert as many odd, unidentifiable noises as possible.

For all the concessions one is strained to make in the name of creativity, Devo's first album remains fascinating. It is totally different from any concept group ever (what the concept is I haven't the slightest notion). One of the most intriguing things about them is that they can never be copied, or at least I hope not.

Such lively ditties as "Shrivel Up," "Jocko Homo" and "Mongoloid" give Devo a uniqueness that I don't believe anybody would touch with a ten-foot pole.

Confidentially, I think Devo is great and though I don't think anybody (even them) can view their style seriously, I believe they will be a force to reckon with.

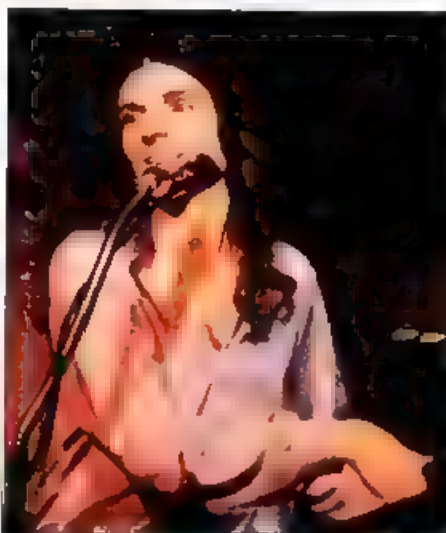
—Legs McNeil

Circuit Queen Marcia Ball

Unless you know of Marcia Ball (because you live in Austin or New Orleans or have seen her in some dirty Southeast honky-tonk along a highway), you probably haven't heard her first album, *Circuit Queen* (Capitol ST-11752), released last year. It's a good, pleasant, listenable-enough record of "long-haired country," as Marcia puts it, flavored with just the right blend of Louisiana soul and gospel R&B.

The six-foot, 30-year-old brunette grew up in the Cajun region of southwestern Louisiana. After stints in college and Canada, she moved to Austin in 1970 and took up country rock as leader of Freda and the Firedogs. As Marcia roared through five complete sets of musicians, Waylon and Willie stormed into town. She recorded a single, Patsy Montana's "I Wanna Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart," her theme song, and played all the southern clubs. Her Cajun yodel became notorious. Marcia grew in stature as the Austin "Circuit Queen."

A hand-clapping version of "Train to



Honky-tonk Cajun queen.

Dixie" on side two is followed by the title cut, a haunting ballad that best represents Marcia's vocal talent. However, the clear clean overproduced quality of the recording is unnerving. No honky-tonker from Louisiana who blossomed in the budding stage of the Austin-Outlaws connection is ever going to sound so pure, so clean, so

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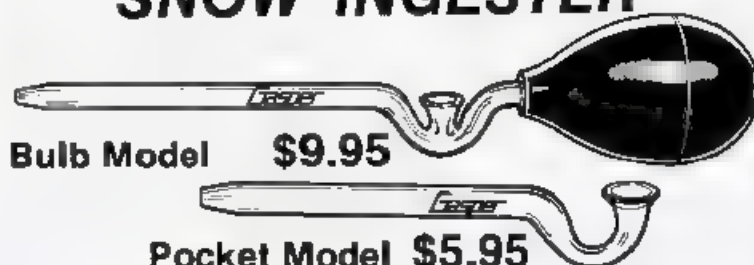
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wholesome, especially on a torcher like "Circuit Queen." Just the rasp of her voice signals to any listener that Marcia is a much tougher lady. —Janel Bladow

Thorogood's Destroyers

To avoid the trouble of grueling free auditions for club owners, George Thorogood and his band, the Delaware Destroyers, went into the studios of independent, folkie-oriented Rounder Records to cut a demo tape that would impress bar owners and East Coast promoters. But tracks were so hot that Rounder decided to immediately release an album from the roughs. Simply entitled *George Thorogood and the Destroyers* (Rounder 3013), it took everyone by surprise.

The ten songs are all recorded live (or nearly live) in raw eight track—a compilation of soul stirrers by Earl and John Lee Hooker, Elmore James and Bo Diddley, along with some Thorogood originals that fit right in. Punk rockers, new-wave proponents, college kids and guitar lovers are bound to dig Thorogood's guitar fury, backed by kick-in-the-butt bass and drums, and the surges of energy in his foghorn-raw vocals.

Onstage, Thorogood is a man pos-



Thorogood: Beantown's top rocker.

sessed releasing a vocal blast, hopping over tables, doing the shimmy and the bop, abusing his old hollow-body Gibson till it's spitting out notes like a dog defecating bottlecaps, then reverting back to a chug-a-lug rhythm that would make Keith Richards smile. And that's really where the Destroyers' strength lies: like the early Stones, Animals, Spencer Davis Group and Them, it's white boys, not imitating their idols, but rehashing their tunes until it comes out mean and hot and about as smooth as an unpaved road.

—Andy Bernstein

"I try to split the difference between having enough technique to go into tight corners musically and having enough primal madness to keep it gritty." —Rory Gallagher



Rory Gallagher: white blues guitar unlimited.

Rory Gallagher

Any way you look at it, it comes out the same. Rory Gallagher is a sensational rock and blues guitarist. On his new *Photo-Finish* (Chrysalis 1170), Gallagher is back to playing a three-piece band (guitar, bass, drums), so he is able to highlight his wizardry more than in the past. On each

of the nine cuts, his fingers fly up and down the neck of his 1961 Strat with dazzling speed and precision.

"What I try to do is split the difference between having enough technique to go into tight corners musically and having enough primal madness to keep it gritty," he says.

Gallagher has sufficiently mastered his

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(A)



(B)



(C)

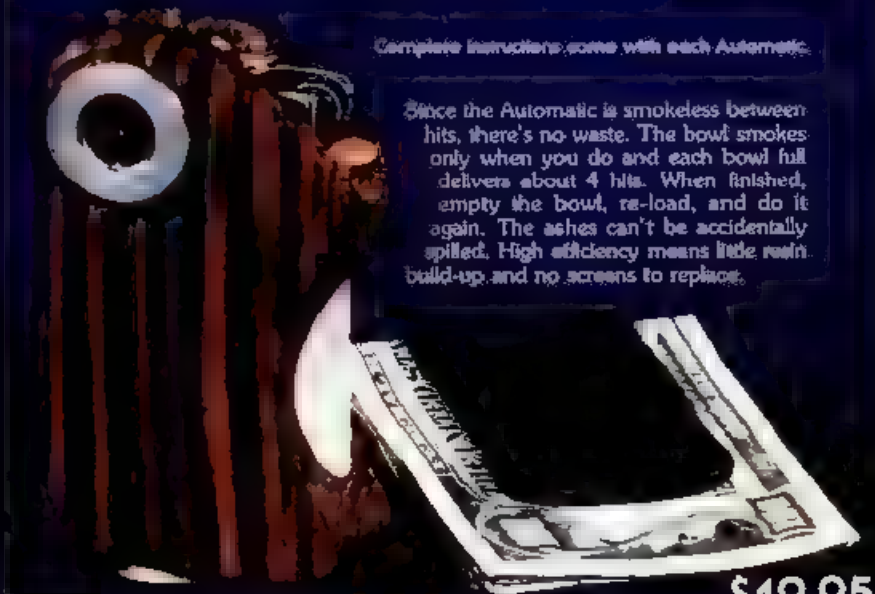


(D)

- (A) Hold the Automatic in your left hand, thumb and index finger on the brass discs. The smoking bowl is inside, between the discs.
(B) With your right hand, rotate the Automatic upward. It moves easily while the left hand holds the bowl in place. The stash cartridge loads the bowl internally with no spill or waste.
(C) Now, rotate back down for smoking. An indicator line shows the bowl is in the "ready" position. Strike the lighter, put the mouth piece to your lips.
(D) Now take one or two quick puffs to draw the flame into the "fire hold" to ignite the grass, then lift your finger from the lighter, inhale and enjoy!

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unique style to maintain consistent technique while offering variety and depth. By the end of the album's second side, listeners feel they have heard everything any guitarist can do on a six string without hearing any lick twice. Propelling things further is the spontaneous live sound of the leads. This album has the potential to become reference material for guitar fans and guitar players alike

—Charley Crespo

Stephane Grapelli

Back in Paris in the early '30s, Stephane Grapelli and his Quintet boys from the Hot Club (including Satchmo Armstrong and Django Reinhardt) wailed heavily on the new-wave jazz. The continent was seething with artists and musicians as they held court in the darkened after-hours jazz clubs and pre-Beat bistros of the Left Bank, where you could snort coke, drink bootleg absinthe and smoke opium while rubbing elbows with Cocteau, Alice B. Toklas, Sartre, Gershwin and Cole Porter.

Grapelli, now in his 70s, continues to guide and inspire the present generation of jazz fans by turning out live and



David Heite n/f/02-03

Grapelli: Left Bank survivor.

recorded performances of technical elegance and supremely cultured musical taste.

On his new album, *Uptown Dance* (Columbia JC 35415), Monsieur Grapelli collects about him seasoned session players plus some of the newer jazz talent. A trio of elder statesmen in the persons of Jimmy Rowles (piano), Grady Tate (drums) and Ron Carter (bass) works out on the standards "Baubles, Bangles and Beads" and "Angel Eyes." The newer material—reed man Tom Scott's "Shadows" and "Night Winds," a song that pianist Errol "Misty" Garner wrote for Grapelli

before his death—is covered by the gang of high-priced hit men Richard Tee, Hugh McCracken and Steve Gadd. Grapelli's cover tune, "Uptown Dance," is a seething, bubbling, showcase number that combines all of the Djangoesque guitar artistry from Le Jazz Hot with the rhythm-dominated bass feel of an L.A.-detective TV soundtrack. Hovering above these two different incarnations of the jazz spirit, Grapelli lets his violin float him to the depths of the free jazz experience, and when he really lets go, it takes off like a musical bird of flight.

—Charlie Frick

Ritual and Witchery

Africa. Witchcraft & Ritual Music (None-such H-72066), a superbly engineered album recorded mainly in Kenya by David Fanshawe, is an exotic and chilling sonic documentary about a fast vanishing



Voodoo drums—a chilling sonic documentary.

culture. It evokes in a series of cinematic flashes a primitive, fantastic, spirit-haunted world of shifting shapes and magic.

Music and medicine are combined in the practice of witchcraft so that a healing ceremony becomes associated with the soothing sound of the music, and the sounds of drums, bells, harps, marimbas and horns take on the healing power and effectiveness of medicine.

There are festive and comic scenes: a wedding ceremony (with tin drum accompaniment) as rowdy as any horn-honking parade, a marimba duet about a brazen hussy, and a put-on musical dialogue about the respective advantages of hospitals and witch doctors.

Here is a truly amazing range of music, from the incandescent sound of the single-string harp on the "Coconut Pickers Song," which conjures up the rhythm of waves and the movement of palm trees, to the buzzing, croaking sounds of the soprano bung'o player; and from the virtuoso playing of Lawrence Jakiwo (on an eight-string harp), reminiscent of calypso and Delta blues, to the absolutely terrifying noise of the witch doctor's chepkombis, which vibrates with the sinister otherworldly tones of a culture that lives intimately with demons and spirits.

—David Dalton

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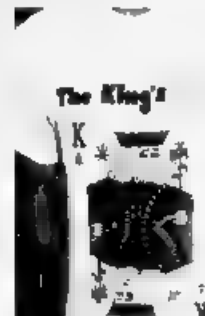
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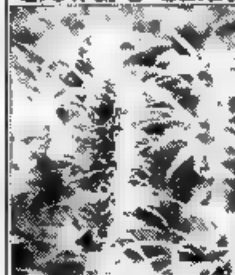
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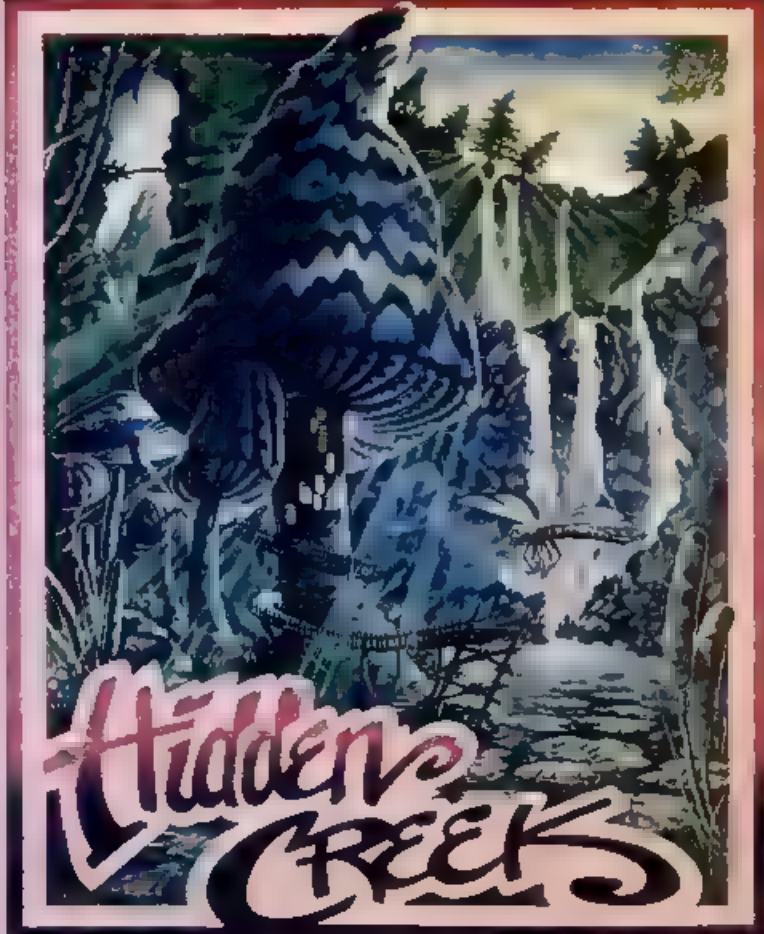
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The Great British Acid Bust

OPERATION JULIE, by Dick Lee and Colin Pratt (London: W. H. Allen, £4.95).

Dick Lee is a British detective (now working as an investigative writer in Oxfordshire) who commanded a secret task force code named Operation Julie that last year uncovered the greatest LSD ring ever discovered. The book, which is confined pretty much to the two years of undercover work that led to the arrest of 120 people, is a good read for anyone interested in LSD and its smuggling. It should also be required reading for any dealers who might happen to work in England because of the light it sheds on British police methods. In Operation Julie the police were able to seize enough clandestine



King of the British acid chemists.

acid to provide an astonishing 18,000,000 trips, they also found \$1,500,000 stashed in a Swiss bank account. The author points out that this is the first time in history that a police operation ended up in the black.

In 1974, when Lee was the head narc at a provincial police headquarters, the official view of Scotland Yard's Central Intelligence Unit (the CIU) was that LSD was no longer a big issue because not many people were taking it anymore. This didn't quite square in Lee's mind, since he kept coming across references to the drug in reports coming in about local pot festivals. His mounting suspicion was that

The JFK and Oswald assassinations add up to a CIA/Mafia job in Dealy Plaza. The Agency kills the president, the mob takes out the patsy.



Jack Ruby, CIA patsy with a Mafia contract.

Why Ruby Killed Oswald

WHO WAS JACK RUBY?, by Seth Kantor (New York: Everest House, \$8.95).

Seth Kantor, the author of *Who Was Jack Ruby?*, is an important witness in the Kennedy assassination investigations. Kantor, a Dallas newspaperman, talked to his sometime acquaintance Jack Ruby at Parkland Hospital shortly after President Kennedy was gunned down. Ruby's presence at the hospital indicated he was interested in the assassination even before the president was dead. Kantor's testimony was repudiated by the Warren Commission despite the fact that there was another witness present.

Kantor traces Ruby's career from his early youth in Chicago as a tiny cog in the national organized crime machine and examines his operations in Dallas and, as much as can be traced, in Cuba, giving us a fascinating peek into an underworld that has played an important part in aboveground political and economic events.

Kantor's conclusions are somewhat less credible, in my opinion, than his testimony. He would have us believe that there were definite connections between the Mafia and Fidel Castro and the KGB.

Who Was Jack Ruby? documents the absurdity of Ruby's killing Oswald "because he had a communistic grin on his face." In readable, understandable fashion, Kantor lists Ruby's associates and fills us in on their mob backgrounds. Kantor studies Jack's career as a payoff man beginning in 1947. He emphasizes Ruby's alleged "friendship" with the Dallas Police Department.

This book makes a significant contribution to the study of Jack Ruby, the man who had to carry out a contract on Lee Harvey Oswald after his boy Officer Tippet failed. I believe it adds up to a CIA/Mafia job in Dealy Plaza. The Agency kills the president and the mob takes out the patsy.

When Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald, a national crime syndicate member became exposed to close public scrutiny. Ruby had no idea that he would have to carry out the contract on Oswald until November 22, 1963. So his phone records, associations, movements, etc., are all highly incriminating.

—A.J. Weberman

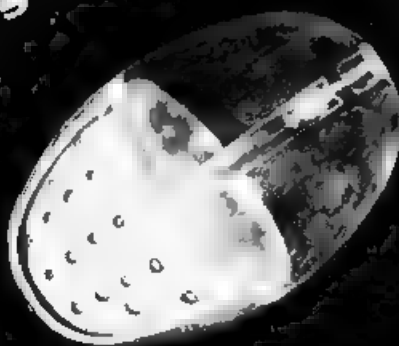
LSD was being manufactured and distributed on a much vaster scale than anyone realized.

Then he had a break. In a routine hashish bust in Reading his detectives also uncovered a small plastic bag containing 1,008 microdots. Acting on a hunch, he released one of the suspects and had him followed back to a hippie commune in Wales. From the Welsh police he got the name of another contact. And from then on his list began to grow. The

trail takes Lee to San Francisco, to a meeting with an American informer in Texas, to a chateau in France and to some Zurich banks. He also was able to mount a 24-hour-a-day observation on the chief suspects.

In the end, of course, Lee got his man—and his woman, a pretty young doctor named Christine Bott. Her boyfriend, Richard Kemp, was the chemist who allegedly made the acid. Others in the scenario include the American writer

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David Solomon, who supposedly went around Europe under an assumed name, buying up large quantities of ergotamine tartrate, an essential ingredient in the synthesis of d-LSD-25

What is most disturbing about this book, however—apart from the ease with which the British police were allowed to bug houses and cars and run taps on phones—is the length of sentence imposed on the 17 principals in the case. At the trial it was suggested that there had been some connection between the defendants and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, German terrorist groups and the English Angry Brigade. It was also said that Kemp, Bott and Solomon believed LSD would be the catalyst for a British revolution of youth.

After Operation Julie, Dick Lee pressed to set up a national narc squad, but the idea was nixed and Lee resigned. And the acid situation in Britain following the bust? Within one week the price of street acid was back to what it had always been, one pound per tab.

—Michael Hollingshead

CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, by Sabine Baring-Gould (New York: Oxford University Press, \$7.95).



Early in the last century, amid the grotesque excesses of the Evangelical Revival, a handful of level-headed professor types quietly blew to smithereens every fairy tale on which fanatic hyper Christianity then depended. Sabine Baring-Gould was one of these. Amid his enthusiastic demythologizing he also wrote the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers," to show how honestly pious he really was, down deep.

In this little book, written in 1888 he regretfully exposes the William Tell story as an A.D. 1306 revision of a chapter in the ancient Indian Rig-Veda, and he prints entire the wonderful and loony letter to the Greek patriarch Manuel Comnenus (c. A.D. 1150) that gave spurious credence to the white-supremacist myth of Prester John, Caucasian ruler of Asia and/or Africa. Ditto with the myth of the Antichrist, whose dispelling put the blocks to legions of nineteenth-century holocaust cults, and to the Wandering Jew, which was a near-fatal blow to European anti-Semitism.

One unhappy result of all this demythologizing, though, is that many of these Medieval myths fell completely out of currency and were replaced by old wives tales more modern. The lovely story of Saint Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins gave way to the notion that masturbation causes blindness, and the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus turned into Horatio Alger and his magic stock swindles. Anyone who dotes on arcana like tarot and

alchemy will love this book, and the 27 Durer woodcuts are themselves worth eight bucks.
—Dean Latimer

EASY MONEY, by Donald Goddard (New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, \$10). The



real-life model for the movie *Superfly* was Frank Matthews, allegedly the world's largest coke and smack dealer, a wild black dude who started as a mere chicken thief in North Carolina and made \$30 million by the time he

was 29. Matthews lived in New York but operated out of Florida, Georgia and 17 other states. It was his dealings in Atlanta that in 1973 prompted an Atlanta informer who called himself only 'Aquarius' to provide names, dates and places to the DEA for every state Matthews was operating out of, except for Atlanta, where the informer himself was probably operating as one of Matthews' connections. Five years later, DEA agents traced 'Aquarius' to the highest echelons of the Carter White House, and the New York Daily News claimed that informer/dealer 'Aquarius' was ex-White House dope czar Peter Bourne.

Matthews wore pink leather jackets and floor-length white mink coats, drove luxurious Cadillacs and Mercedeses and made love to well-paid, sleek black courtesans (usually two at a time), including actress Sheila Frazier, who played one of *Superfly's* women in the movie. "He mislaid one Mercedes altogether," writes author Donald Goddard in his new Matthews exposé, *Easy Money*. "[The narcs] found it months later, parked near Small's Paradise, in Harlem. Though covered in dust, it was otherwise intact. Matthews might have forgotten where he had put it, but the neighborhood had not forgotten to whom it belonged."

Easy Money is British journalist Goddard's account of Matthews's last scam, as told by George Ramos, Matthews's Cuban-American coke supplier in Miami, who took part in the \$100 million caper and ratted on Matthews to the feds to avoid 50 years' imprisonment. Ramos recounts fascinating tales about his godfather, Miguel "Scarface" Garcia, who demanded that Ramos perform weird voodoo rituals with ducks and pigeons, which infuriated Ramos's Cuban spitfire girlfriend Anna.

Goddard reveals Matthews's ruthlessness in testing whether he cut his smack with enough lactose—if the local junkie he used as a guinea pig overdosed, then Matthews knew he had to cut the scag more. Also exciting are the reports of the leading narcs who broke the case through the most breath-taking chase scenes since *The French Connection*.

—Harry Wasserman

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Specify white pine, redwood, pine/redwood striped or redwood/pine striped. Send check or money order to Rock Island Woods Ltd., P.O. Box 396, Rock Island, IL, 61201, (309) 794-1190. Allow 2-3 weeks delivery.



Hot Tub, Cold Turkey?

Dropping the papers in the bathwater isn't funny—and neither is laying out a line of coke and snorting up soap flakes. That's why Dynamic Home Enterprises came up with the Bath Reading Rack—a handy tubside lucite thingummy that holds your grass, speed, smack, 'ludes, coke, opium, tube of glue and latest issue of Poontang Fancier's Journal as well. It's adjustable, corrosion free, satisfaction guaranteed, handy as hell and only \$39.95 plus two bucks vigorish to Dynamic Home Enterprises, Dept. N52, GPO 2073, New York, N.Y. 10001



You'll Believe a Man Can Fly

After your 7,000th LSD trip—after MDA and PCP have become just so much brain candy for you—when coke has burned a hole in your septum that you could hang a camp kettle through—what is left then, pilgrim, if not Everclear 190-proof grain alcohol, distilled in Pekin, Illinois; San Francisco, California; or Petersburg, Virginia, whichever's handiest? Everclear, "distilled from 100 percent selected grains," is getting rave reviews everywhere: you can burn-sterilize microbiological lab apparatus with it, synthesize ethers and esters out of it, or transmute your liver tissue into beautiful African mahogany with just regular administration of a couple ounces suspended in orange juice or lemonade.

Fruit of Khartoum

You're walking through the Casbah, right? You find the right shop and you get inside. What do you say? How about just opening up your oxford-cloth button-down shirt to reveal this message T-shirt, which says "hashish" to every literate Arabian. Literate Americans won't know it from "mazeltov," so don't be paranoid stateside. Priced at \$5.95 plus \$.50 postage, this 100 percent cotton shirt comes in sizes petite, small, medium, large or extra large; order from Palomer, Box 480069, Los Angeles, Ca. 90048



Dope Defender

If there's dope in street-punk heaven, you can be sure James Dean and Sal Mineo are passing their roaches back and forth using a real Switchblade Roachclip from Stoned Sales (\$3.95 plus \$.50 postage to 2316 N. Neva, DF, Chicago, Ill. 60635). Just press the little button on the side and the clip snaps out and automatically locks into position. Along with the attached key chain it may not be worth scratch in a fight, but it'll sure cut the mustard with your doper friends.

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor.



Signs of the Times



Victoria Horn



P. Vuk



Darren Andon



Shelley Williams



The O.D. Gang

IS YOUR GRASS AND COKE WORN OUT FROM TRAVELLING?



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Introducing the Coke Booster™ and the Grass Booster™ they put back the potency that travel takes out.

By the time your grass and coke reach you they need a lot of help. Your grass is dried out and your coke is drowning in moisture. The Boosters are scientifically designed to put back the potency.

Simply put the Grass Booster in your grass and overnight you'll see the amazing difference. It's been laboratory tested to release just the right amount of moisture to rejuvenate your grass.

The Coke Booster works in two ways. Firstly; its cap draws out the moisture and brings your coke back to life. When all the moisture has been absorbed the color change tells you its time to replace the cap.



Secondly; the vial protects your coke.

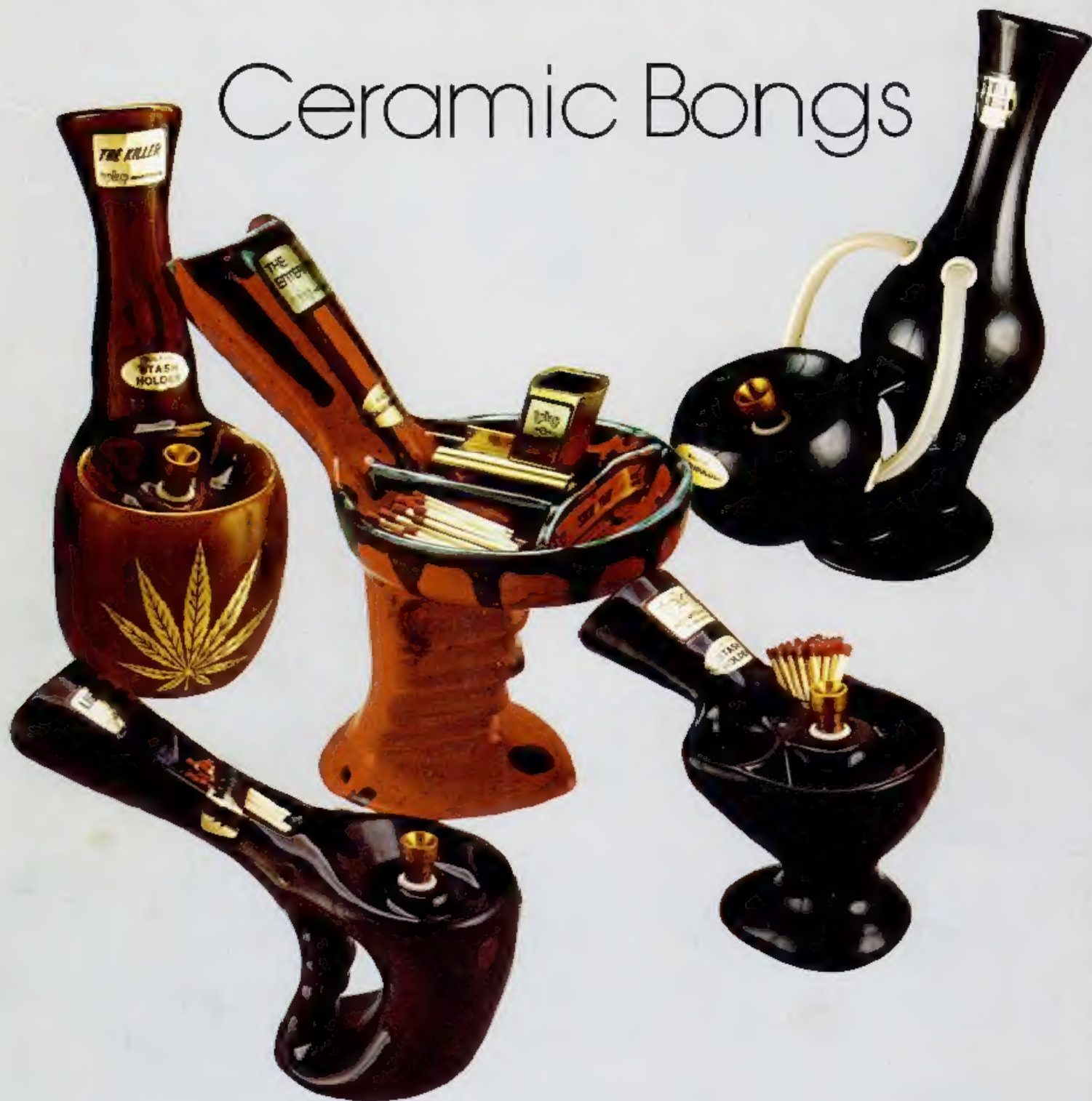
The Grass Booster costs \$2.50 and the Coke Booster costs \$3.50. Not to use them is like throwing money away.

Available at your head shop or write us.

TO: Cabel Concepts Ltd. 426 Broome St. New York, N.Y. 10013 (212) 966-0620	
Please send me: _____ Grass Booster @ \$2.50 _____ Coke Booster @ \$3.50 _____ C.B. Replacement Caps @ \$2 Plus \$.50 postage and handling	
NAME: _____	
ADDRESS: _____	
CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____	
8% NYC Resident tax. Check/money order only	
Distributors and retailers inquiries welcome.	

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